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THE STORY OF LUTHER


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"Yes, ... it is indeed a Bible."—*See page* 11.

THE STORY

OF

MARTIN LUTHER:

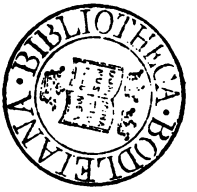
A Book for Young Persons.

EDITED BY

MISS WHATELY.

LONDON:
JOHN F. SHAW AND CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW, & SOUTHAMPTON ROW.
MDCCCLXII.

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210. 7. 472.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO THE

REV. HAMILTON VERSCHOYLE,

THIS BOOK

IS, BY HIS KIND PERMISSION,

Gratefully and Affectionately Dedicated,

BY ONE WHOSE PRIVILEGE IT HAS LONG BEEN TO CALL HIM

FRIEND AND PASTOR:

IN HAPPY DAYS, THE "HELPER OF HER JOY;"

IN SORROWFUL, "AS ONE THAT COMFORTETH THE MOURNERS,'

—A PASTOR ACCORDING TO GOD'S OWN HEART.

SHE WAITS, TO LEARN THE FULL VALUE OF HIS MINISTRY,

UNTIL TIME SHALL HAVE GIVEN PLACE TO ETERNITY,

AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE TEARS,

NO MORE PARTINGS,

WHEN "THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS

SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."

THE principal works from which the "Story of Martin Luther" has been compiled are:—"D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION," "MILNER'S CHURCH HISTORY," "MIDDLETON'S LIFE OF LUTHER," and "LUTHER'S TABLE TALK."

To the following writers grateful thanks are rendered for their kindness in permitting the insertion of some of their hymns in the book:—Dr. BONAR, of Kelso, N.B.; Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH, translator of the German Hymns entitled "LYRA GERMANICA;" and R. MASSIE, Esq., translator of the German Hymns entitled "LYRA DOMESTICA," and of "MARTIN LUTHER'S SPIRITUAL SONGS."

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

It might seem, at first sight, that to bring out a Life of Luther was to go over well-trodden ground; but, numerous and valuable as are the works which treat of the history of the great Reformer, it has been found by those engaged in educational work, that a simple, clear, and connected narrative of the leading events in his life, in a form suitable to young readers and others, to whom the larger works on the subject might not be accessible, still remained to be written. To supply this want the present little work was compiled, by one who has long been actively engaged in the cause of Christian education; and I believe it will be found fully to answer the purpose for which it was written, and to present much valuable information in a small compass, and an attractive form.

It is a time when the young and old alike need to be stirred up to a lively sense of the value of gospel teaching, and an open Bible. The great

battle of Luther's days is still going on—openly in some places, secretly in others, and the prisons where some of our brethren lie bound, and the insults, and abuse, and starvation, which many nearer home must bear, for the same cause for which Luther and his companions lived and laboured, attest that it is still a fight unto death. All of us can do something towards this great cause; the youngest child, who has learned to love and prize God's word, and pray that others may know it too, *is doing* something to help; the great day only will show the effects of many little efforts, of many humble and earnest Christians, who, weak as they may be, are still, in their different degrees, lights shining in a dark world.

May this little work be blessed as an instrument in God's hands of awakening some, at least, to a higher value of our Christian privileges, and a more earnest desire to share them with others.

E. J. W.

PALACE, DUBLIN, *January*, 1862.

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THE

STORY OF MARTIN LUTHER.

CHAPTER I.

LUTHER'S CHILDHOOD.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"—ZECH. iv. 10.

"The child is father of the man."

WORDSWORTH.

MARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben, a town in Upper Saxony, on the 10th of November, 1483, at nine o'clock at night, being St. Martin's Eve, which made his parents call him Martin.

His father was John Luther, or Luder, which in the German language signifies a refiner of metals. His mother's name was Margaret Lindeman. Though poor, Martin's parents were very industrious; John was a woodcutter, and his wife often helped him in his laborious employment, by carrying the wood home on her back.

When Martin was six months old, his parents left Eisleben, and removed to Mansfeld, a town

about five miles distant. The iron mines at Mansfeld were then much celebrated, and John thought that if he could obtain employment in them, he might be able to earn more for the support of his family than by the occupation of a woodcutter. Those who have ever visited coal mines or salt mines can understand something of the occupation of John Luther, when he became a miner in the town of Mansfeld.

While his father was working in the mines, little Martin amused himself playing in the pleasant fields and by the pretty river near the town. At this time he was too young to go to school, but probably his mother taught him at home, for she was a very good mother, and people used to say it would be well for all children if they had mothers like Margaret the mother of Martin Luther.

John and his wife continued very poor for a long time after they came to Mansfeld. God often chooses those of whom the world does not think much, for some great and good work. How little did people think when they saw John hard at work in the mines, that his son who was running about the fields, probably without shoes or stockings, should be a great and good man; that God would highly honour him, teaching him by his Holy Spirit to know more about himself and the Lord Jesus Christ, more about the Bible, than all the learned and rich people in

Germany. But so it came to pass, because it pleased God that it should be so.

We read in the Bible, "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat" (Prov. xiii. 4). We are not then surprised to find that God so blessed the honest industry of John, that after he had been some time at Mansfeld, he had saved sufficient money to purchase two small furnaces for iron.

Some time after this, John Luther was made one of the Council of Mansfeld. He was delighted at this appointment, particularly as it brought him into the society of many very learned men, for he was very fond of reading, and greatly enjoyed the company of those who were much wiser than himself.

When these men dined with his father, Martin was allowed to remain in the room; this greatly pleased him, and he listened attentively to their conversation, and often said he would like to become a schoolmaster when he became a man. As soon as Martin was old enough he was sent to school, where he was taught the Catechism, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; he also learned a little Latin. Being a clever boy, he generally knew his lessons very well; but, like other children, he was sometimes very obstinate, and determined to go his own way instead of obeying his teachers. For this fault he was often very severely beaten both at home and at school. One day the poor boy was

beaten fifteen times. When mentioning this fact long after, Luther said, "It is right to punish children, but at the same time we must *love* them."

Though his father and mother had often tried to teach him about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, yet, when Martin went to school, he had no real love for Christ. Nothing can turn a sinner's heart to Christ but the Holy Spirit, which shows us how sinful we are, and then teaches us the joyful news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Oh! how earnestly should we pray to God for this blessed Spirit, to lead us to Jesus to have our sins washed away in his precious blood.

When Martin was fourteen years old, his father took him from the school in Mansfeld, and sent him to a better one at Magdeburg, a town not very far off. John Reinecke, a friend of whom he was very fond, accompanied him to this new school. They were not happy at Magdeburg; they had scarcely enough to eat, and no friends to help them. Poor boys, what could they do? They were obliged to go about the streets and beg for bread, crying, "Bread for the love of God." How thankful should they be who can pursue their studies without such suffering and privation. Many of the Vaudois youths in these days have to suffer hardships like those of Luther. Their parents are too poor to pay for their sup-

port at the public grammar-school. And often some of these poor boys, in their anxiety to learn, are willing to live on a few dried chesnuts sent down from the mountains, or a scanty meal of broth earned by working, out of school-hours, for some peasant near, while their sleeping-room is sometimes a deserted hut or stall, in which several of them crowd together for warmth, and this in an Alpine winter.

One day, about Christmas, Martin and some of his school-fellows were, as usual, begging a little food. As they went along they sang about the infant Jesus, who was born at Bethlehem. Cold and hungry they stopped at the door of a peasant's cottage, hoping that some kind person hearing their voices would come out and give them something to eat. Soon they heard a man with a harsh voice calling, "Where are you, boys?" Away they ran, quite terrified, but the man followed them, and bid them stop; for though his voice was rough his heart was kind, and he brought them some bread to eat, which, we may be sure, they gratefully received.

After Martin had been a year at Magdeburg his father removed him to a grammar-school at Eisenach, a pretty picturesque town in Prussia. As John had several relations living there, he hoped they would help to support his son; but they took no notice of him, so he was obliged to beg at Eisenach as he had done at Magdeburg.

How sad this was; how sorrowful must the poor boy have felt when he went out to beg for food in a strange place, and instead of bread, received harsh, unkind words.

But the gracious God who feeds the young ravens when they cry for food, did not forget the friendless boy. One day after begging for three hours without getting anything, he was returning to his lodging, and weak from hunger, not having eaten a morsel all day, he stopped on his way home at a door to rest, little expecting that any one would show him pity. Many very sad thoughts came into his mind, which brought tears again and again to his eyes. Must he leave school, give up his books which he so loved, and return to his parents, because he could get no food? While these thoughts passed through his mind, suddenly the cottage door opened, and a woman appeared who spoke kindly to him, brought him into the house, and gave him bread to eat. Who could she be? and what made her pity the stranger at her door? She was the wife of Conrad Cotta, the burgomaster or chief magistrate of the city; her name was Ursula. She did not know Martin, but she had often heard his sweet voice singing hymns, and had remarked how attentive he appeared in church. This drew her heart towards him; besides she had children of her own, which made her feel the more for him when she saw how pale and thin he was, and

heard the unkind words by which people turned him from their doors.

When Conrad came home, he was much pleased to find that his wife had acted so kindly; and he sent for Martin and took him to live with him. Martin was very happy with these good people, and he was so obliging to every one, that he was beloved by all who knew him. He now made great progress in his studies, he also learned to play on the flute and the violin, and wrote some beautiful hymns and psalms. We know that the music of the Hundredth Psalm, and also that usually called "Luther's Hymn" were composed by him; perhaps while in the quiet happy home of Conrad Cotta and his wife Ursula. He never forgot the kind hospitality of these friends, and many years afterwards he had an opportunity of proving his gratitude by showing kindness to their son, who came to study at Wittemberg, when he was a very learned teacher there.

Although that part of Luther's life which we have been considering was one of much trial and suffering, yet he often said that God had made it a season of profit and blessing to his soul; it taught him to be patient, and to feel compassion for those in trouble, remembering how it had cheered him to be pitied and comforted when he was a poor boy begging his bread. Thus he felt the truth of those words, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth" (Lam. iii. 27).

And of St. Paul's words, "Though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby" (Heb. xii. 11).

"Friends of the poor, the young, the weak,
Regard our humble train;
Compassion at your hands we seek—
Shall children plead in vain?

"Were you not children once? Review
The time when young as we;
Think of the friends that nourish'd you,
And hearken to our plea.

"Have you no dear ones round your hearth,
As weak and young as we?
Think, if like ours had been *their* birth,
Could you resist their plea?

"Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain?
Behold that Saviour in our place;
Shall Jesus plead in vain?

"No; by His early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we;
By all His woes in after years,
Accept your Saviour's plea."

MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE AT ERFURT.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."—PROVERBS xxii. 29.

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."—JEREMIAH xv. 16.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

LONGFELLOW.

LUTHER remained four years at Eisenach, at the end of which time his father sent him to the University of Erfurt, a considerable city in Saxony. He was delighted to go there, for he longed to learn more than he could be taught at school. Many new and difficult books were now given him to read; among others the writings of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great. Luther read these books very carefully, not merely to please his teachers. He loved learning for its own sake, and therefore made such progress in his studies that the whole college admired his talents.

Although at this time he did not know much

about God, for he had no Bible to teach him, yet Luther tried, so far as he knew the will of God, to do it. He felt that he depended upon Him for everything, and that without His blessing he could not improve. This feeling made him very humble and, at the same time, very diligent. Every morning he prayed to God to bless him through the day. He then went to his studies, and never lost a moment by idleness. We read in the Bible these gracious words, "To him that hath shall more be given,"—that when a person really endeavours to please God, so far as he knows what His will is, God does not leave him in darkness and ignorance, but teaches him more and more perfectly the good and the right way. So it was with Cornelius, of whom we read, Acts x, whom God rewarded for his faithfulness, and sent the apostle Peter to preach to him and baptize him in the name of the Lord, according to these words:—"Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." "If any man will (is willing) to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." In this gracious manner God dealt with Luther, and so he continues to bless all who sincerely desire to serve him, by giving them to know his will, and by the Holy Spirit enabling them to obey it. This was the time that he was pleased thus to deal with Luther. Luther was in the University, busily engaged with his books; but he had not a

Bible. No, he had never even seen God's Holy Word. He was soon to find it.

One day, when he was in the college library, taking the books one by one out of their places, that he might learn their names and their authors, he took one from the shelf, and as he looked at it, he felt he had never seen it before. What could it be? A Bible! Luther looked again, to be certain he was not mistaken. "Yes," he thought, "it is indeed a Bible." This discovery delighted him, for, though he had never before seen a Bible, he knew it was the Word of God. This Bible was written in Latin, a language Luther understood, and he began to read it as he stood by the shelf from whence he had taken it. The part he opened was that which relates the history of Samuel, and Hannah's song, when with joy she thanks the Lord for giving her a son, and promises that "he shall be lent to the Lord as long as he liveth." This story greatly interested Luther, and he said in his heart, "Oh, if God would give me such a book for my own." Day after day he went to the library to read the newly found Bible, and the more he read it the more it delighted him, and he longed to be possessed of so great a treasure.

The discovery of the Bible was the great means by which Luther became acquainted with the truth as it is revealed in "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." But we know that merely reading

the Scriptures could never have taught him this. No; no one can really learn to know Christ but by the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and therefore, when God gave Luther his Word, he sent his Spirit also, to "guide him into all truth." The first doctrine he seems to have been taught was this: that God is a perfectly holy God; that, as he read in Hannah's song, "there is none holy as the Lord." When he read this, and thought of the severe penalties which God denounces against the sinner, he trembled with fear; for he knew he was a sinner, and not fit to appear before the holy God.

While in this state of mind, he became dangerously ill. Every one thought he would die, and so he feared himself. He said to a friend who visited him, "Soon I shall be summoned hence." And, when he thought of dying, he was much afraid. Why did he fear to die? Because of his sins. He did not then know that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." So it was no wonder he feared to die. But he was not to die yet. No; God raised him up as he did Hezekiah long before, and he was soon well enough to return to his studies.

A little after this, one of his dear friends died. His name was Alexis. Luther was greatly grieved, and again he asked himself, "If I were suddenly to die, what would become of me? Where would my soul go?" This is a very solemn question,

and it would be well if we often put it to ourselves; for we must all die some time or another, and there is nothing so important to be known as this: Are we, or are we not, prepared to meet God?

It was now summer-time. The days were long, the sun shone brightly, and Luther thought he would go to Mansfeld to see his father and mother. So he went, and very happy was the meeting between the parents and their beloved son. How did they rejoice to hear from him of all the learning which he had acquired in the University!

But this pleasure did not last long. The time soon came when he must say farewell, and return to Erfurt.

On the way back, he was overtaken by a violent storm. The thunder roared; the lightning flashed across his path. Terrified, he throws himself on his knees; he thinks his hour is come. Death, judgment, eternity, all are before him. Oh, what an awful hour! His conscience again accuses him of sin; and now he promises that, if God will spare him this once, he will be his faithful servant for ever. Soon the storm is over. Luther rises from the earth. Are all his fears gone? No, they still continue as great as ever. He hears no more thunder; he sees no more lightning; but a voice within him seems to say, "O Luther, you are a great sinner, and God is

a holy and just God. Sooner or later you must die, and what will then become of your soul?"

The Bible says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Luther had read this verse, and it terrified him to think of it, for he knew he had not that holiness, and he did not know where to find it.

Perhaps some whose memories are well stored with passages of Scripture, such as Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27, may be surprised that Luther did not know that God alone can renew the heart. But we must remember that the Bible was as yet a new book to Luther, and perhaps he had not even read the passages which to our minds are so familiar.

As ink never looks so black as when it is placed near something very white, so Luther's heart never appeared to him so dark, so sinful, so corrupt, as it does now that he has learned something of the spotless holiness of God; and the more he looked into his heart, and discovered the sins which lay there, the more he longed to be holy. What, then, did he do? Where did he seek holiness? We will tell you.

Luther had often read of persons going to live in a convent, or monastery, that they might become holy; so he determined to leave his parents, his friends, his studies, everything he loved, and enter the monastery of Erfurt. One day he invited his friends to dine with him. They

gladly came. The evening passed very pleasantly; they conversed together, and then Luther played on the violin and flute. Suddenly he told them this was the last time they should eat together with him. They asked him why? and he said, "Because I am going into the convent." They were so surprised at first they could not speak. After a little, they endeavoured to induce him to change his mind, but in vain. Luther was determined to become a monk, and that night he left his lodgings, and, entering the monastery, became an Augustine monk. It was on August 17th, 1505, that all this took place. Luther was then twenty-one years and nine months old.

"The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come!'
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, 'Come.'

"Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, Come!

"Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely Come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him Come."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER III.

THE MONK.

"Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom."—JOB xxxiii. 24.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—ROM. v. 1.

"Behold I make thy cause my own,
I bought thee with my blood;
Thy wicked works on me be thrown,
And I will work thy good.

"I am thy God, thy guide till death,
Thy everlasting friend;
On me for love, for works, for faith,
On me for all depend." HART.

MONASTERIES or convents are houses in which persons of the Roman Catholic religion live together, shut out from all the rest of the world. Those who live in monasteries are called monks or hermits. The first monk mentioned in history was a man who went to Upper Egypt about the year 250. He was called Paul the Hermit. About the same time, another monk called Anthony lived on a hill near the Red Sea, and he

established the first monastery. After this, monasteries became very numerous in different parts of the world; the number of monks was very great also. In the reign of Henry VIII. of England there were, it is said, 3182 monasteries and 50,000 monks in England alone. Henry destroyed the monasteries, and took the money which belonged to them for himself.

There were five different classes or orders of monks at the time of Luther—the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, Benedictines and the hermits of St. Augustine. We have already said that Luther became an Augustine monk.

When a man became a monk, his dress was immediately changed; each order had a different dress. Would you like a description of Luther's? He wore a white garment and a square piece of cloth on his shoulders called a scapulary, and over this a black gown with a large hood or cowl, which covered his head, and prevented his seeing objects around him; he also wore a black leather thong round his waist, and a small cap on his head.

The monks were obliged to give up everything they possessed to the monastery; they might not call anything their own. If one of them was heard to say "my book—my cloak—my shoes," he was severely punished. Their occupation consisted in cultivating the gardens belonging to the monastery, in reading, and in making their clothes.

They were allowed to eat but little, and their food was generally very coarse and hard; besides, they were forbidden to sleep much, and often their bed was the hard floor. This is not a pleasant picture; but perhaps you will ask, Did Luther know all this when he entered the convent? Yes; he knew it all, and much more than we have told you.

Let us stop here and inquire why Luther became a monk. We said before it was because he longed for holiness, and he expected thus to obtain it.

The great mistake, the great fault was this; Luther thought that he could by his own works make himself good, and thus deserve heaven from God. He thought that in the convent, by many prayers, much fasting and reading, and by afflicting his body in many ways, he should become a holy man. What a mistake this was! for the Bible tells us no man can save his soul, or do anything holy enough to deserve heaven, not if he were trying all day and all night.

"Should my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

We are indeed told to "mortify the deeds of the body;" but how?—"through the Spirit."

Yes, it is only by faith in the Lord Jesus who died on the cross, that any one is made meet for

heaven; eternal life cannot be purchased by our own works; it is the gift of God. Christ obeyed all God's commands, which sinners had broken, and so He deserved and purchased heaven for those who, repenting of their sins, believe in Him.

Luther is now in the convent; he thinks he is alone with God; and that, shut out from the world, he will become perfectly holy. He wrote to his father and to his friends—sad letters they must have been—bidding them farewell for ever! With those letters he sent his clothes and a ring, as presents to those he loved best.

But could nothing induce him to leave the convent and return to the University?

His friends thought they would at least try and persuade him. Full of grief, they went to the convent, in the hope of seeing him; but, alas! they might not see him for a month. His father wrote to him, but in vain; Luther thought he was right to remain in the convent, and he did so.

Besides changing his dress when he became a monk, Luther had to give up his own name for that of Augustine. In fact, Luther in the University and Luther in the convent were like two different persons. The monks were delighted to get him among them, for they had heard of his great talents.

But what employment did they assign him?

We might suppose they would have appointed

him to teach those amongst them who knew less than the others; but no, they made him a common porter; he had to open and shut the gates, to wind up the clock, to sweep the church, and to clean the rooms; and when this work was done, they threw a bread bag over his shoulder, and bid him go through the streets and beg bread, meat, fish, corn, eggs and money for the convent. This was very cruel, but Luther did not mind it; he thought all these unpleasant duties good for him, and so he never complained.

Did Luther now obtain that holiness and peace with God for which he longed? Alas, no! in vain he repeated many prayers, fasted often, slept little, and inflicted suffering on his body in many ways. No peace came into his heart. He found that in changing his dress he had not changed his nature; that shutting himself out from the world had not shut sin out from his heart. No, he still felt its power and guilt within him. "Oh my sin, my sin!" he often exclaimed. He was more miserable than ever. Poor Luther! all his sufferings made him pale and thin; he looked more like a shadow than a living being as he moved along the corridors.

One day he was found lying on the ground as if dead; he had fallen, worn out by fasting and want of sleep, and, above all, by the unhappiness which was within. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

The only pleasure he had was reading, and there were some good books in the convent. There was also the best of all books—the Bible, fastened by a chain, and he spent many hours over that precious volume. He loved to read it, though as yet it spoke to him only of that holiness of God which made him so much afraid. The Gospel which declares peace through faith in Christ had not yet been revealed to his heart.

About this time a person arrived at the convent whose name was Staupitz. He was the vicar-general of the Augustines, and his business was to see that everything went on right in the monastery. The monks had all to appear before him; he was kind to them all, but one in particular attracted his attention. He was pale and thin; his eyes were sunk in his head; his whole appearance was grave and melancholy. This young man was Martin Luther. As Staupitz looked at him he pitied him, and longed to ask him why he was so cast down—so sorrowful.

Not long before this time Staupitz had been very unhappy himself, and for the same reason that caused Luther's trouble, but it had pleased the Lord to teach him about Christ, and he had found peace in believing in Him, and casting his sins at the foot of the cross. Staupitz remembered all this, and he thought, "Perhaps that pale young man may now be feeling what once I felt!—I

will speak to him, and tell him where I got peace and comfort, that he may seek it and find it too, even in Jesus."

So he took an opportunity when alone to ask him why he was so cast down. Luther then told him all his fears, all his sorrows. The good old man listened, and then spoke to him of the love and mercy of God as set forth in Christ crucified; how the Father willingly sent his dear Son, and how Jesus gladly came and endured the cross, that by his death and resurrection those who believe might be saved.

Luther loved to hear these comforting words, but he feared that such love, such mercy, could not be for him, and he said—"Oh, but you do not know how great a sinner I am."

"Well," said Staupitz, "I am sure you are a great sinner, but I know also that Jesus is a great Saviour; He came to seek and to save the lost. If, then, you are a lost sinner, you are just the person to come to the Saviour of sinners."

"That is very encouraging," said the poor trembling monk, and he loved the messenger who brought him such good news.

And did Luther quite lose all his fears now that the Gospel was so fully preached to him? No; they returned again. The next day that Staupitz saw him he was sad and dejected. This grieved the good old man, and he said—

"Why do I see you again so unhappy?"

Why? we may ask. It was because he began to forget what had been told him, that Jesus is able and willing to pardon the vilest sinner. Whenever we forget this truth, then the devil gets great power over our souls, and he makes us miserable. This was now the case with Luther. He said—

"I fear that God does not love me. If I were sure that He loved me I should not be unhappy."

"Well," replied his faithful friend, "if you really want to see God's love towards you, look away from yourself, and turn your eyes to the Lord Jesus. Look at Him on the cross. Look *there*, and you will see that God loves you."

Luther had never heard such blessed words before. They were, as the Psalmist says, "sweeter than honey and the honey comb."

But the time must come when Staupitz is to leave Erfurt. Oh, what a sad day to Luther was that which deprived him of this dear and faithful friend. Before he went he gave Luther a present; one which he knew would be more prized by him than any other gift—the Bible—and most thankful was Luther to receive it. With this book Staupitz gave him good and affectionate advice. He said, "Read this book often, and when you read it, pray for the Holy Spirit's teaching to enable you to understand it." Staupitz is now gone, but he is not forgotten by Luther. He thinks of him often, and tries to remember all he

had taught him. He is diligent in the study of the Bible and in prayer; he learns a great deal of Scripture by heart, particularly the Epistles, and this he finds not only useful but delightful employment, for he loves the Word of God, and feels that by it he is strengthened and refreshed. The "good seed" was now sown in his heart; "seed" which was one day to bring forth "an hundred fold." But much remained to be taught him; it was only by slow degrees that he grew to be "a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

It pleased God again to visit Luther with a severe attack of illness which was brought on by his exertions of mind and body, his fasting and watching. Do we wonder to hear this? No, for the Scripture says, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and we know He loved Luther.

Let anyone who has a garden ask the gardener what makes the plants grow so luxuriantly, what makes them produce such sweet and pretty flowers. He will answer, "The warm summer sun and the damp dew of evening, the cold north wind and the drenching rain, these *all* help forward the growth of your plants. Were it not for *each*, the flowers would not be so bright and blooming."

Just so it is with the children of God, who are called "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." Sometimes they are in trouble, affliction

of some kind comes upon them, which tries them, and makes them to grow in faith and patience. Then again, the Lord raises them up, causing His face to shine upon them, just as the sun warms and revives the earth when the winter is past.

Oh yes, the Lord's people require both the north and the south wind to blow upon them, that they may bring forth much fruit to the glory and praise of God.

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits" (Cant. iv. 16).

But we must return to Luther, and visit him on his sick bed. He appears at the point of death; the cold north wind is blowing upon him. He is not merely ill in body; his mind is unhappy; the fears which had tormented him long ago, and which had appeared to leave him, have returned; he is again overwhelmed by a view of his sins and the holiness of God.

One day, when in this sad state, an old monk came to visit him in his cell, and spoke to him with such kindness that Luther at once told him his sorrows. When the heart is sad, one kind word is much to be prized. The aged monk did not quite understand all that Luther told him; but this he perceived, that his unhappiness was caused by the apprehension that his sins were not

pardoned, and would in the end bring him into hell.

So after thinking, he said, "Did you ever learn the Creed?"

"Oh yes," replied Luther, "I learned it long since, in the school at Mansfeld."

"Well," replied the monk, "don't you remember that article in it, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins'"?

The sick man repeated these words slowly to himself, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

"Ah," said the monk, "it is not enough for you to believe that David's and Peter's sins are forgiven; you must believe that your *own* sins are forgiven. You must take Christ to yourself. God commands you to believe this."

These were words of comfort. Luther remembered that he had read them before in the writings of St. Bernard, who says, "Man is fully justified by faith;" and it pleased the Lord now to bless them to the poor sufferer. "A word spoken in season, how good is it."

The Holy Ghost had now said to Luther, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Was not this assurance like the warm beams of the summer sun shining forth when the wintry wind is gone? — that "peace which passeth understanding" now came into his heart. St. Paul says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). Nothing can

give real peace but believing that God for Christ's sake has forgiven us all trespasses; that no matter how many and great they may have been, yet that they are blotted out by the blood of Jesus, never to be remembered against us. How often had Luther sought peace by doing and suffering many things; but, as we have seen, by these means peace never came to his mind. These efforts not only failed to please God, but he never could feel satisfied with them himself, knowing how defective they were, and if his own eyes saw sin in his best actions, oh, how much more impure must they have been in God's sight, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

What then was it which, at the last, spoke peace to his heart?—faith in the promise which God makes to every believer in Christ, that for Jesus' sake sin will not be imputed to him; that is, God looks upon him as entirely covered with the righteousness of Christ, by which all his sins are hidden from his sight.

Luther has now learned the great truth that he is saved by grace through faith, and that not of himself; it is the gift of God. And now that he knows this does he become careless and forgetful about the law of God? Is he less sorry when he breaks it—less diligent in studying the Bible? Oh no; on the contrary, he is more anxious to please God than ever. His heart is more watchful against sin, his conscience more faithful

in reproving him. And why is this? Because, as the law of God was commanded to be written on the posts of the doors upon which the blood of the paschal lamb had been sprinkled, so that holy law will always be found written upon the heart which has been washed in the blood of Christ. Luther now loves God more than before; he loves Jesus because He first loved him. And the assurance that he is a pardoned sinner is the great cause which constrains him to obedience; that love which had been shown him constrained him to love in return, and the fruit of love is obedience; as Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Yes, the desire of the pardoned sinner is to "go and sin no more."

"Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart,
Nothing else from pain release us,
Nothing else can cleanse the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

HART.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VISIT TO ROME.

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."—Isa. i. 5.

"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."—2 Tim. iii. 5.

"No condemnation! O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word;
Perfect in comeliness art thou,
In Christ thy glorious Lord."

From "Hymns for the Church on Earth."

As peace was restored to the mind of Luther, his bodily health returned. Christmas was approaching, and he felt prepared to enter with joy into the services of that happy season. From his heart he could now join in singing the hymn of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men" (Luke ii. 14).

Having now been two years in the convent, the time drew near when he must be ordained priest. To this event he looked forward with joy, as it would afford him the opportunity of preaching to others those blessed truths which had made his own heart glad.

He invited his father to be present at his ordination, and he came, though as yet he had not quite forgiven his son for entering the convent.

Shortly after his ordination as priest, Luther was invited by the Elector of Saxony, Frederic the Wise, to become Professor of the University of Wittemberg, a strong town in Prussian Saxony, situated on the Elbe; this was at the close of 1508, when he had been three years in the cloisters of Erfurt. Staupitz had been the means of Luther's getting the professorship, having spoken favourably of him to the Elector.

On reaching Wittemberg, Luther went at once to the convent of the Augustines, for he still continued a monk of that order. There he was appointed to teach a great many learned and difficult books; this grieved him much, for his soul longed and thirsted for the Word of God, for more time to study it himself, and to impart the knowledge of it to others. He found time, however, to continue the study of Greek and Hebrew, that he might read the Scriptures in their original languages. His great diligence attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was appointed to discourse upon the Bible daily at one o'clock.

He began his lectures by explaining the Psalms, and then passed on to the Epistle to the Romans, and it was while meditating upon this Epistle that the true light shone brightly in upon

his soul. One day, while reading the first chapter, he was greatly struck by the seventeenth verse—"The just shall live by faith." It seemed as if God Himself spoke to him in those words, telling him that all the efforts he had been making, or ever could make, to procure holiness, to purchase salvation; all his fasting, prayers, sleepless nights, and sorrowful days were utterly useless; for "the just shall live," not by any thing they can do for themselves, but by "faith" in Christ who died, the just for the unjust, to bring sinners to God."

Luther was soon after this called upon to preach in the old church of Wittemberg; a wooden chapel, thirty feet long and twenty broad, which stood in the middle of the square. In this old church he preached; his pulpit was of planks raised three feet above the ground. "That building," says a friend of Luther, "may be compared to the stable in which Christ was born. It was in that poor enclosure that God willed, if we may so speak, that his well-beloved Son should be born a second time."

All who heard Luther were greatly struck by his preaching; his clear voice and expressive countenance charmed his audience, while the deep seriousness of his manner and the joy which evidently filled his heart when he spoke of the love of Christ for sinners, made the people say: "This monk will put all the doctors to the rout·

he will reform the whole church; he builds upon the Word of God, and no one in this world can resist or overthrow that Word." In a short time the little chapel could not contain the crowds that flocked to hear the new preacher, so the council of Wittemberg ordered him to preach in the parish church of that city, and for some time he continued to do so, and such was the interest he excited that even the Elector came to hear him.

Luther continued to preach in Wittemberg about a year; he was then sent to Rome upon important business connected with his monastery. Now Luther had always thought that Rome was a very holy city, but it was because he had never been there that he thought so, and God in his providence ordained that he should visit the city and judge for himself. As he crossed the Alps, and entered the beautiful plains of Italy, he might have exclaimed—

> "Here every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile,"

for each step he took brought him into more and more beautiful scenery, and, alas! also discovered to him the fearful iniquity of the people. Upon one occasion, he was entertained at a wealthy convent of the Benedictines, one of the five orders of monks we mentioned at the beginning of this story. What was his surprise to find, that instead of being satisfied with simple food and

clothing, in accordance with their vow of poverty, which forbids expense, every kind of luxury was to be seen at their table; their dresses too were of the most expensive description. The poor German monk was astonished and grieved at all this, and no wonder; he thought how different to the fare he had lived upon for so many years, when his dinner often consisted of a herring and a piece of bread.

As Luther witnessed this sinful style of living, his anger rose, and he exclaimed, "The Church and the Pope forbid these things." At this remark the Benedictines were so angry that the porter of the convent advised him to make his escape as quickly as he could, lest some evil should befal him. Luther took the advice, and proceeded to Bologna, a large city in the north of Italy, in the "States of the Church," where he became very ill, but it pleased God to recover him from his sickness.

During the illness the thought of dying, and going to appear before the holy God terrified him, as a sense of his sins again pressed upon his conscience; but just when his heart was most sorrowful, the words of St. Paul, "The just shall live by faith," came to his mind, speaking peace through Jesus Christ.

Luther did not remain long at Bologna, he soon reached Rome, holy Rome, as he thought, but he soon found out his mistake.

As he walked through the city and gazed on the ruins of the beautiful temples and other buildings which were once the wonder of the world, he felt sad: "Ah," he said to himself, "the Rome of Scipio and Cæsar is but a corpse." No doubt he longed for and prayed for the time when Christ "the light of the world" should be faithfully preached in that city, which lay "dead in trespasses and sins." But besides the ruins of ancient heathen Rome, there were others of a very different kind which engaged his attention. Side by side with those of the old Roman heroes were to be seen the burial places of the martyrs who had been put to death by Nero and other pagan emperors.

As Luther stood by their graves, he thought how much more real glory was connected with their sad death than with all the splendid pomp and show of their persecuting enemies. If they could have spoken to him from heaven, they would have said, "Our light affliction, which was but for a moment, was not worthy to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which we now enjoy."

There were other thoughts about Rome which comforted Luther, even when he felt most sad and lonely. He remembered that it was to the saints that were at Rome in St. Paul's time that he wrote the Epistle which contained those precious words so dear to his heart, "The just shall live by faith;" and that though the Apostle was

once a prisoner at Rome, yet out of that prison the Lord had delivered him.

We may be sure that these thoughts greatly comforted the heart of poor Luther as he wandered through the city.

The Pope at that time was Julius II. Luther said mass several times while at Rome. He did not then know that the celebration of mass was idolatry. Long afterwards, in speaking of it, he said, "The mass is the greatest blaspheming of God, and the highest idolatry upon earth." The word "mass" comes from the Hebrew word "Moasim," which means a collecting of alms or tax for the sake of priests or other people; and so, when the French king hears mass, he gives a French crown to the priest, which he lays upon a book brought and held before him. The mass ought to be abolished. It is a dishonest kind of trading and gain to celebrate mass for twopence, or to sell it for one penny or three-halfpence. At another time he said, "The mass is an abominable idolatry, making Christ to have died in vain, seeing they pretend thereby to make full satisfaction for sins with mere works."

Luther, as we have said, did not perceive all this evil at once. God was opening his eyes by degrees to behold the true light shining in His Word, and the more that light brightened, the more clearly it discovered to him the errors of that Church which he once thought perfectly holy.

In the belief that the mass was an acceptable service to God, Luther performed it in a solemn and reverent manner, and was shocked by the careless way in which the Romish clergy went through the service; often making them call out impatiently, "Make haste, make haste!" when they thought he was too slow.

"I performed mass," says Luther, "at Rome, and also saw it performed by others, but in such a manner that I never think of it without the utmost horror."

A monkish poet himself, in remarking upon the iniquity of the Pope's pretended holy city, could not help saying, "If you would live righteously, keep clear of Rome."

Although this visit to Rome was in many respects a sad one, yet Luther afterwards said, he would not "have missed it for a hundred thousand florins."

We have already said that it was by little and little that the whole truth of the Gospel was apprehended by Luther. He had yet much to learn, and it was very long before he could quite give up the idea that he could in some way help to save his soul. We should not, therefore, be much surprised to learn that, while at Rome, he was found one day on his knees and hands, ascending what is called Pilate's staircase, imagining that by this difficult and painful exercise he was doing a work pleasing to God. Slowly he

climbed those steps, which, they told him, had been miraculously brought from Jerusalem; but he had not made much progress, when he thought he heard a voice like thunder speaking within him, and repeating the well-known words, "The just shall live by faith." Luther started from his knees in terror and shame at his superstition and folly, and rushed from the place. This was now the third time that those words had struck upon his ear as the voice of an angel of God. In speaking of them afterwards, he said, "Surely this text of the Apostle Paul was to me as the very gate of heaven."

We have seen that, before Luther visited Rome, he imagined that city to be the most holy spot upon the face of the earth. He also thought that the Pope, who calls himself the head of the Church, was the most holy man in the world. More than that, he believed him to be infallible; that in the decisions he pronounced as Pope he could not err. It was well, then, that Luther should find out this falsehood. Many years afterwards, he thus expressed his opinion of the Pope and his cardinals. "Pope, cardinals, bishops, not a soul of them has read the Bible. 'Tis a book unknown to them. They are a pack of wretches resting secure in their power, and never for a moment thinking of accomplishing God's will." Again, he says, "The Pope puts himself powerfully against Christ, but he must be

destroyed." And again, "The Pope does nothing but pervert and abuse all God has ordained and commanded." What a sad description of the character of any man, and especially of one who pretended to be infallible—to be "as God."

And, as we might expect, such men could not be happy. Conscience must sometimes have whispered that God would yet bring them to judgment; and then, where would their souls go? And so we find the popes were continually afraid of being poisoned. Of one of them, Clement VII., who was a fearfully wicked man, we read that, "Every day, after he had dined or supped, his cupbearer and cooks were imprisoned for two hours, and then, if no symptoms of poison manifested themselves in their master, they were released." "What a miserable life," observed Luther, when this was told him. "'Tis exactly what Moses has described:—'In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! For the fear of their heart wherewith thou shalt fear'" (Deut. xxviii. 67).

"Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

"Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

"Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

"Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

"Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

"Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

"Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

BONAR.

CHAPTER V.

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

"I, Jesus . . . . am the bright and morning star."—REV. xxii. 16.

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear."

C. WESLEY.

UPON Luther's return to Wittemberg, he was made doctor of divinity by the Elector of Saxony. This appointment was communicated to him by his old friend Staupitz. Taking him into the convent garden, he told him that the Elector wished to confer this honour upon him, and that he must accept it. Luther rejected it many times, thinking himself not fit for so high an office, but in the end he accepted it; indeed, Staupitz told him he must not refuse it, and left him no choice in the matter. Thus, on October 15, 1512, Luther was made doctor of divinity, upon which occasion he took this solemn oath—"I swear to defend the truth of the Gospel with all my strength." This was Luther's call to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel, and may be regarded as

one of the immediate causes of the revival in the Church which is called "the Reformation."

Luther was not merely a preacher of the Gospel in the university classes and in church, he was at all times anxious to say a word which might be of use to his friends. To one he writes thus:—"I should like to know how it is with your soul; is it weary of its own righteousness? does it put its trust in the righteousness of Christ? Oh, my dear brother, learn to know Christ and Him crucified—learn to sing a new song, to despair of your own works, and to say unto Him, Lord Jesus, Thou art my righteousness, and I am Thy sin; Thou hast taken upon Thee that was mine, and given me what is Thine."

These words of Luther remind us of George Herbert's poem, "The Holdfast."

"I threatened to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God, with all my power and might.
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.
'Then will I trust,' said I, 'in Him alone.'
Nay ev'n to trust in him, was also his.
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that He my succour is.

"But to have nought is ours; not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this:
Much troubled; till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours, by being His.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall."

Not long after this the Elector built a new church in Wittemberg, and during the absence of Staupitz, who was sent to collect relics for it, Luther preached in his stead. What are relics? and why were they required for this new church?

We know that relics are "remains, the remains of bodies." Thus we speak of a lock of hair of some dear friend who has died as being a relic of that friend, and so also of the clothes he wore, and in proportion as the friend was loved and valued during his life, those relics are loved and valued also. We also often speak of the remains of old buildings as "relics," and call them "the relics of antiquity."

But what relics did the Elector want for his new church? We will tell you, though you will scarcely think it possible that he could be so foolish as to desire them, or think they could be of any use. In those days of superstition and ignorance people were taught that holy men could perform miracles—cure the sick and even raise the dead; and when these holy men died, such was the folly of the people, that they thought the bones of the dead men could perform miracles also. Therefore they often gave large sums of money for part of the leg or arm, or even the tooth of a saint. These relics were sold for very high prices, and, indeed, a great part of the wealth of the church came from the selling of relics. Some of the most precious relics were said to be a part of the

cross upon which our Blessed Lord was crucified, and the crown of thorns which He wore when the people mocked Him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" They also pretended to show some of the hay in which Christ lay in the manger of Bethlehem, and the head of John the Baptist, though it is well known from history, that the Saracens opened his tomb and burned his remains to ashes.

Luther tells the following curious story about a relic:—"A German, making his confession to a priest at Rome, promised to keep secret whatsoever the priest should impart to him, until he reached home. Whereupon the priest gave him a leg of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem very neatly bound up in silk, and said, "This is the holy relic on which the Lord Christ did sit, with his sacred legs touching this ass's legs." Then was the German wondrous glad, and carried the said holy relic with him into Germany. When he got to the borders, he boasted of his holy relic in the presence of four others, his comrades, when lo! it turned out that each of them had likewise received from the same priest a leg, after promising the same secrecy. Thereupon all exclaimed, with great wonder, "Oh! had that ass *five legs?*"

Such then were the relics that were so highly valued in those days, that the church which possessed the greatest number of them was considered the most holy church, and it was for relics

such as these that Staupitz was sent to the Low Countries. How strange—how wonderful—to think that Staupitz, who had really embraced the gospel of Christ, should value such absurdities!

But we must return to our story. We said that while Staupitz went in search of relics, Luther took his place as preacher. During that period he also visited many monasteries, and was glad of the opportunity of declaring the truth to the poor ignorant monks he thereby became acquainted with. It was not only of the Bible that the monks were ignorant in those days—they had very little knowledge of any kind. We cannot think they knew much of geography when we read the following anecdote:—A student of Erfurt, desiring to visit Nuremberg, a city not far distant, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered, "'Tis scarcely likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question another half mile further on, and getting the same answer, he said, "Let's give up the journey and go back, since the world is so vast!"

But indeed, if they had known "the truth" as it "is in Jesus," all other ignorance would not have been of much consequence.

Luther pitied them, and longed for them to be taught, not by him alone, but by the Holy Ghost.

He alone can teach the heart, though men may impart knowledge to the head.

It is well to try and remember some of the wise and good sayings of Luther at that time. In the convent at Dresden he found that the writings of Aristotle were diligently read, while the Bible was scarcely ever opened. He said, "Oh do not spend so much time in reading those works, but apply yourselves to the study of God's Word, which is "able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Perhaps some who read this may not be likely to know much about Aristotle, yet there may be some book, or some pleasure about which they care much more than the Bible, and to them Luther would say, if he were now living, "Oh, among all your books, do not forget the best book, the Bible; it can teach you how you are to be saved, and without that knowledge no other learning can be of any real use to you."

So then, whatever we read, whatever we do, let us "Search the Scriptures."

From Dresden Luther went to Erfurt, to the very same convent in which, eleven years before, he used to wind up the clock, sweep the floor, and open the church door. He remained there for six weeks, and then returned to Wittemberg.

Luther's visit to the monasteries had taught him more of the wickedness of the monks than he had before known, and his heart was sad when

he thought how far they were from even wishing to be "followers of God." But God had much blessed him in that journey, enabling him to sow the good seed of the Word in many barren places; seed which sprang up in after days, and bore fruit to the praise and glory of God.

During this tour, or another, which he took for the object of preaching the Gospel, he came to a town in which his old friends Conrad Cotta and his kind wife Ursula were living; they were now poor, and their hearts were sorrowful, and it was Luther's happy lot to break to them the bread of "everlasting life," even as they had given to him of the bread "that perisheth." "They tell me," said Conrad to his wife, "that a preacher is come into the town who speaks of pardon for sin, without money and without price." "That would just do for us," said Ursula; "let us go to the church and hear him." They went; the church was crowded. The preacher's voice seemed familiar to their ears, as with delight they listened to the sweet sound of salvation through Jesus Christ. The sermon over, Luther gave out his favourite psalm, "God is our refuge." Then the truth burst upon them; memory recalled the days when, at their quiet fireside, that same voice had often sung those spirit stirring words.

On that day Ursula received the truth with gratitude and joy.

Indeed, so much blessing followed this journey,

that the year 1516, in which it took place, has been called "the morning-star of the Reformation;" that great work of God, which was the re-establishing of true Christianity, as it is set forth in the Scriptures, the shaking off the "doctrines of men," and the re-asserting of that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

The neglect of God's Word was the root from which all other errors, both in doctrine and practice, sprang; that Word which was given to be a light in the midst of a sinful and dark world was quite set aside, despised and rejected. The common people could not read it, as it was written in languages which they did not understand, and the monks, who could read Latin, though few of them understood Greek and Hebrew, did not care to read a book which condemned their wicked way of living; for when people do not wish to do right, they do not like to be reminded that they are doing wrong; so the monks "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." We cannot then wonder that when the Bible was a neglected book, all kinds of wickedness were practised by all classes of the people. As the moles and the bats come forth by night, because they dislike the light; and as thieves and murderers choose the hours of night for their wickedness; so it was *then*, and so it is *now*; when the light of the Gospel is obscured, iniquity abounds, and when the light shines brightly, it

"guides our feet into the way of peace" and holiness.

When Luther returned to Wittemberg he had so much to do, that he was almost worn out. Writing to a friend at this time, he says, "I require almost continually two secretaries; for I do scarcely anything all day long but write letters. I am preacher to the convent, reader of prayers at table, pastor and parish minister, director of studies, vicar of the priory, lecturer on St. Paul, and commentator on the Psalms." This letter indeed describes a busy man, one who worked heartily, "as to the Lord and not unto men."

About this time the plague broke out at Wittemberg; numbers quitted the town, Luther did not; he remained at his post, but felt that at any moment he might be carried off by that awful disease. He says, "Whether the plague will allow me to finish the Epistle to the Galatians, I do not very well know." He here alludes to his valuable Commentary on that Epistle; one of the few works of Luther's now remaining, and which we believe was made a great blessing to John Bunyan. We may mention here that, some years after the time of which we are now speaking, Gregory XIII., who was then Pope, remembering how much the writings of Luther had lessened the power of the popes and helped to bring about the Reformation, caused all the printed books of Luther then to be found to be

burnt; and declared any man who should have a copy of one of those books in his possession to be worthy of death. So, almost all the books were consumed; however some were kept secretly by those who knew their value. In 1626, a German gentleman named Casparus Von Sparr, having occasion to build upon the old foundation of a house, which had belonged to his grandfather at the time of Gregory's order to burn the books, and digging deep into the ground, found one of these books hidden in a hole, wrapped in a strong linen cloth, waxed all over within and without with beeswax, by which the book was preserved from injury. No doubt it was God who put it into the mind of the old German to conceal the book in this way. This story reminds us of the ark in which the mother of Moses hid her son, which we read was "daubed with slime and with pitch," and then hidden in the flags by the river's brink.

Staupitz returned with a valuable supply of relics. The Elector was greatly pleased with him, and thought he merited a bishopric for his services. But Luther did not think so, and with his usual honesty he wrote to his friend Spalatin, saying, "there are many things pleasing to your prince, which yet displease God." The Elector was not angry with Luther's frankness, and as a mark of kindness sent him some very fine stuff to make a gown. "It would be

too fine," said Luther; "if it were not a prince's gift. I am not worthy that any man should think of me, much less a prince. Those are most useful to me who think worst of me. Present my thanks to our prince for his favour, but know that I desire neither the praise of thyself, nor of others; all the praise of man is vain, the praise that cometh of God being alone true." These were good words; but how true is it that most people "love the praise of man more than the praise of God."

Some time in 1517, Luther became acquainted with Duke George of Saxony, cousin of the Elector. The Duke did not like the Reformation, for though he highly disapproved of the conduct of the bishops and clergy, he disliked the doctrines of the Gospel, which told him he was a sinner, that he could do nothing to save himself, and that if he wished to be saved, he must look to Jesus alone to be his Saviour; his proud heart could not bear these Bible truths, so he was no help, but rather a great hindrance to Luther from the first, and before very long, he became one of the greatest enemies of the Reformation with which it had to contend. Upon one occasion he banished thirty-seven people from their native villages because they read the Bible.

But did the Duke ever hear Luther preach? He did, at Dresden, in the Castle of St. James. Besides the Duke, there were many other persons

of high rank in the church. Two in particular appeared much struck by the sermon. One was Madame de la Sale, lady of the bedchamber to the Duchess; the other was Emser, secretary and counsellor to the Duke. At dinner afterwards in the castle Luther's sermon was the subject of conversation. "How did you like the sermon," said the Duke to Madame de la Sale. "If I could hear but such another sermon, I should die in peace," she replied. "And I," rejoined the Duke angrily, "would give something not to have heard it, for such sermons are good for nothing, and serve only to encourage men in sin." This remark of the Duke was followed by similar expressions of disapprobation from the courtiers. Some said, "He is an ignorant fellow;" "a proud monk," said others. But while many condemned the sermon, to one at least God made it a message of love and mercy. A month afterwards, Madame de la Sale became ill, and died in peace, trusting in Christ Jesus as her Saviour.

But what became of Emser? Alas! we do not hear such happy news of him; so it often is, as our Lord says, "one shall be taken, and another left."

While Luther remained at Wittemberg, he continually taught both in private and in public. He wrote ninety-nine short sentences, each containing some important truth; these were called

his Theses, and plainly taught these two important truths: first, that no man can do any good thing of himself; and secondly, that the power to please God must come from God. When Luther had made known these Theses at Wittemberg, he sent them to Erfurt, but the monks there were greatly displeased by them; nevertheless, he sent them on further south to Ingolstadt, an important town of Bavaria, the University of which was considered next to that of Wittemberg, as a place of learning. The person to whose care they were sent was a friend of Luther named John Meyer, generally called Dr. Eck, from being a native of Eck, a village in Swabia. Dr. Eck was a very learned intelligent man; considered the most so in Southern Germany, just as Luther was so reckoned in Northern Germany. The Theses, however, were but little read, and still less valued at Ingolstadt.

"O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

"Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach Thy reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

"Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

"Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

"God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through Thee."

MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VI.

INDULGENCES.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" —ISAIAH lv. 2.

"I even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—ISAIAH xliii. 25.

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

LUTHER had so low an opinion of himself that he wished to remain, as he said, "in a corner unknown to every one." But God determined otherwise, and made him "as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid." And now was the time chosen by God to bring him and the work in which he was engaged before the notice of all Europe.

But we must go back a little in our story. We remember the year 1516, and that it was called "the morning star of the Reformation," because of the blessing which followed the visit of Luther to the German monasteries in that year. The first town Luther then visited was Grimma, in Saxony. At that time there was another remarkable man in the neighbourhood, alas!—not

remarkable for holiness of life, but for wickedness. That man was Tetzel, a Dominican. Some one came and told Luther that a seller of indulgences was at Wurzen, making a great deal of noise. Luther was much displeased, and said he hoped yet to silence him. Staupitz also spoke to the Elector about Tetzel, telling him he was doing a great deal of mischief; in consequence of which he was forbidden to enter the Elector's dominions; however, he came as near them as he could, and established himself at Juterbuch, four miles from Wittemberg, from which town crowds of people, young and old, flocked to the "prime deceiver," as Luther called him.

Even at this time Luther had so much respect for the Pope, that he did not object to his authorizing the sale of indulgences; it was the manner in which Tetzel sold them that shocked him greatly.

But while we are speaking of indulgences, do we know what they were? Let us take a journey to Juterbuch, and see what is going on. Look at that gay carriage escorted by horsemen, more like a royal procession than that of a begging monk; in that carriage are the sellers of indulgences. They at once proceed to the church,—we must follow them. What crowds join the procession! Clergy, nuns, men and women, old and young, with flags and lighted tapers in their hands;—how joyous the music sounds, and the bells peal forth their merry chimes, as if an-

nouncing some great victory. Do you see that velvet cushion carried in front, with *something* laid on it. Oh, yes; and it is that *something* which has called forth all this gay procession. It is called the Pope's "bull of grace," which means his permission for the sale of indulgences in the town of Juterbuch.

And who is that man following it, carrying a red wooden cross? That man is Tetzel. And now all have reached the church, and the red cross is erected in front of the altar. But the people are not praying. Oh, no; they have come to *buy* from men the pardon of their sins—not to ask God to *give* it to them freely for Jesus Christ's sake. Listen, and you shall hear Tetzel—it is he who speaks from the pulpit, and his voice is loud. "Indulgences," he says, "are the most precious of God's gifts; draw near, and I will give you sealed letters by which the sins you have committed and those you intend to commit shall all be forgiven." How dreadful! But does he *give* these letters? No, indeed; he makes the people pay for them, and he refuses them to those who cannot pay. "Bring money, bring money, bring money," he cries. How unlike the gracious verse, "Ho, *every* one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1). "But these indulgences," says Tetzel, "can even release

a soul from purgatory"—that place to which those who are not good enough for heaven, or bad enough for hell are sent, there to remain until they have been sufficiently purified to be admitted into heaven. Now we never read of purgatory in the Bible, and therefore are quite sure there is no such place. We believe that when we die we shall go to one of two places—to heaven or to hell, a truth forcibly taught by our Lord's parable of Dives and Lazarus.

But the sermon is finished. Tetzel descends from the pulpit, turns towards the strong box; and in sight of all the people throws in a piece of silver with a loud sound. And now the sale begins; crowds come with their money,—some more, some less,—to buy the indulgences which assure them of the pardon of past sins, and of permission to sin again. This was not the way in which our Lord dealt with the poor woman of whom we read in the eighth chapter of St. John. The blessed assurance, "Neither do I condemn thee," was followed by the no less blessed command, "Go, and sin no more." And of this we may feel *quite* certain, that the really pardoned sinner will always *desire* to "sin no more;" though, owing to human infirmity, he may often stumble and fall, he will be found striving against sin.

The sale goes on; the whole scene is more like a fair than a religious ceremony; and we are glad

to leave the place, and to think that, even in those dark days—yes, we are sure, even at Juterbuch, there were some who *did* feel that they were sinners, and *did* long for the pardon of their sins, and that he who does not "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," in his own good time *did* say to them, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Isaiah xliii. 25).

Let us inquire what was the cause of the Pope's proclaiming this bull of indulgences?—it was the want of money. Leo X., who was then Pope, was in great distress for funds, he was a very extravagant man, fond of luxury of all kinds, and therefore he "published a bull" or edict, proclaiming a general indulgence, the proceeds of which should be appropriated, as he said, to the building of St. Peter's church; the reason assigned is rather a strange one. Tetzel informs us that the church of St. Peter and St. Paul then standing contained the bodies of those holy apostles and a vast company of martyrs; and that these sacred bodies, owing to the condition of the edifice were, alas! continually "trodden, flooded, polluted, dishonoured, decaying in rain and hail. Ah!" he added, "shall those holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mud!" This was a touching appeal, and so the historian adds, "there was an eager desire to aid poor Leo X., who had not

the means of sheltering from the rain the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul."

Luther now determined to attack Tetzel and his associates with vigour. The feast of All Saints drew near—a very important day at Wittemberg, and especially in the church which the elector had lately built and enriched with relics. These relics, encased in gold and silver, were that day exhibited to the crowds which flocked to the church; all who came and crossed themselves obtained a full indulgence.

On the evening of that day, October 31st, as the people were assembled in vast multitudes, Luther, without the knowledge of the Elector or any of his friends, went boldly down to the church, and affixed to the door ninety-five Theses against the doctrine of indulgences. These Theses excited great attention; they were read and spoken of on all sides, but no public notice was taken of them in Wittemberg. In a fortnight they had spread all over Germany, and in a month (wonderful to relate) they had found their way to Rome! They were also translated into Spanish and Dutch, and were even carried for sale to Jerusalem. In the eyes of the people, Luther was now a great man, as he did not even fear Tetzel.

At this time there was a celebrated man in Germany—Erasmus of Rotterdam, the most considerable city of Holland, next to Amsterdam.

He too saw the evil of the traffic in indulgences, and condemned the bad lives of the monks, but he was opposed to the pure doctrines of the Scriptures which Luther taught. Nevertheless he could not help seeing that a belief in those doctrines bore good fruit—that those who followed Luther's preaching were the best people in practice, while the worst of men opposed him. Luther's Theses reached Erasmus when he was in the Low Countries. In his heart he was glad when he read them, but he had not courage to say so. Sometimes he blamed Luther for writing them, and then again he praised him. The only thing which gives a man true courage to speak what he knows to be right—no matter who may be present—is "the fear of the Lord," in which "is strong confidence;" while "the fear of man bringeth a snare." Among the great men in Europe who admired Luther's Theses was the Emperor Maximilian, the grandfather of Charles V.; he wrote to the Elector, saying, "Take care of the monk, Luther; the time may come when we may have need of him." Even the Pope seemed more amused than angry when he read them, and though he was urged to treat Luther as if he were a heretic, which meant to put him to death, he refused, and expressed much displeasure at the suggestion.

Hitherto the Theses had not been published, but in 1517 they were given to the world, and

"ran through all lands." Among the many who read them with intense joy was a young man named Myconius. He had for a long time felt himself to be a sinner in need of pardon, but as yet he had not experienced that peace which follows upon the assurance of being forgiven. When Tetzel was in Annaberg, Myconius proceeded there to procure an indulgence. His story is very interesting.

"I am a poor sinner," he said, "and need a free pardon."

Those whose office it was to *sell*, not *give*, indulgences, replied—

"Those only can share in the merits of Christ who help the Church, that is, *give their money*."

"What do you mean, then," said Myconius, "by posting up on the gates of your churches that you give them freely?"

"Give at least a gros," said Tetzel.

"I cannot," replied the young man.

"Six deniers."

"I have not even so much."

The Dominicans then exclaimed, "Listen, we will give you six deniers."

On which Myconius, with indignation, replied, "I will have none of the indulgences that are bought and sold; if I desired to purchase them I would sell one of my books. What I want is a free pardon, and for the love of God." Then he solemnly added, "You will have to account to

God for having, for the sake of six deniers, missed the salvation of a soul."

Thus he left them, "much grieved," he says, at being so treated. "But," he adds, "I felt in myself a Comforter, who whispered that there is a God in heaven who forgives repentant souls without money and without price, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. As I left these people the Holy Spirit touched my heart, and I burst into tears, and with sighs and groans prayed to the Lord: 'O God, since these men have refused the remission of sins because I had no money to pay, do thou, O God, have pity on me, and forgive them in pure mercy.' I asked of God to be my father, and to make me what he would have me. After that to live with God, and to please him, became my most ardent, my single desire."

No wonder then that Myconius rejoiced to read Luther's Theses, which declared to him that precious truth which the Holy Ghost had already taught him, that the pardon of his sins *was* already purchased, not indeed with silver and gold, but "with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot;" and that all he had to do was to accept so great a gift with a thankful and believing heart. We may well imagine his joy as he read in a quiet corner in his cloister these comforting truths. But persecution followed his joy, though it could not quench it. The superiors of the convent forbade his writing

or receiving letters, and for a year and a half they did not allow him to leave the convent. However, in the enjoyment of that peace which the "world can neither give nor take away," he was happy and thankful. Shortly afterwards he was appointed pastor of Zwickau, a town of Saxony, and was the first who openly declared against popish errors in that part of Germany.

Besides Myconius, there were many to whom Luther's Theses were as the voice of God, proclaiming that gracious invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Look unto *me*, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is *none else*."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give,
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,
And now I live in Him.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

H. BONAR.

CHAPTER VII.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."—PSALM lxii. 5.

"Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord,
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

As time went on, several of the great men in Germany who had approved of Luther and his Theses, began to fear that he was speaking too plainly against the very errors in doctrine and practice which they knew to be worthy of condemnation; so they advised him to be more prudent. Even his friend the Elector was very anxious, lest he should bring himself into trouble, and wrote earnestly, counselling him to be cautious. But Luther had a spirit which could not give way when he felt he was in the right. "Dear fathers," he said, "if the thing be not of God, it will come to nought; if it be, let it go forward." Like Nehemiah, he would say, "Should such a man as I flee?" (Neh. vi. 11).

Thus felt Luther, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," yet he was a man "com-

passed with infirmity;" and, rough as he often was, he had a very feeling heart, which was sorely cast down just at this time by the thought that he was (as he imagined), almost left alone to fight the Lord's battle with the enemies of his Word. The comfort that we derive from knowing that others feel for us and with us is very great; and the absence of the support thus given, very trying. Listen to Luther as he describes his feelings, when, many years after, he looked back upon that dark and dreary season. "I began this affair," said he, "with fear and great trembling. What was I at that time? A poor, wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. No one can tell what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection, I might say despair, I was often plunged."

But out of this depression he was delivered. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And what was it which revived the mind and spirit of Luther? Was it a visit from some dear and faithful friend, or a kind letter from the Elector, assuring him of his continued protection and support? No; we read "that *all* things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28), things that are in themselves very uncomfortable God often makes a source of true comfort and refreshment to His own children. Such was Luther's experience. That which now made his heart revive, his courage

come again, was a fresh attack from his old enemy Tetzel, who was still at work, trying to undo the good which had been effected by Luther's sermon and Theses against indulgences. We shall only give one sentence from the reply which Luther gave to Tetzel at this time. He says, "Let him only illtreat me, let him call me a heretic, and whatsoever else he likes, but it cannot be endured that he should treat the holy Scriptures—our consolation—as a sow treats a sack of oats." Thus we see that his courage had revived; he trusted in the Word of God, and that is a rock that never fails to shelter us in the storm.

It was now Tetzel's turn to write his Theses. He did so; in which he not only condemned Luther and his doctrines, but some even thought the Elector of Saxony. He sent them to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and also preached against Luther, and plainly stated his hope and belief that he would yet be burnt for his heresy; and, as a sign, he caused Luther's Theses to be committed to the flames, which act of the proud Dominican was afterwards repaid at Wittemberg by the burning of his own Theses by the students of the University. At this Luther was deeply grieved.

About this time Luther wrote several tracts upon the Ten Commandments, from which we quote a few sentences. "When thou prayest," he said, "let thy words be few, but thy thoughts and feelings many and deep. Few words and

much thought is a Christian frame; many words and little thoughts is heathenism."

Again he says upon the words "Our Father," "of all names, there is not one which more inclines us towards God than the name of Father. We should feel less love, and derive less consolation from addressing him as Lord, or God, or Judge, for there is no sound more sweet or prevailing with a father than the voice of his child."

And again: "We must preach Christ alone. But, say you, what is it to know Christ? and what gain will come of it? I answer, to learn and know Christ is to understand what the apostle declares, namely, that 'Christ is made unto us of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' To believe is nothing else than feeding on this bread from heaven." And again, 'If thou dost not believe that thy sins are forgiven, then, thou makest God a liar.' Many were delighted by these tracts, and read them with devout earnestness.

A meeting of the Augustines at Heidelberg, on the Necker, near the borders of the beautiful Odenwald, or forest of Oden, soon obliged Luther to repair to that celebrated city. He went on foot, though contrary to the advice of his friends, who feared for his safety. The journey was long. Passing through Erfurt and Coburg, he reached Wurtzburg, a considerable city of Bavaria, the

second Sunday after Easter; and on April 21st he arrived at Heidelberg, where he was very kindly received. In this renowned place he again preached the same truths he had declared elsewhere. As in the days of the apostles, "some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not." Of those who believed there were three young men, Martin Bucer, John Beritz, and Ehrhard Snepf, with whom Luther had many interesting conversations. His previous writings had been much blessed to them, and they now rejoiced to hear the same truths from his own lips. When Luther left Heidelberg, they remained behind as teachers to carry on the work he had begun. Bucer was present when Luther maintained the doctrines of Scripture before the Augustine friars at Heidelberg, and observes that "his sweetness in answering was admirable, and his patience in hearing incomparable;" that "the acuteness of St. Paul in resolving doubts might have been seen in him, so that he brought them all into admiration of him by answers taken out of the storehouse of the Holy Scriptures."

It is interesting to know that the writings of Bucer were afterwards made a great blessing to England. We learn from history that he was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's, in Cambridge, and that, in the reign of Queen Mary, who hated and persecuted all who believed the doctrines taught by Luther and Bucer, his body

was disinterred and burnt. On the 6th of February, 1557, the coffin was taken out of the grave, and chained to the Market Place; Bibles and Prayer Books were heaped round it, with a pile of fagots, and all were reduced to ashes.

After Luther returned from Heidelberg, he wrote an explanation of his Theses against indulgences, and sent it to Rome. It was written in a very moderate spirit, but steadily proclaimed the same truths he had before declared; he repeated once more that every Christian who truly repented had remission of sins without any indulgence, that the Pope had no more power than the lowest priest to do anything beyond simply declaring the forgiveness that God had already granted, and that Holy Scripture was the sole rule of faith. Let us listen to what he says on the preciousness of Christ. "It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without having Christ, and if he has Christ, he has at the same time all that is in Christ. What gives peace to the conscience is, that by faith our sins are no more ours, but Christ's, upon whom God has laid them all; and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God hath given it. Christ lays his hand upon us, and we are healed. He casts his mantle upon us, and we are clothed, for He is the glorious Saviour, blessed for ever." These truths were not merely believed by Luther, he lived upon them, and felt their power in time of

need and temptation. As an instance of the way in which he overcame the accusations of Satan by "the blood of the Lamb," when he would have tempted him to despair, the following anecdote is related:—He was at one time in great depression, for memory recalled to his mind one sin and another that he had committed, and Satan tempted him to despair by pointing to each sin, and saying—"Can you be a child of God, and yet be guilty of that?" For a time desponding thoughts prevailed, but suddenly the recollection of the power of the blood of Christ came into his mind; and turning, as it were, on his accuser, he said:—"Yes, it is all true; I *have* been guilty of these sins against my God; but, take a sheet of paper, and write down these sins, and those sins which I acknowledge, and add to them ten thousand more, and I will write at the foot of the page, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,'" and with this thought peace returned to his mind.

Luther sent the explanation of his Theses and a letter to the Pope, through his friend Staupitz. Having done so, he left the matter in the hands of God, and trusted that he would protect him from the malice of his enemies. "As for those who threaten me," he says, "I can only answer, the poor man has nothing to fear, for he has nothing to lose; all that is left me is this wretched body, enfeebled by many trials. Let them kill it by violence or fraud, so that it be for the glory of

God. By so doing, they will shorten the time of my life by a few hours. It is sufficient for me that I have a precious Redeemer—a powerful High Priest—my Lord Jesus Christ. I will praise Him as long as I have breath. If another will not join me in praising Him, what is that to me?" Luther looked to Rome for justice, but in vain; at that very time she had thoughts of vengeance against him. It was well known that he had a powerful friend in the Elector of Saxony; so, to deprive him of this friend was the first step at injuring him. However, God did not permit his faithful servant to be crushed, and all the efforts to turn the Elector against him only made him more anxious to befriend him. At this time too, Luther was comforted by observing that his preaching and writings had been so greatly blessed, that the power of the truth was felt throughout the entire of Germany. The people regarded him with such a feeling of respect and affection, that wherever he went he found friends to welcome him.

About this time, the Emperor Maximilian held a meeting of the princes of his empire at Augsburg in Bavaria, which meeting was called an Imperial Diet. Six Electors attended at this assembly. The Kings of France, Hungary and Poland also sent their ambassadors. Luther was quietly remaining at Wittemberg, expecting a good result from his letter to the Pope; when, to

his great surprise, he received a summons to appear before the Papal tribunal at Rome. Great was his dismay: "at the moment that I looked for benediction," said he, "I saw the thunderbolt descend upon me, I was like the lamb that troubled the stream at which the wolf was drinking. Tetzel escaped, and I must be devoured."

Great was the danger to which Luther was now exposed, and how could he escape? If he went to Rome, he was sure to become the victim of his enemies; if he refused to obey the Pope's summons, he would be condemned for disrespect of his authority. What course should he pursue? All Wittemberg was alarmed for his safety, and that of the Gospel for which he contended. His friends consulted together. They knew the Elector could save him; but then by doing so he would expose himself to danger, and to this Luther would not consent. At length a thought struck them:—if the Elector refused a safe-conduct to Luther, there would be a good excuse for his not appearing at Rome.

Luther wrote to Spalatin, and begged him to obtain permission to have his cause tried in Germany. "See," said he, "what snares they lay for me; I am surrounded by thorns; but Christ lives and reigns, and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." After some difficulty, his request was granted, but not from any consideration for him. No; on the contrary, orders were

given that if he did not repent, and ask pardon for his offences, he should be seized and carried to Rome, and all persons who should show him any kindness were declared enemies of the Pope. Such was the treatment that awaited Luther, reminding us of our Lord's words, "The disciple is not above his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." They determined to destroy him, but God was on his side, and therefore "no weapon that was formed against him" prospered.

While Luther thought that he should have to appear at Rome, he was much troubled in mind, and needed the comfort of a friend to whom he could tell his sorrows. God sent him such a friend in Melancthon. Philip Melancthon was born February 14th, 1497, and was therefore fourteen years younger than Luther. He was only eleven years old when his father George Schwarzerd* died. Two days before his death, the father called his son to his bedside, and exhorted him to "set the Lord always before him;" adding, "God preserve and guide you, my son." After receiving his father's blessing, Philip was sent to Spire, a town a little south of Heidelberg, that he might not be present at his death. Philip and his brother George were afterwards taken by their

* Schwarzerd is the German, Melancthon the Greek. It was the custom in those days for learned men to translate their own names into Greek or Latin.

grandfather, and educated with his own son. Their tutor Hungarus was an excellent man. Philip said of him "He loved me as if I had been his son, and I loved him as a father, and I trust we shall meet in heaven." Philip had great talents, he had also a very gentle, loveable disposition. When he was very young a friend gave him a Greek Grammar and a Bible, both of which books he diligently studied through life. At the age of twelve he was sent to the University of Heidelberg, where he studied deeply. There was no kind of knowledge which he did not endeavour to cultivate. It was remarked, that in church he frequently had a large book in his hand, which he read between the services; that book was the Bible. When Melancthon was twenty-one, the Elector of Saxony made him professor of the ancient languages in the University of Wittemberg, upon which occasion his friend Reuchlin, from whom he had received the Bible, wrote to him in the words of the Lord to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and I will make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." "Yes," continued the old man, "I trust it will be thus with thee, my dear Philip, my disciple and my joy." Melancthon accepted the professorship, and left his native place; exclaiming, "The will of the Lord be done." He reached Wittemberg August 25th, 1518.

His appearance rather disappointed Luther and the learned doctors of Wittemberg; he was not tall, his manner was shy, and he looked even younger than he was. However, opinion soon changed respecting him. Four days after his arrival, he delivered a speech in such beautiful Latin, that he delighted and astonished his auditors. Luther wrote to Spalatin about "the lad," as he called him. "We thank the prince and yourself for the service you have done us. I can wish for no better Greek master; but I fear our poor fare will not suit his delicate frame, and that we shall not keep him long with us on account of the smallness of his allowance."

From this time, a warm friendship sprung up in the hearts of Luther and Melancthon towards each other. "If there be any man," said Melancthon, "that I love and embrace with my whole heart, it is Martin Luther." This friendship continued till death, and yet in character they were very dissimilar. The wisdom and goodness of God were strikingly manifested in bringing together two men so unlike and yet so necessary to each other. Melancthon was as remarkable for calmness and gentleness, as Luther was for wisdom and energy. Luther did much by power; Melancthon not less by gentleness. Both were full of love for the Word of eternal life, both were willing to spend and be spent in the service of Christ, their Lord and Master. A great work

now occupied the time and thoughts of these two remarkable men. In 1517 Luther had commenced the translation into German of the Bible; and now, with the assistance of Melancthon, it was rapidly completed.

While thus happily engaged, we may suppose that Rome and her terrors were sometimes quite forgotten by Luther; yet there were times when his thoughts much troubled him, and if he had not relied on the faithfulness and power of God to be with him to the end, he must have sunk in despair.

"Press forward and fear not! the billows may roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

"Press forward and fear not! though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, whom then shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod;
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.

"Press forward and fear not! be strong in the Lord,
In the power of His promise, the truth of His word;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may tend,
But He who hath sav'd us will save to the end.

"Press forward and fear not! we'll speed on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod,
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFLICT.

"A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."—1 Cor. xvi. 9.

"Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."—Rev. iii. 8.

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through winds, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day."

Moravian.

We said that Luther's request to be tried in Germany, instead of at Rome, was granted. The order for his appearance at Augsburg now arrived. His friends begged him not to set out; they feared a snare might be laid for him on the journey. Staupitz was much alarmed, and began to wish that his friend had remained quietly in his cloister, unknown to the world. He wrote to Luther, inviting him to come and hide himself in his house. "It seems to me," he said, "that the whole world is up in arms against the truth, even so

was the crucified Jesus hated. Your friends are few in number—God grant them courage to declare themselves for you. Your most prudent course is to come and hide with me; then let us live and die together. This is also the prince's opinion." Count Albert of Mansfeldt also entreated him not to set out, as some nobles had bound themselves by an oath to seize and strangle or drown him. But Luther would listen to no one; he would not take refuge with Staupitz; he would not hide himself in the convent of Salzburg. Remembering the words, "Whoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven," he took courage. "I am like Jeremiah," he said, at this time, 'a man of strife and contention;' but the more they increase their threatenings the more they multiply my joy. They have already torn to pieces my honour and my good name; but as to my soul, they shall not have that."

The day at length came when he was to leave Wittemberg, and turn his sorrowful steps towards Augsburg, to meet the Cardinal De Vio, the Roman Legate—perhaps to meet death. But "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might," he advanced without fear. The Elector sent him money for his journey, and letters of recommendation to some of the principal counsellors of Augsburg, but he did not think it necessary to give him a safe-conduct. On the 28th of Sep-

tember, Luther reached Weimar, and took up his lodging in the convent. As he entered, one of the monks gazed on him earnestly—it was Myconius. It was the first time he had seen Luther. He longed to tell him that it was to his writings he owed that peace which he had long sought in vain; but Myconius was closely watched, and not permitted to speak to the weary stranger. The Elector was in the town on that day, and, at his desire, Luther preached in the Castle Chapel. His text was Matt. xviii. 1—11.

Next day, he proceeded on foot to Nuremberg, a large town of Upper Saxony, which now contains a splendid library. There he borrowed a dress from his friend Winceslas Link, his own was so worn and threadbare. The fatigue of the journey, added to anxiety of mind, were too much for the poor monk. When within a short distance from Augsburg, he became very ill, and thought he should die. His friends who accompanied him, greatly alarmed, were glad to procure for him a waggon, and on October 8th they reached Augsburg, and repaired to the convent of the Augustines.

Though greatly exhausted, Luther rapidly regained strength, and, without delay, urged his friend Link to inform the legate of his arrival. The following day he had a visit from an Italian named Urban de Serra Longa, a friend of the legate; he said he came from friendship for a

subject of the Elector of Saxony. A long conversation took place, in which the Italian endeavoured to induce the German monk to confess that what he had spoken and written against indulgences was wrong, and that he was sorry for his errors. Luther said he was quite willing to confess his faults when they were shown to him; but that he had spoken and written what he believed to be the truth as declared in the Bible, and that until it was proved to him, *from the Bible,* that he was in error, he was determined to persist in maintaining the doctrines he had stated.

The counsellors to whom the Elector had recommended Luther immediately visited him, and invited him to dinner. This greatly cheered him, especially as they said that many of the principal men at Augsburg were well disposed towards him. While they were thus conversing together, Serra Longa returned. "Come," said he to Luther, "the cardinal is waiting for you. I will myself conduct you to him. But first let me tell you how you must appear in his presence. When you enter the room in which he is sitting, you must prostrate yourself with your face to the ground; when he tells you to rise, you must kneel before him, and you must not stand erect until he orders you to do so." To this Luther replied that he was willing to obey the cardinal's summons; but that by the advice of the honourable men to

whom the Elector had recommended him, he could not venture without a safe-conduct from the Emperor. He was so determined on this point, that Serra Longa had to return to his master without him.

The next day was Sunday. Luther was asked to preach. He would have rejoiced to proclaim the gospel in so important a city as Augsburg; but fearing that if he did so the Legate might regard it as meant to annoy him, he declined the invitation. On Monday he had another visit from Serra Longa, strongly urging him to appear at once before the Legate, and assuring him he need fear nothing. To which Luther calmly replied, "As soon as I have received the safe-conduct I will appear."

At these words the Italian lost his temper, and exclaimed, "You think the Elector will take up arms in your favour."

"God forbid!" replied Luther.

"When all forsake you where will you take refuge?" urged the Italian.

"Under heaven!" replied Luther, smiling, and looking upwards.

After a few moments Serra Longa left Luther, to return to him no more; and shortly after he was gone Luther received the safe-conduct his friends had procured from the Imperial counsellors.

When the Legate heard that Luther would appear the next day before him, he called to-

gether some of those in whom he placed confidence, both Italians and Germans, that he might consult with them as to how he ought to treat the German monk.

Various opinions were given. One said, "We must compel him to retract;" another, "We must arrest him, and throw him into prison;" a third thought it would be better to put him out of the way; and a fourth, that to try to win him by gentleness would be the safest course.

The day at length arrived. Luther, attended by a few friends, repaired to the house of the Legate: such crowds pressed to see him as he went along, that he could with difficulty make his way to the room in which the cardinal was waiting to receive him. Luther followed Serra Longa's directions, and prostrated himself before the Legate, who received him with cool civility.

For some time De Vio was silent; he seemed to expect that Luther would at once begin his recantation, but he was mistaken; the Reformer waited reverently for the Roman prince to address him. Finding, however, that he still maintained silence, he took this as a sign that he should commence business, and spoke as follows:—

"Most worthy father, upon the summons of his Holiness the Pope, and at the desire of my gracious lord the Elector of Saxony, I appear before you as an humble and obedient son of the

holy Christian church, and I acknowledge that it was I who published the Propositions and Theses that are the subject of inquiry. I am ready to listen with all submission to the charges brought against me; and, if I am in error, to be instructed in the truth."

To these words the cardinal replied, "My dear son, you have filled all Germany with commotion by your dispute concerning indulgences. I hear that you are a doctor well skilled in the Scriptures, and that you have many followers. If, therefore, you wish to be a member of the Church, and to have the Pope a most gracious lord, listen to me."

Having spoken these words, the Legate proceeded to inform Luther as to what he expected him to promise for the future; "besides acknowledging past offences," he said, "you must abstain from propagating false opinions, and avoid everything that might grieve or disturb the Church."

Luther continued to affirm his belief in the truth of the doctrines he had taught, and his firm determination to maintain them to the end. As neither party would yield to the other, it was evident no good could result from continuing the conference, and Luther began to think it would be better to answer the cardinal in writing. As he appeared to wish to withdraw, the Legate asked him if he would like a safe-conduct to repair to

Rome. How delighted would the crafty Italian have been if Luther had accepted his offer! but he, who knew well that he was surrounded by danger even at Augsburg, steadily refused that which would have delivered him into the hands of his bitterest enemies. The Legate was greatly annoyed; but concealed his displeasure as well as he could, and dismissed the monk with a compassionate smile, as if he were an object to be despised and pitied, while in his heart he could not but feel surprised at the noble firmness of his character.

A joyful surprise awaited Luther on his return to the convent, his friend Staupitz having failed to prevent his going to Augsburg, followed him there.

When Luther gave him an account of his interview with De Vio, and how he had been required to retract without even an attempt to show him he was in error, "You must, absolutely," said Staupitz, "answer the Legate in writing."

The next day Luther had a second interview with De Vio; several friends accompanied him, among whom were the knight Philip von Feilitzsch and Doctor Ruhel, counsellors of the Elector, who had received orders from their master to watch over his safety. As they set out, Staupitz drew close to Luther; he felt all his friend would have to endure, and that faith in the Lord, who is the deliverer of his people, could alone sustain him.

"My dear brother," said he, "ever bear in mind that you entered on these struggles in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

These words were very comforting to the heart of the poor monk; and, though oppressed with sorrow, he rested on the promise "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

When Luther reached the cardinal, he produced his written reply, which he read with a firm voice. In this answer he declared—"I have sought after truth; and what I have taught I, to this hour, regard as right, true, and Christian. Nevertheless, I am but a man, and may be mistaken; I am, therefore, willing to be instructed and corrected wherever I have erred. I declare myself willing to submit my Theses to the decision of the four universities, of Bâle, Freiburg, Louvain, and Paris, and to retract whatever they shall declare to be erroneous."

This was very reasonable; but the Legate would not consent, saying—"I will not dispute with you in public or in private; my wish is to settle the whole matter with paternal tenderness."

When De Vio perceived that Luther was determined to persist in his demand to get a fair hearing, he got more and more impatient, calling out, "Recant! recant!" thus interrupting the Reformer whenever he attempted to speak. Luther requested permission to give his reply in writing; which, being granted, he left the palace, followed

by many who felt a deep interest in him and the cause he was advocating.

Every day it became more evident that the Legate would hear nothing from Luther but the words "I retract," and these words he was determined not to utter. His trust in God was not shaken, though many heavy thoughts oppressed him. He despaired of ever returning to Wittemberg, of seeing his dear Philip, of again being in the midst of those loved students of Scripture, in whose hearts he delighted to sow the good seed of the Word.

On the following day, the 11th of October, Luther returned to the cardinal's palace for the third and last time. As usual, the Italians crowded round him. Luther advanced, and presented his written reply to the Legate. In this paper he stated his views upon two points, indulgences and faith. Respecting the former he said—"Indulgences are barren and unprofitable, having no other effect but to excuse men from good works, such as prayer, alms, etc., whereas the righteousness of Christ Jesus is not a treasure of indulgences excusing us from good works, but a treasure of grace quickening us to perform them." Then, in speaking of faith, he said—"No man can be justified before God except by faith." Luther supported what he said by many texts of Scripture. The Legate took the paper, and, after looking over it, said coolly, "You have

wasted many words; you have replied very foolishly to the charges brought against you, and you have covered your paper with numerous passages from the Holy Scripture that have no reference whatever to the subject." He then threw down the paper on the ground as if unworthy of his regard, renewing the cry, "Retract! retract!"

Luther remained inflexible; he sometimes attempted to speak, but when he did so, De Vio scolded and thundered, so that he had to stop.

"Retract! retract!" repeated De Vio; "retract, or I will send you to Rome."

"Condescend," replied Luther, "to forward the written answer I have given you to Pope Leo X."

To this request the Legate replied in an angry tone—

"Retract, or return no more."

Luther marked the words "or return no more," and withdrew, followed by the counsellors of the Elector, leaving the cardinal and his attendants looking at each other in blank astonishment. Luther and De Vio never met again, but the Reformer had made an impression on the Legate which was never entirely effaced. Some time afterwards he wrote a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, in which it was evident that what Luther had said and written upon faith had considerably changed his views. Luther did not "retract," but his judge, who had so repeatedly

commanded him to do so, retracted himself. In this way the Reformer received a rich reward for his fidelity. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (Ec. xi. i.).

"Upon the stormy waters
The bread of life we cast,
With cheerful trust believing
It shall be found at last;
We see it but a moment,
Far drifting o'er the main,
But deathless, undecaying,
It shall be found again.

"One eye shall ever watch it,
The eye of Him who sees
Each tiny seedling scattered
By summer's passing breeze;
That eye which sees the coral,
As year by year it grows,
And counts the myriad crystals
Of Himalayan snows.

"Sometimes with bitter weeping
The seed of life is sown,
With well-nigh hopeless pleadings,
To Jesus only known.
With hope deferred, the mother
Oft looks upon her child,
No plant of heaven is springing,
Though weeds grow rank and wild.

"The shades of evening gather
Upon the Sabbath sky,
From pastors and from teachers
The prayer ascends on high.

Once more their hands have broken
The true and heavenly bread;
Let them believe not vainly
The table hath been spread!

"Yes! on the stormy waters
We cast the bread of life,
Vain are the surging waters,
Vain is the tempest's strife.
His never-failing promise
Jehovah will fulfil,
And the seed be found in glory,
When those proud waves are still."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." —ISAIAH xli. 10.

"The Lord is never far away,
Nor sunder'd from His flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
Give to our God the glory."
From "LYRA GERMANICA."

LUTHER returned to the monastery full of joy and peace; but soon heavy tidings reached him. There were rumours that if he did not retract he should be seized and thrown into a dungeon. It was even said that Staupitz had consented to this; but Luther would not believe it—no, it could not be that his friend would betray him.

Danger might be at hand, but Luther would not leave Augsburg. Left alone in his cell, his thoughts turned towards the friends most dear to him at Weimar and Wittemberg; he longed to tell the Elector what was passing, and wrote

to Spalatin, begging him to inform his master of the result of the conference; he concluded by saying, "I am resolved not to retract a single syllable." To another friend he said, "Accept these few words in place of a long letter, for time and events are pressing. For three days my affair has been in hand. I have no longer a hope of seeing you again, and have nothing to expect but excommunication. The Legate will not allow me to defend myself either publicly or in private. His wish, he tells me, is to act the part of a father, not of a judge; yet he will hear nothing from me but the words, 'I retract, and acknowledge that I have been in error;' and these words I will not utter. The peril in which my cause is placed is great. However, the Lord God lives and reigns, and to his keeping I commend myself, and I doubt not that in answer to the prayers of pious souls, He will send me deliverance. *I seem to feel that prayer is being made for me.*"

Staupitz soon returned, and in the evening they were joined by Dr. Ruhel, the Knight Feilitzsch and a few other faithful friends. When all were assembled, Luther reminded them that they were soon about to part, never more probably to meet in this world, and he proposed that before separating they should together partake of the Lord's Supper. They gladly assented; joyful, though sorrowful, must have been that evening.

The Legate had promised to send Luther a

written paper for him to reply to; as it did not come, Luther wrote to the cardinal, but received no answer; and his friends, greatly alarmed, began to fear that De Vio intended to arrest him, and only waited for authority from Rome. Staupitz had already left Augsburg, and it appeared that the only safety for Luther depended upon his following him without a moment's delay. His friends urged this course upon him, and he yielded to their entreaties; but first, he wrote to De Vio to inform him of his intention. When the letter was written, Luther gave it to a friend to deliver after his departure from Augsburg, and prepared for his journey. Hitherto had the Lord helped him, and while he thanked Him for past protection, he trusted Him for the future.

On Wednesday he was ready to start by daybreak. Staupitz had left him a horse; noiselessly it was brought to the convent door; once more Luther embraced his friends, and, without saddle, boots, or spurs, and unarmed, he set out. He had a guide who knew the roads well, and conducted him in silence through the streets. They made their way through the darkness to a little gate in the wall of the city, which had been left open for him; they passed through, and once out of the city, felt they were safe, and rapidly proceeded on their way.

Luther had drawn up an appeal to the Pope, and left it to be posted on the door of the cathe-

dral after his departure from Augsburg. By this act he appealed for justice to the Pope, thus declaring that he had not been fairly treated by the Pope's representative, the Legate, Cardinal de Vio. Alas! we much fear no justice awaited him at Rome. The cardinal was greatly surprised and rather vexed when he heard of Luther's escape; he thought he had him quite within his power.

Luther travelled fourteen leagues (about forty-three miles) the first day, and was so tired when he reached the inn where he was to spend the night that he could scarcely stand. The next day he arrived at Nuremberg, where he found Staupitz. On the 26th he reached Graefenthal, where he rested for a few days with Count Albert of Mansfeldt, who heartily laughed at the poor monk's strange attire; and then he hurried on to Wittemberg, hoping to meet the Elector there on the 31st, the Feast of All Saints. His wish was in vain, the Elector did not come to the Feast, but his friends were delighted to see him. Shortly after his arrival at Wittemberg, Luther received a letter from the Elector, which filled him with indignation. It was a copy of one from De Vio to the Elector, complaining bitterly of Luther, and requesting Frederick to "send him to Rome, or to banish him from his territories." When Luther read this letter, his whole soul was roused by a sense of the injustice which had been done him, and he immediately wrote a reply to Frederick,

in which he gave an account of the Diet of Augsburg, very different indeed from that of the cardinal. He entreated the Elector not to send him to Rome, and then added, "I resign myself to banishment, that no harm may happen to you on my account. I leave your territories in God's name. I will go wherever the eternal and merciful God will have me. I am still, thanks to God, full of joy, and praise Him that Christ the Son of God counts me worthy to suffer in so holy a cause. May He ever preserve your illustrious highness. Amen." The Elector was much impressed by this letter, and wrote to the Legate—"Since Doctor Martin Luther has appeared before you at Augsburg, you ought to be satisfied. We did not expect that without convincing him of error you would claim to oblige him to retract." In the latter part of the letter the Elector refused either to send Luther to Rome, or to banish him from his territories. When Luther heard of this he was greatly rejoiced. The university of Wittemberg had addressed a letter to Frederick, openly declaring itself in favour of Luther, and it is probable that this encouraged the Elector to write to the Legate in a tone which he so little expected. The university owed much to Luther; it was rapidly rising in reputation; from all parts of Germany students availed themselves of the advantages it afforded, not the least being that of attending the Reformer's lectures on the Scripture,

in which he earnestly sought to direct them in the right way.

Although secure of the Elector's favour, Luther felt that at any moment he might be forced to leave Germany to escape the vengeance of Rome. So he arranged everything to be ready to depart. "Having tucked up my gown, and girded my loins," said he, "I am ready to depart, like Abraham, not knowing whither I go; or, rather, well knowing whither, since God is everywhere." His friends were full of anxiety for him, and entreated him to deliver himself as a prisoner into the Elector's hands, and thus secure his safety. Luther himself began to think he had best depart, not from fear of danger, but, as he wrote to a friend—"If I stay here I shall be denied the liberty of speaking or writing many things; if I depart, I will pour forth freely the thoughts of my heart, and devote my life to Christ." Luther thought of France as a place of safety; but while uncertain what to do, the Elector, whose will was law to him, expressed his desire that he should leave Wittemberg. "Then I must go," said Luther. But, before departing, he invited his friends to spend an evening with him. While seated together, a letter was brought to him; he opened it; it was from Frederick, inquiring why he delayed so long. Luther's heart sank within him, but in a moment he recovered himself, saying, "Father and mother forsake me,

but the Lord will take me up." Deep was the grief of his friends at the thought of parting with him; they said but little, but their tears betrayed what they felt. While they wept another letter arrived, containing the joyful news that for the present no danger was to be apprehended, and that he might, therefore, remain in Germany. "As the Pope's new envoy," said the letter, "hopes that everything may be settled by a conference, remain for the present." This was a joyful reprieve.

Rumours soon reached Luther that he was to be seized and sent to Rome; but "the more their fury and violence increase," he wrote, "the less do I fear them." He now determined to leave Wittemberg as soon as the malediction of Rome arrived there. But previous to doing so, he drew up an appeal to a general council, in which he protested—"I had no intention of saying anything against the Holy Church or the Pope."

Great was the Reformer's courage in putting forth this appeal to a general council. A former Pope, Pius II., had pronounced that such an act should be followed by excommunication, and Luther daily expected this sentence to fall on him.

Charles Miltitz, a Saxon of high birth, had been sent, as Nuncio, from Rome, in the hope that he, being of courteous manners, would deal more judiciously with Luther than De Vio had done.

He arrived in Germany in December 1518. His coming caused considerable alarm to the friends of Luther, and they earnestly entreated him to be on his guard. "I await the will of the Lord," was his noble reply. Confidence in God is a sure antidote to fear; it either keeps fear away entirely, or it sustains the soul when flesh and heart *do* fail, as in Isaiah xii. 2, "I will trust and *not* be afraid;" and again, David says (Ps. lvi. 3), "What time I *am* afraid I will trust." Thus it was with Luther; and God, at this time of sore distress and perplexity, "showed Himself strong on behalf of His servant who trusted in Him." Deliverance came in a very unexpected way. The Emperor Maximilian died on the 12th of January, 1519, just a month after the arrival of Miltitz, by which event supreme power, as prince of the empire, devolved upon the Elector of Saxony, enabling him, without fear of legates, to befriend Luther and the Reformation, when his protection was most needed. "The tempest was hushed," said Luther, "the fearful excommunication is beginning to be thought little of." We said that Miltitz was sent from Rome to make what efforts he could against Luther; for this purpose he visited Spalatin; but the moment he commenced his attacks upon the Reformer, Spalatin replied by loudly complaining against the scandalous proceedings of Tetzel at the sale of indulgences. All this surprised Miltitz not a little, and he summoned the

proud Dominican into his presence. Tetzel refused to obey, saying, "Martin Luther has so roused the people against me, that I am nowhere safe." Miltitz, therefore, went to Dresden, where Tetzel resided, and compelled him to obey his summons. When he did so, he was so overpowered and surprised by the reproaches that were heaped upon him, that the wretched man was driven to despair, his health gave way, and he soon after died. The only person who appeared to pity him was Luther; he hated not the sinner, but his sins, and wrote him a letter of consolation, when he was forsaken by all others. Thus Luther remembered the exhortation, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. xii. 21).

De Vio had been harsh towards Luther. Miltitz tried a different plan; he began by using words of flattery, knowing how often they overcome men. "Do you know," he said, "that you have drawn away all the world from the Pope; even if I were backed by 25,000 men, I would not undertake to kidnap you, and carry you to Rome." Thus it was evident that the poor monk had inspired his enemies with terror. "God arrests the billows on the shore," said Luther, "and He does so by the sand." When Miltitz found that flattery did not prevail to induce Luther to retract, he asked for another interview; it was granted, at Altenburg, a city south of Leipsic, and they met in the house of Spalatin,

the friend of both disputants. At this conference Luther acknowledged that he might have spoken too violently sometimes, "but," said he "as to a retraction, don't expect that from me." At the close of it both parties agreed not to write or act henceforward upon the question that had been discussed. Miltitz, overjoyed at so happy a result, invited Luther to supper, and treated him with apparent affection. Luther, however, did not place much confidence in him.

"Fight the good fight of faith, nor turn aside
Through fear of peril from or earth or hell;
Take to thee now the armour proved and tried,
Take to thee spear and sword;—oh! wield them well.
So shalt thou conquer here, to win the day,
To wear the crown when this hard life has passed away.

"Take courage, faint not, though the foe be strong;
Christ is thy strength! He fighteth on thy side;
Swift be thy race; remember 'tis not long—
The goal is near; the prize He will provide.
And then from earthly toil thou restest ever;
Never again to toil, or fight, or fear;—Oh! never.

"He comes with His reward, 'tis just at hand;
He comes in glory to His promised throne;
My soul, rejoice; ere long thy feet shall stand
Within the city of the Blessed One,—
Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,
Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy for ever sure."

"*From* HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER X.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—PHIL. ii. 11.

"Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! Thou art all to me,
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord."

"*From* HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

IN fulfilment of a promise to Miltitz, Luther wrote to the Pope, expressing his anxiety for peace, adding these words, "I confess there is nothing in heaven or earth that should be preferred before the Church of Rome, save only Jesus Christ, the Lord of all." These words show that as yet Luther did not clearly perceive the iniquity of that Church of which he spoke in such terms of love and reverence. It was by slow degrees that he learned, as he afterwards affirmed, "that it is not necessary to salvation that we should believe the Roman Church superior to others." It was

reserved for the advocates of that Church to bring out this truth forcibly in the celebrated discussion at Leipsic (a city of Saxony, not far from Dresden), which took place shortly after between Luther and Miltitz. Luther, as we said, had promised to keep silence, and gladly would he have done so, but he was forced into the struggle. The contest was begun by Eck, the Doctor of Ingolstadt, of whom we read before. He was a learned theologian, and had won prizes at several universities in Hungary, Lombardy, and Germany. He could not bear to think that the "obscure monk" should remain unhumbled, and determined to attack his doctrines in a discussion with Carlstadt, a friend of Luther's. Little did he care to attack Carlstadt; his desire was to crush Luther, and therefore he endeavoured by every means to tempt him to break silence. Luther would gladly have spoken had he not been withheld by his promise. However God, who, as Luther afterwards said, "does not conduct, but drives me forward," brought about his own purposes by means of the champion of Rome, thus making the wrath of man to praise Him. Eck started the subject of the Pope's supremacy, directly referring to the Reformer's doctrine, "Jesus Christ, the Lord of all, and who should be preferred before all," declaring that the Pope's authority is the highest upon earth. And that as the Lord Jesus Christ is not now upon earth, his

power belongs to the Pope. What awful blasphemy!

Luther felt that he was now singled out for attack; the truce was broken by Rome herself, and he accepted the challenge. In reply to Eck, he put forth some theses, stating that the doctrine of the supremacy of the Roman Church was only 400 years old, whereas 1100 years of history, the conclusions of the Council of Nice in 325, and, above all, several passages of Scripture, were all against it. With truth on his side, Luther feared not the result of the contest; not so some of his friends, their courage was not equal to his. Even the Elector was alarmed; Luther alone was calm. "I beseech you, my dear friend," he wrote to Spalatin, "do not give way to fear. If Christ had not been on our side, what I have already done must have been my ruin. Don't expect to see me at peace unless I renounce the study of divine things." But though unmoved, he saw and felt the danger which threatened him. "The whole world," said he, "is in motion and shaking; what will be the consequence God alone knows. For my part, I foresee war and calamities. God have mercy on us." About this time the Bohemians sent him a book written more than one hundred years before by the martyr, John Huss, and also some letters full of consolation, and earnest entreaty to stand fast in the faith.

From Altenburg, Luther wrote to Duke George, in whose estates Leipsic was situated, asking permission to go there and take part in the discussion. This was refused, so he decided to go as a listener, and wait to see whether God would have him speak or not: his only wish was to follow his guidance; like Moses of old, he would say, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence."

On June 21st, Eck entered Leipsic, accompanied by his friend Poliander, to take notes of the discussion; and on the 24th Carlstadt, his opponent, arrived. Duke George made the usual presents to the two disputants. Eck boastfully observed, "He presented me with a fine stag, and to Carlstadt he gave only a roebuck." Melancthon and Luther arrived together, while several learned divines and doctors of law closed the procession. A large body of students from the university of Wittemberg, armed with pikes and halberds, followed their beloved teachers, determined to defend them from any danger which might threaten. In this order, the procession reached Leipsic. Duke George was already there, attended by his Court. Emser, of whom we read before, who heard Luther preach at Dresden, upon the occasion when Madame de la Sale was converted, was there too. But we do not read that what he heard at the Leipsic conference had any good [illegible]pon him any more than Luther's sermon.

Perhaps he had *then* said in his heart, as Felix said to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee;" but the season was past, and came not again.

When Eck heard that Luther had arrived, he went to him. "Is it true," he said, "that you refuse to dispute with me?" "How can I?" replied Luther, "since the Duke forbids my doing so." "I shall take very little interest in disputing with Carlstadt," continued Eck; "if I obtain the Duke's permission, will you take the field?" Luther joyfully replied, "Only obtain permission, and we shall meet."

Eck then went to the Duke, who granted his request. The discussion took place in his palace; two pulpits were erected opposite to each other; tables placed for those appointed to take notes of the proceedings, and benches, covered with tapestry, arranged for the audience. All being ready, the discussion began June 27th. But first a sermon was preached to remind the theologians "not to fall into quarrelling." After the sermon the ancient hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus"* was sung. At twelve o'clock all rose from their knees, and it being the hour of dinner, those invited to dine with the Duke assembled round his table. While thus engaged, their appearance is described by one then present:

* Believed to have been the composition of Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 590. (See Appendix.)

"Martin Luther is of middle size, and so thin, that one can almost count his bones. He is in the prime of life, and his voice is clear and loud. His knowledge and understanding of the Holy Scriptures is incomparable; the whole Word of God is at his finger ends.

"Carlstadt is smaller in stature; he has a dark and sunburnt complexion; his voice is harsh; his memory is not so good as that of Luther, and he is yet more warm in temper.

"Eck is tall and broad-shouldered; his voice is strong, and truly German; he has good lungs, so that he could be well heard in a theatre, and would even make a capital town-crier. His mouth, eyes, and whole countenance, give you the idea rather of a soldier, or a butcher, than of a divine. His memory is wonderful, and if his understanding were equal to it, he would be a truly perfect man."

Dinner being over, all returned to their places.

Close to Luther stood his beloved friend Melancthon. He was of small stature, and would have passed for about eighteen years of age. "To look at Melancthon," said a Swiss divine, "one would say he was but a youth; but in understanding, learning, and talent, he is a giant."

The subject of discussion was very important. Carlstadt affirmed that every good work proceeds entirely from God, who gives to man

first the will, and then the power to perform it, as St. Paul states, "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13).

Eck, on the contrary, contended that though man can do no really good thing of himself, yet he can so commend himself to God, as to make himself worthy to receive grace from God, by which to perform good works. When the dispute was over, each party claimed the victory; nevertheless, it was thought by many that Eck felt himself defeated.

Eck had said that he cared not to dispute with Carlstadt; that to conquer Luther was his great desire. His wish was now to be gratified, and a day was named for the discussion. They met at seven o'clock in the morning, and then the question as to the Pope's supremacy was discussed, and finally overthrown. Both parties acknowledged that the Church upon earth has a head; but while Eck affirmed that the Roman Pontiff was the head, Luther boldly declared, "The head of the Church militant is Christ Himself, and not a mortal man; we see not our Head, and yet we are joined to Him."

The dispute lasted five days, after which other subjects, purgatory, indulgences, and repentance, were brought forward. When all were ended, Luther and Carlstadt left Leipsic.

To some friends Eck acknowledged his defeat,

and Luther thought much time had been lost in the argument; nevertheless, God caused good to come from it. At the commencement of the conference, the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" had been sung, and the Holy Spirit, thus invoked by at least a "faithful few," did come, and manifested Himself in the conversion of Poliander, Eck's secretary, who afterwards preached the Gospel publicly at Leipsic.

John Cellarius, Professor of Hebrew, who had been a powerful enemy of the Reformation, also had reason to thank God for the words of truth and soberness he heard at the discussion; he, from that day, began to study the Scriptures, and was afterwards pastor at Frankfort and Dresden. The young Prince George of Anhalt, then only twelve years of age, who was present at the conference, had always been remarkable for his desire for knowledge and love of truth; many serious thoughts were awakened in his mind by the words of Luther. The seed thus early sown brought forth fruit to the praise and glory of God. He was often heard in prayer, exclaiming with tears, "Deal with thy servant according to thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes." Thus might it be said of the palace of Duke George at Leipsic, as of Zion, "This and that man was born there" (Psalm lxxxvii. 6).

Staupitz, the Reformer's old and tried friend, thought he had gone too far in denying the Pope's

supremacy; this greatly grieved Luther. "I dreamed of you last night," said he in a letter to his friend; "I thought you were taking leave of me, and I was weeping and sobbing bitterly; but again I thought you put out your hand to me, and bade me be tranquil, for you would return to me again."

It was about this time that Luther wrote his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, in which he powerfully put forth his favourite doctrine, that there is no salvation for man out of Christ. "This epistle is my epistle," he said, speaking of the Epistle to the Galatians.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Is the Christian's watchword here;
Only Jesus will he own,
Him proclaiming far and near.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Lisps the new-born child of God,
When the Saviour first is known,
And he feels the sprinkled blood.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Is the faithful watchman's cry,
Midst the foes of Jesu's throne,
Who His name and truth deny.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Is the noble martyr's song,
Till his spirit home has flown,
Gathered to the white-robed throng.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Shout the glorious hosts above,
Standing round the Father's throne,
Worshipping in perfect love.

"Christ alone—Christ alone—
Echo back, my soul, the words;
Thy redeeming Saviour crown,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

"*From* HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER XI.

LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL.

"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."
EPHESIANS vi. 10.

"Caught by the Almighty hand,
That Spirit of the Lord,
Carried beyond myself, I stand,
A witness of his Word."

THE Emperor Maximilian being dead, the choice of his successor fell upon his grandson, Charles V. The Elector of Saxony, to whom the Imperial crown had been offered, having refused it.

Charles was crowned at Aix la Chapelle on October 22, 1520.

Before the young emperor left Madrid, Luther wrote to him, pleading the cause of the Reformation; to this letter he received no reply.

About this time more than one attempt was made to assassinate the Reformer, as it was well known that the Pope and his cardinals would have rejoiced to hear of his death. But the Lord, in whom he trusted, delivered him, and not only preserved his life, but kept his mind in peace, according to the promise, "Thou wilt keep him

in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. xxvi. 3).

Hear what he says at this time: "Hold my peace! I am willing to do so, if they will permit me; that is to say, if they will silence others." I will make any sacrifice, so that the way of salvation be left open to Christians. All their threats do not terrify me—all their promises cannot seduce me."

While Luther was strong in the confidence of divine protection, many of his friends trembled for his safety. Melancthon was sorely distressed. "Our expectation is on the stretch," he said. "I would rather die than be separated from Luther. God grant that he may yet live long."

"Call upon me in the time of trouble, I will deliver thee," are words full of strength and comfort. In all ages of the Christian Church they have proved words in season to the weary and heavy laden. The friends of Luther now experienced their faithfulness. At the moment when Rome was panting for the blood of her victim—when Serra Longa wrote to the Elector, saying, "Let not Luther find an asylum in your highness's territories; let him be everywhere driven back and stoned in open day; that will rejoice me more than if you were to give me 10,000 crowns"—at that very moment the Spirit of God moved upon the troubled waters, and stilled their fury. One by one many of the German nobility were roused

to a sense of the Reformer's danger, and a desire to protect him. One of these noble-minded men thus wrote from Franconia, a district in Germany: "Your life is in danger. If the assistance of the electors, of the princes, or of the magistrates should fail you, beware, I entreat you, of seeking refuge in Bohemia, where learned men have formerly had so much to endure; come rather to me. I shall soon, God willing, have collected above a hundred gentlemen, and with their help I shall be able to preserve you from all danger." No doubt the fearful martyrdoms of Jerome and Huss were in the mind of the writer when he thus warned the poor monk.

When Luther received these letters, he exclaimed, "The Lord reigns. I see his hand palpably present."

On June 26th, 1520, he published his celebrated appeal to the German nobility in behalf of the Reformation. It was read with intense interest. In a short time 4000 copies were sold. The common people felt it was written by one who loved them, and though many were astonished at its boldness, they liked it for its honesty. It fearlessly condemned the false doctrines and bad practices of the Church of Rome, and earnestly defended Scripture truth. It even went so far as to affirm the Pope to be Antichrist. So changed was Luther's opinion of the Roman Pontiff that the rumours which now reached him that a bull

of excommunication was preparing against him had no power to terrify him; he fearlessly awaited its arrival.

Eck had been so enraged at the result of the Leipsic dispute, that he went the following year to Rome to rouse the anger of the Pope against Luther, and it was very much owing to his interference that the bull was now published which declared Luther "given over to Satan unless he should recant within sixty days." The bull also threatened with excommunication all who should read the Reformer's writings, and all persons were forbidden to protect him under pain of losing their dominions, and falling under the same fearful sentence. We must not think that the Pope's bull was intended to be merely an expression of his anger, which could not injure Luther; death had for centuries followed the sentence of excommunication. Well, therefore, might Luther and his friends tremble for his life.

Nevertheless, his courage rose as the danger became more imminent. He was strengthened too by letters from Venice (an important city of northern Italy), telling him that in that city many entertained his opinions with favour, for "as cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Archbishop Leighton says: "Before the cock crows to others, he flaps his own wings, and rouses himself." Luther, being now thoroughly

roused, longed to awaken others, for the true Christian is always in heart a missionary.

When he read those cheering letters from Venice, he exclaimed, "How I wish I could send preachers, living books, to those distant places to teach the people the knowledge of divine things." As "living books" did not offer themselves, Luther had recourse again to the printing press, and published his famous tract on the "Babylonian Captivity of the Church," closing it with these words—"I hear that new papal excommunications have been concocted against me. If this be so, this book may be regarded as a part of my future 'recantations.' The rest will follow shortly in proof of my obedience, and the whole will, by Christ's help, form a collection such as Rome has never yet seen or heard of." These words might have proved to any one that reconciliation between the Pope and Luther could never take place; but Miltitz laboured hard to effect it, and even induced Luther to write to the Pope.

At length, an October 3rd, the bull was published by Eck, under the authority of the Pope.

When Luther saw it, he said, "I despise it, and resist it as impious, false, and in every way worthy of Eck. It is Christ himself who is therein condemned."

On November 4th Luther's answer appeared, "Against the Bull of Antichrist." Great was

the tumult it created; but the Reformer, conscious of his strength, preserved his composure. "Be of good cheer," he wrote to Spalatin; "it was Christ that began all this, and He will bring it to its appointed issue. Even though my lot be banishment and death, Jesus Christ is ever present, and He that is in us is mightier than he that is in the world."

A few days after the publication of Luther's tract, "Against the Bull of Antichrist," on November 17th, at ten o'clock in the morning, Luther, a notary, and five witnesses, assembled in one of the halls of the Augustine Convent, while the Reformer, in a solemn tone of voice, spoke as follows:—"Forasmuch as a General Council of the Christian Church is superior to the Pope, especially in matters of faith; forasmuch as the authority of the Pope is not superior, but inferior to Scripture, and he has no right to slay Christ's sheep, and cast them into the jaws of the wolf; I, Martin Luther, an Augustine, and Doctor of the Holy Scriptures at Wittemberg, on my own behalf, and on behalf of such as stand, or shall stand, on my side, do by this instrument appeal from his holiness Pope Leo to a General Christian Council hereafter to be held."

This appeal from the Pope to a General Council was a bold step; there remained one bolder still, and the Reformer fearlessly took it. The Pope had ordered Luther's writings to be

burnt—the command was obeyed at Rome and elsewhere; his example was now to be imitated in a way he little expected. On December 10th, 1520, a notice was fixed to the walls of the University of Wittemberg, inviting the professors and students to meet the Reformer at the east gate, at nine o'clock the following morning. When all were assembled, Luther led the way to the appointed spot; a fire being prepared, he approached, and solemnly cast into it the Pope's bull and canonical law books, some of Eck's writings, and other works, saying, as he did so, "Since thou hast afflicted the Lord's holy One, may fire unquenchable afflict and consume thee." Speaking of this act some time after, he said, "When I burnt the bull, it was with inward fear and trembling; but I look upon that act with more pleasure than upon any passage of my life." By this act, indeed, he broke down the bridge behind him, thus preventing his retreat.

The following morning, Luther calmly entered the hall as usual, and delivered his lecture, after which he addressed the students with great energy, warning them against both the false doctrines and impious usurpations of the Papacy.

We remember that in the Pope's bull all persons were forbidden, under pain of being deprived of their dominions, to protect the excommunicated monk. The question now arose, Would the

Elector continue to protect him, or would he not? The minds of all were deeply agitated upon this point. The Emperor Charles V. was pressed by many to take extreme measures against the Reformer. Alexander, the new Nuncio, declared, "We must have an Imperial edict, a direct declaration from the Emperor, sentencing Luther to death." But he found Charles fearful of proceeding without the sanction of the princes of the empire. "I cannot," he said, "without the advice of my counsellors, and the consent of the princes of the empire, strike such a blow as this against a faction so numerous, and so powerfully protected; let us first ascertain what our father, the Elector of Saxony, thinks of the matter; we shall then be prepared to give our answer to the Pope."

The importance of gaining over the Elector to their side was fully estimated by Luther's enemies, and Alexander and Carracioli lost no time in seeking an interview with him. "In your highness," the latter said, "are reposed all our hopes for the salvation of the Church and the holy Reman empire;" Alexander adding, with great vehemence, "unless a remedy be speedily applied, the fate of the empire is sealed. Why has the empire of the Greeks been destroyed, but because they fell away from Christ? You cannot join yourself to Luther without being dissevered from Christ. In the name of his Holiness, I require of

you two things; first, that you cause Luther's writings to be burnt; secondly, that you inflict upon the heretic himself the punishment he deserves; or else, that you deliver him up as a prisoner to the Pope."

To this violent speech Frederick replied, "This is a matter of too great importance to be decided instantly; our determination regarding it shall be duly communicated to you." The Elector was placed in a difficult position; on the one hand, he feared to displease the Pope, on the other, he shrunk from delivering up one whom he had long befriended. In the midst of the conflict, one youthful voice was heard pleading for the Reformer and the cause of God. John Frederick, nephew of the Elector, then seventeen years of age, was greatly attached to Luther, and wrote on his behalf to his uncle.

While friends were pleading for him, and enemies rejoicing in hope of his downfall, Luther calmly watched the storm from his cell at Wittemberg, feeling secure in the assurance that, at the right moment, Jesus would again say, "Peace, be still;" and there should be "a great calm." "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say there is lifting up" (Job xxii. 29).

The anxiously desired reply at length came from the Elector—a noble reply: "Justice," he said, "must have precedence even of the Pope." He further said, that "Neither his Imperial

Majesty, or any one else, had yet made it appear to him that "Luther's writings had been refuted, or demonstrated to be fit only for the flames;" he demanded, therefore, that "Doctor Luther should be furnished with a safe-conduct, and permitted to answer for himself before learned, pious, and impartial judges."

Thus did the Elector, for the first time, openly declare his intentions respecting the Reformer. Alexander was very indignant, and exclaimed, "We will execute the bull, we will procure and burn the writings of Luther. As for his person, the Pope has little inclination to imbrue his hands in the blood of the unhappy wretch."

Erasmus, who was so changeable that at one time he declared himself in Luther's favour, saying, "It seems as though the last spark of Christian piety were about to be extinguished; and this it is that has stirred up the heart of Luther; his aim is not distinction, nor is he seeking wealth;" and then, again, when he feared he might incur the Pope's displeasure by such a testimony, he said, "I perceive that this affair will end in rebellion: I do not wish my name to be coupled with his; it injures me, and does him no good;"—this very man felt constrained to acknowledge, in reply to the Elector's question, "What think you of Luther?"—"The more virtuous a man is, and the more strongly

attached to the doctrines of the Gospel, the less does he find to censure in Luther's proceedings."

Thus spoke Erasmus, and thereby strengthened Frederick in his determination to befriend the Reformer.

Charles was undecided in his conduct. "The Emperor," said his ministers, "will be regulated in his conduct towards the Pope, by the Pope's conduct towards him," which expression of independence greatly annoyed Alexander.

When it was perceived that the great powers in the empire were unwilling to carry out the Pope's bull, the priests set about the work in a more secret way. When persons came to confession, "Have you read Luther's writings?" was the question put to them; and if they hesitated to say "No," absolution—forgiveness of their sins—was immediately denied them. When Luther heard this, his spirit was stirred within him, and he wrote a powerful tract to comfort and strengthen those who were thus suffering "for righteousness' sake." "Be not disquieted," he said, "if men absolve you not God will absolve you. Rejoice, therefore, and come forward fearlessly to the sacrament of the altar."

The plague now broke out in Wittemberg, yet students flocked to the University in great numbers from all parts of Germany; thus the poor monk was comforted in the midst of his

trouble; and he needed comfort. Some of his friends seemed about to leave him—the timid Staupitz was one of these; he had even written to the Pope declaring his willingness to be judged by him. "I fear," said Luther, "that by accepting the Pope as your judge, you will appear to renounce me, and the doctrines I have maintained. You exhort me to be humble; I exhort you to be firm."

In the midst of the conflict, Luther longed for a little quietness, that he might refresh his soul by more study of the Word and prayer. "Pray for me," he wrote to a friend; "I cannot give myself up as I ought to holy exercises; pray for me."

"If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose,
For oft ere now to Him I cried,
And He hath quelled my foes.
If Jesus be my Friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be and fell?

"Here I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God the Highest and the Best,
My Friend and Father is.
From dangerous snares He saves,
Where'er He bids me go;
He checks the storms and calms the waves,
That nought can work me woe.

"The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast for ever,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
My trusting soul shall sever.
No hunger, and no thirst,
No poverty or pain,
Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again."

From "LYRA GERMANICA."

CHAPTER XII.

"A GOOD CONFESSION BEFORE MANY WITNESSES."

"Being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake. Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer; for I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."—LUKE xxi. 12—15.

"Then to maintain the battle
With soldier-like behaviour;
To keep the field,
And never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour;
To trust His gracious promise,
Thus hard beset with evil:
This, this is faith
Will conquer death,
And overcome the devil."—HART.

WE come now to the finest scene in Luther's life—his appearing before the Diet at Worms, —the first assembly of the German States since the Emperor Charles V. ascended the Imperial throne.

The Diet should have been held at Nuremberg, but owing to the plague having appeared there, it was summoned to meet at Worms, a city on

the Rhine, north-west of Heidelburg, on January 6th, 1521.

All the princes of the empire were desirous to appear at this great assembly, when important business connected with the empire was to be transacted; but the principal subject for discussion was the Reformation—the cause of the Wittemberg monk.

In reply to the Pope's inquiry as to how Charles would act towards Luther, we remember that his ministers answered, "The Emperor will be regulated in his conduct towards the Pope, by the Pope's conduct towards the Emperor;" but now that the time was come for him to act, his position was a very perplexing one; it appeared that he must either offend Alexander or Frederick, and he wished to keep on good terms with both.

In the hope of satisfying both parties, he wrote to the Elector, desiring him to bring Luther to the Diet, promising that no harm should happen to him. This letter greatly troubled Frederick, and he communicated its contents to Luther through Spalatin.

Luther was in bad health at the time, and his friends thought an excuse for not appearing at Worms was thus afforded him. He listened not to their suggestions, but wrote to the Elector, saying, "If I cannot perform the journey to Worms, as a man in good health, I will be

carried thither in a litter, for since the Emperor has summoned me, I can regard his command only as the voice of God. I commit the matter into the hands of God. *He* still lives and reigns who preserved the three Israelites in the fiery furnace. If it be not his will to save me, my life is little worth. Who shall say whether my life or my death would contribute most to the salvation of my brethren? Expect anything from me, but flight or recantation. Fly, I cannot; still less can I recant."

However, before this letter reached the Elector, he wrote to Charles, saying, "It seems to me that to bring Luther with me to Worms, would be an undertaking of much difficulty: I beg to be relieved from it." Frederick, therefore, proceeded to the Diet, leaving the Reformer at Wittemberg.

When Alexander found that Luther would not appear at the Diet, he was overjoyed, for he dreaded, above all things, his having the opportunity of pleading his cause before the assembled princes, many of whom he knew to be favourably disposed towards him. His ardent desire was that sentence of condemnation should be passed, when the monk, being absent, could not defend himself. The Diet, however, did not appear disposed to act thus, and its coolness roused the indignation of the Nuncio to a high pitch, as day by day it became more evident that a convic-

tion of Luther's innocence was gaining strength amongst the German princes.

Greatly alarmed, he wrote to the Cardinal de Medicis, saying, "Germany is falling away from Rome; the princes, I say, are falling away from the Pope; a little more delay, and the case becomes hopeless! Money, money, or Germany is lost!" These words roused the Pope, and he issued a new bull. The former had *threatened* Luther with excommunication; this pronounced the sentence against him.

The more fiercely his enemies assailed him, the more closely did Luther cling to Christ, who is "a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall" (Isa. xxv. 4).

Twenty-two days after the publication of the second bull, Luther, having heard that he would probably be again summoned to Worms, wrote to the Elector, saying, "I rejoice with all my heart, most serene prince, that his Imperial Majesty is disposed to have this affair brought before him. I call Christ to witness that it is the cause of the German nation, of the Catholic Church, of the Christian world, of God Himself —not the cause of a solitary, humble individual. I am ready to repair to Worms, provided only that a safe-conduct, and learned, pious, and impartial judges be allowed me."

Encouraged by the renewed energy of the Pope, Alexander, on the appointed day, proceeded to the Diet. Entering the hall, and placing some of Luther's writings and the Papal bulls before him, he spoke as follows: "Most august Emperor, most potent princes, most excellent deputies, I appear before you to advocate the cause which engages the warmest affections of my heart. My office is to guard the ever-hallowed tiara which rests on the brows of my master, to uphold that pontifical throne in whose defence I would gladly deliver my body to the flames, were I only assured that the new heresy which I stand forth to denounce would perish along with me."

At the close of his speech, which lasted three hours, the Nuncio, turning to Charles, said, "Oh! I beseech your Imperial Majesty to discharge the duty that properly devolves on you. Let Luther's doctrines be, by your authority, declared fit only to be destroyed; let his writings be everywhere committed to the flames. Shrink not from the path of justice. There is enough in the errors of Luther to warrant the burning of a hundred thousand heretics? And whom have we to fear? The multitude? Their insolence makes them formidable, while the battle is delayed; but when it comes their cowardice will render them contemptible." The vehemence of the speaker produced a great effect upon his audience, but in a few days the impression began to wear away, and

the fact that Rome needed to be reformed, which was acknowledged by many who hated the doctrines of the Gospel, emboldened Duke George, one of the greatest enemies of the Reformation, to speak boldly upon the corrupt lives of the monks, adding, "A thorough reform must be effected. To accomplish that reform, a General Council must be assembled. Wherefore, most excellent princes and lords, I respectfully beseech you to give this matter your immediate attention."

Luther had never exposed these evils more clearly. Where, then, was the difference between him and Duke George? Simply this—the Duke showed the evil; Luther knew and pointed out the cure. "How shall a man become holy?" said he one day. "A Cordelier will reply, 'Put on a grey hood, and tie a cord round your waist.' A Roman Catholic will answer, 'Hear Mass, and fast.' But a Christian will say, '*Faith in Christ*, and that alone, justifies and saves.' We must have eternal life before good works; but when we are born anew, and made children of God by the word of grace, then we perform good works."

The speech of Duke George struck Charles as being good and reasonable; he saw the need of reformation in the Church, and instead of commanding Luther's writings to be committed to the flames, he desired that they should be given up to the magistrates.

During all this tumult, Luther was in his cell at Wittemberg, meditating upon the Word of God. His rest was, however, but short; it was soon broken. In the expectation that he would yet appear at Worms, Spalatin sent him the articles which he should be called on to retract. "Never fear," wrote Luther in reply, "that I shall retract a single syllable. But if the Emperor chooses to send for me, and put me to death, as an enemy to the empire, I shall be ready to obey his summons; for, by Christ's help, I will never abandon his Word in the hour of battle."

The Emperor's command to appear at the Diet soon arrived, but without a safe-conduct. The ever watchful Elector saw the danger to which the poor monk would be thus exposed, and interfered for his safety. Eventually the Emperor, the Elector of Saxony, Duke George, and the Landgrave of Hesse, all gave him a safe-conduct through their territories. That granted by the Emperor was directed "To the worshipful our well-beloved and godly Doctor Martin Luther, of the Order of the Augustines." Strange, that such words should be applied to a man under sentence of the Pope's excommunication.

But will Luther appear at the Diet? His friends doubted. The Elector wrote to his brother John, "Doctor Martin is cited to appear here, but I know not whether he will come. I augur nothing but mischief. God grant that this may

end well! Would to God that I could insure him a favourable hearing!"

On the 24th of March, the imperial herald delivered the Emperor's summons into the hands of Luther. His friends were full of alarm. Luther, however, remained composed. "The Papists," said he, "have little desire to see me at Worms; but they long for my condemnation and death! No matter! Pray *not* for me, but for the Word of God! They are striving hard at Worms to force me to recant. My recantation shall be this: I said formerly that the Pope was Christ's vicar; now I say, that he is the adversary of the Lord, and the apostle of the devil."

Just at this time Luther met a priest, who had learned much from his book on the "Babylonian Captivity of the Church;" this man was Bugenhagen. He was rejoiced to meet Luther, and continued his steadfast friend through life. Luther used to call him *the pastor*.

On the 28th of March, the sentence of excommunication was solemnly pronounced against Luther, just as he was about to set out on his journey to Worms. On the 2nd of April he took leave of his friends. To his beloved Melancthon he said, "If I never return, and my enemies should take away my life, cease not, dear brother, to teach and stand fast in the truth. Labour in my stead, since I can no longer work. If thy life be spared, my death will matter little."

One word more of prayer, and Luther left Wittemberg in a carriage which had been provided for him. His friends followed him with tears—so deeply was he loved and respected. As he journeyed on, many thought he was but going to the scaffold. At Naumburg, a city south of Leipsic, he was met by a priest carrying the portrait of the Italian martyr Savonarola, who was burnt at Florence, in 1498; as Luther approached, the priest held forth the portrait. Luther well understood the meaning of the act. "It is Satan," said he, "who seeks by these terrors to hinder the confession of the truth in the assembly of the princes, for he foresees the effect it will have on his kingdom." "Stand fast in the truth thou hast professed," replied the priest, "and thy God will never forsake thee."

This incident reminds us of that in the life of the Apostle Paul (Acts xxi. 10—15). Luther would say with Paul, to those who sought to turn him from the path of duty, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus."

How graciously God deals with his faithful servants—his dear children, those who in the face of difficulties follow Him "fully," like Caleb, who feared not the Amalekites and the Hittites, the Amorites and the Jebusites (Numbers xiv.

24). He knows where and how to cheer His people in their wilderness journey, and He fails not to do it. So was it with Luther; in many places through which he passed, he met those who had reason to bless God that they ever met the poor German monk, or read his writings.

John Voit, a friend of Myconius, and Justus Jonas, were among those who shall be the Reformer's "joy and crown of rejoicing, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming."

As he drew near Erfurt, a crowd met him, anxious to see the man who had set all Germany thinking; they then turned back and attended him into the town. As usual, he repaired to the convent of the Augustines. As he walked along, he remembered, no doubt, the time when his business was to sweep the floor, and attend the door within those very walls, "unnoticed and unknown," by the great ones of the earth. Now, how great the change—"the observed of all observers;" he is summoned before the Emperor and the assembled princes of the empire, to conquer or to die "for the faith once delivered to the saints."

Luther preached at Erfurt the Sunday after his arrival there; his text was John xx. 19, 20—"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith

unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."

In this sermon he spoke not a word of himself; he preached salvation to perishing sinners, through Christ, and through Him alone, and declared good works to be the fruits and evidence of our being saved.

A friend who visited Erfurt in 1846, thus describes the convent of the Augustines:—"We paced along sundry hot, dusty streets, until we reached the convent, which is now changed into an orphan asylum—a Protestant one, as the woman who showed us over it triumphantly observed. Luther's cell is a small side room, near the great hall. On the table is an old clasped Bible which belonged to him, and a larger and very handsomely ornamented edition of his Bible, with a picture of Moses on one side of the cover, and Christ on the other. On another table was the inkstand used by the Reformer, and, in a glass frame, was a specimen of his handwriting, and also some of his friend Melancthon's. Against the wall is the original portrait of Luther, by his friend Lucas Cranach, now much faded, but giving a more pleasing expression to the Reformer's face than that one commonly sees. Under the picture are some Latin lines expressing that Luther's doctrines had resisted the rope, the

fire, and the wheel, "because they came from God, and man could not oppose them."

Passing through Gotha, in which town he again preached, he reached Eisenach, where he was suddenly taken ill; a night's rest, however, restored him, so that he was enabled to resume his journey the following morning.

As he went along, crowds of people flocked around him, all eager to see the man who had burnt the Pope's bull, and who, fearless of its threatened excommunication, was now about to appear before the Emperor and the assembled princes of the empire, to declare by that very act that he denied the supremacy of the Pope, and appealed from him to a General Council. Indeed, such was the enthusiasm of the people—so evident was it that they were on his side, that his progress resembled a triumph, rather than the journey of a poor monk, about—as many of his friends feared—to have sentence of death passed upon him. And yet there were gloomy forebodings of coming evil murmured through the crowd. "Ah," said some, "there are plenty of cardinals and bishops at Worms! You will be burnt alive, and your body reduced to ashes, as they did to John Huss." Luther was unmoved, and uttered these memorable words, "Though they should kindle a fire, whose flames should reach from Worms to Wittemberg, and rise up to heaven, I would go through it in the name of the

Lord, and stand before them. I would enter the jaws of the behemoth, break his teeth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ."

His noble bearing, his dauntless courage, won the hearts even of those who cared little for the cause for which he was willing to die. An officer, pressing through the crowd, thus addressed him, "Are you the man who has taken in hand to reform the Papacy? How can you expect to succeed?"

"Yes," answered Luther, "I am the man. I place my dependence upon that Almighty God whose word and commandment are before me."

The officer, regarding him with a look of deep interest, replied, "Dear friend, there is much in what you say; I am a servant of Charles, but your Master is greater than mine. He will help and protect you."

On April 14th Luther reached Frankfort. From thence he wrote to Spalatin, who was then with the Elector at Worms. "I am arrived here," said he, "although Satan has sought to stop me on my way by sickness. I find that Charles has issued an edict to terrify me; but Christ lives, and we shall enter Worms in spite of all the councils of hell and all the powers of the air, therefore engage a lodging for me."

At Frankfort, a widow of great age, who loved and served God—Catherine of Holzhausen, visited him. "My father and mother," said she, "pre-

dicted to me that God would one day raise up a man who should oppose the vanities of the Pope, and restore the Word of God. I hope you are the man; and I wish you the grace and Holy Spirit of God for your help."

The nearer Luther approached Worms, the greater the alarm of the Papal party. How to stop him, was the question. Had it not been for the Emperor's safe-conduct, it would have been easy to seize and carry him off. Now the only plan was to try and deceive him by means of his friends. With this object, the Emperor's confessor and his grand-chamberlain set out from Worms for the chateau of Ebernburg, the residence of Francis Sickengen, the knight who had offered Luther a shelter from his enemies. In that chateau Martin Bucer was then seeking refuge.

It was easy for Charles's confessor to persuade the knight and Bucer, that if Luther were once at Worms, his life would fall a sacrifice to the fury of the Papal party, and that his only chance of escape lay in his not entering that city.

Little did Luther's friends imagine that under this apparent desire for his safety, was hidden the hope that by detaining him at Ebernburg for three days, the time of his safe-conduct having then expired, no one could protect him.

In fulfilment of this plan, when Luther reached Oppenheim, he was met by Bucer with several

horsemen, on the express errand to entreat him to take refuge in the castle of Ebernburg; he also received letters from Spalatin, fervently entreating him to desist from proceeding further on his journey. These entreaties deeply grieved the faithful servant of God, and he replied, "Though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it."

"Strengthened with might" by the Holy Spirit of God, Luther reached the ancient city of Worms on the 10th of April.

About a hundred gentlemen came out to meet him, and escort him into the city. The Imperial herald galloped before, and a dense crowd followed, so that the procession with difficulty made its way to the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes, in which rooms had been prepared for the Reformer and his friends. As Luther alighted from his waggon, he exclaimed, "God will be my defence." "I entered Worms," he said at a later period, "in an open cart, and in a monk's frock; and every one came out to see brother Martin."

Frederick was greatly alarmed when he heard of Luther's arrival. Albert, the young Archbishop of Mentz, wondered at such undaunted courage. Charles trembled with fear. "Luther is come," said he; "what must be done?"

"We have long thought of this matter," said Modo, Bishop of Palermo; "let your majesty rid yourself at once of this man. Did not Sigis-

mond bring John Huss to the stake? One is under no obligation either to give or to observe a safe-conduct in the case of heretics." "Not so," said Charles; "what we promise we should observe and keep." So it was agreed that the Reformer should be heard.

When it was known that Luther had really arrived, crowds collected outside the hotel, in the hope of seeing him. A few hours' rest were, however, allowed him, and then, counts, barons, knights, citizens of all ranks, pressed for an interview with

"The solitary monk that shook the world."

The following morning the marshal of the empire summoned him to appear at four o'clock in the presence of his Imperial Majesty and the states of the empire. Luther joyfully received the message, which gave him the opportunity of witnessing for Christ before so great an assembly.

The exhortation—"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body"—was not forgotten by his friends. That morning, he received a letter from one who deeply sympathized with him—Ulric Hütten. In the words of David (Psalm xx.), it commenced, "'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help out of Zion. Grant thee according to thine own

heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.' O beloved Luther, my venerated father, fear not, stand firm! The counsels of the wicked have laid wait for you; they have opened their mouths against you, like roaring lions. But the Lord will arise against them, and put them to flight. Fight, therefore, valiantly, the battle of Christ."

While comforted by this letter of Ulric, Bucer sought to cheer him by his presence; arriving that day at Worms, he remained with his friend during his stay in that city.

Luther once said, "Meditation, prayer, and temptation make a minister," and, like his Divine Master, he knew "what sore temptations mean;" often had he felt their power. On this memorable morning, April 17th, 1521, the adversary was permitted to assail him with terrible fury. What did he do? Did he give way to despair? No; "Is any afflicted, let him pray." The early morning and day he spent in prayer. Listen to him as he pours forth his soul before his Father—"O God! Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is the world! Behold, how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in Thee! Oh the weakness of the flesh, and the power of Satan! If I am to depend on any strength of this world, all is over! O God!—O God! Thou, my God! help me against all the wisdom of this world. Do this, I beseech Thee. Thou shouldst do this: by Thine own mighty

power. The work is not mine, but Thine. The cause is Thine, it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me! Oh faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not upon man. It were vain! Whatever is of man is tottering. My God! my God! dost Thou not hear? My God! art Thou no longer living? Nay, Thou canst not die! Thou dost but hide Thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it! therefore, O God! accomplish Thine own will! Forsake me not, for the sake of Thy well-beloved son, Jesus Christ —my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

After a pause, he continued—"My God, where art Thou? Come, I pray Thee, I am ready. The cause is holy, it is Thine. I will not let Thee go! no, not for all eternity. And though the world should be thronged with devils, and this body, which is the work of Thine hands, should be cast forth, trodden under foot, cut in pieces—consumed to ashes—*my soul is Thine.* Yes, I have Thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to Thee, and will abide with Thee for ever! Amen! O God send help! Amen."

Rising from his knees, strengthened and refreshed for the conflict—just as the clock strikes four—Luther, preceded by the herald, repairs to the Town Hall. As he passes through the streets, they are thronged, blocked up with eager, anxious multitudes; every house-top crowded, every window filled, every space from which one glimpse

of him might be caught—fully occupied. Counts and barons, squires, clergy, nobles, peasants, and thousands of citizens, flock round the poor, despised and hated monk. His calm, dignified demeanour speaks of that peace which Christ gives to His own—which the world can neither give nor take away.

At length he reaches the hall—the doors are thrown open. The evening is closing in, the lamps are lighted. A solemn stillness is felt, only broken by the anxious pressing forward of the multitude to gain admittance. Luther enters. The son of the poor miner of Mansfeld stands in the presence of Charles V., the Emperor, whose dominions embrace two worlds. Around him stand electors, dukes, archbishops, bishops, and princes—in all, above two hundred.

As Luther moved through the crowd, his Master's words, "Fear not them who are able to kill the body, and cannot destroy the soul," fell upon his ear—they were spoken by one of the German princes. With steady step he advanced to the foot of the throne, there he stood

"The noblest of all the noble there."

All eyes rested upon him.

"Say nothing until a question is put to you," whispered the Marshal of the Empire, as he left him.

Business soon commenced. The Chancellor

of the Archbishop of Treves rose, and in a clear voice put these questions to the Reformer.

"First," said he, pointing to some volumes, which lay on the table, "do you acknowledge these writings to have been composed by you? Secondly, are you prepared to retract these works, or do you persist in what you have therein advanced?"

To the first question Luther was about to reply, "Yes, I am the author of these books"—when his friend, Jerome Schurff, exclaimed—"Let their titles be read." The official then read over their names in succession. Among them were Commentaries on the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms, a Tract on Good Works, and other books on Christian subjects.

"I acknowledge the books, the names of which have been read, to be of my writing; I cannot deny them," replied Luther. "As to the second question, I humbly desire his Imperial Majesty to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the Word of God."

His request being granted, Luther returned to the hotel, from whence he wrote to a friend—"I avowed myself the author of my books, and I have promised to give my answer to-morrow as to recantation. By the help of Jesus Christ, I will not retract a single syllable of my writings."

The next morning, after prayer, and the reading of God's Word, he approached the table

on which the Holy Scriptures lay, and placing one hand on them, while he raised the other to heaven, he vowed that, in the strength of the Lord, he would confess his faith to the end, even though called on to die for it.

At four o'clock the herald conducted him to the Diet.

The princes having taken their seats, the Chancellor of the Elector of Treves said, "Martin Luther, you requested yesterday a delay, which is now expired. Now, therefore, answer the inquiry—Are you prepared to defend all that your writings contain, or do you wish to retract any part of them?"

Luther replied at considerable length; first, he repeated that he was the author of the books whose titles had been read; and, secondly, he declared, "I do not think of myself as a saint; but neither can I retract these books; yet as I am a mere man, and not God, I will defend myself after the example of Jesus Christ, who said, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness against me' (John xviii. 23). How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and so prone to error, desire that every one should bring forward what he can against my doctrines. Therefore, most serene Emperor, and you, illustrious princes, and all, whether high or low, who hear me, I implore you, by the mercies of God, to prove to me by the writings of the apostles and prophets, that

I am in error. As soon as I shall be convinced, I will instantly retract all my errors, and I will myself be the first to seize my writings, and commit them to the flames."

When Luther had ceased speaking, the Chancellor of Treves angrily said, "You have not given any answer to the inquiry made to you—Will you, or will you not, retract?"

"Since your most Serene Majesty, and your High Mightinesses require of me a simple, clear, and direct answer," replied Luther, "I will give one; and it is this—I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the Councils, because it is as clear as noon-day that they have often fallen into error themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture; if I am not satisfied by the very texts that I have cited; and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's Word, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience. Here I am; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

Thus spoke the Reformer.

The assembly was motionless with astonishment. The Emperor was the first to speak. "The monk," said he, "speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage."

"If you do not retract," exclaimed the Chancellor, "the Emperor and the States of the Empire

will proceed to consider how to deal with an obstinate heretic."

"May God be my helper," fervently ejaculated Luther, "for I can retract nothing." He then left the assembly, but was soon called back; another effort was made to induce him to retract, but, firm as a rock, he yielded not. As night approached, two officers conducted him from the Diet; his friends thought they were taking him to prison. "No," replied the Reformer, "they are conducting me to my hotel."

With a thankful heart the weary monk sought the rest he needed after so exciting and trying a day. Spalatin and some other friends were with them. As they were conversing, a servant entered with a silver vase, filled with Eimbek beer.

"My master," said he, as he offered it to Luther, "desires you to refresh yourself with this beverage."

"What prince is it," inquired Luther, "who has me in such gracious remembrance?"

It was the aged Duke Eric, of Brunswick.

"His Highness himself," continued the messenger, "drank of the cup before sending it to you."

Luther drank some of the beer, and then said, "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle."

The servant took the message to his master;

the words sank deep into his heart, and, when dying, he remembered them, and addressing the page who attended him, said, "Take the Bible, and read to me."

The page read the words of Christ, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." By these words the dying man was comforted.

The noble courage of Luther at the Diet greatly delighted the Elector, and he determined to protect him more openly in future.

The next day, April 19th, the Diet received from the Emperor the following message, written by his own hand: "Descended from the Christian emperors of Germany, I am firmly resolved to tread in the footsteps of my ancestors. A single monk, led astray by his own madness, erects himself against the faith of Christendom: I will sacrifice my kingdom, my power, my friends, my treasure, my body and blood, my thoughts and my life, to stay the further progress of this impiety. I am about to dismiss the Augustine, Luther, forbidding him to cause the least disturbance among the people. I will then take measures against him and his adherents as open heretics, by excommunication, interdict, and every means necessary to their destruction. I call on the members of the States to comport themselves like faithful Christians."

Encouraged by this decision, the Reformer's enemies exclaimed, "His ashes ought to be thrown into the Rhine, as was the fate of John Huss." Charles, however, was not prepared for so bold a step, though it is said that at his death he bitterly repented of his clemency.

The Elector was filled with alarm when he heard the Emperor's message. Even Duke George exclaimed, "The German princes will not endure the violation of a safe-conduct; such perfidy befits not the ancient good faith of the Germans." The Bavarian princes, though attached to the Roman Church, equally protested against so base an act, so that the fears of Luther's friends gradually subsided.

It was well known that Alexander was the man who had prevailed on the Emperor to send so fearful a communication to the Diet. His hopes were frustrated; treachery towards the Reformer could not prevail in that great assembly. On the contrary, a feeling of love and reverence for him became more and more apparent. The Archbishop of Mentz undertook to request Charles to give him another opportunity for public recantation.

"I will not go from what I have laid down," replied the Emperor; "I will authorize no one to have an official communication with him; but I will allow him three days, during which time any one may exhort him privately as he may think fit."

His friends satisfied, hoped he might thus be saved from the perilous position in which he was placed. The deepest sympathy for the Reformer was manifested in Worms; all ranks of men surrounded his lodgings, as if they never could be tired of contemplating so noble and fearless a character.

In the evening of the 22nd of April, a messenger waited on Luther, to say that the Archbishop of Treves wished to see him the following day. Luther obeyed the summons, and at six in the morning waited on the Archbishop. A discussion then took place; but all that Luther would consent to was, that his writings should be tested by the Word of God; adding, "My conscience is in dependence upon that Word, and I am the bounden subject of its authority."

"If I understand you, Doctor," said the Elector of Brandenburg, "you will acknowledge no other judge than the Holy Scriptures."

"Yes, my lord, exactly so; that is my resolve," calmly replied the Reformer.

As might be supposed, the parties separated without either giving way to the other. The Emperor was indignant, "It is high time," he said, "to put an end to this dispute."

Several other attempts were made to induce Luther to retract; but all proved fruitless. As one of his friends said, "He was unmoved as a rock, backed by the true Rock."

The negotiations having ended, Luther asked the archbishop to request his Majesty to send him the safe-conduct necessary for his return "to the place whence he came."

"I will attend to it," replied the archbishop.

Luther then withdrew, accompanied by Spalatin, and on the way to his hotel visited a sick man, whom he comforted in the tenderest manner.

"Farewell," said he, as he left the room, "to-morrow I leave Worms."

The Reformer had scarcely reached the hotel, when an order from the Emperor for him to leave Worms within twenty-one days arrived. In the expectation that this order would be followed by his condemnation, Luther calmly exclaimed, "It has happened to me according to the will of the Eternal. Blessed be His name!" He then proceeded to express his thanks to the Emperor and States of the Empire for having given him so gracious a hearing; adding, "I neither have, nor ever have had, a wish but for one thing, to wit, a reformation of the Church according to Holy Scripture. I am ready to die or suffer all things for obedience to the Emperor's will. Life or death, honour or dishonour, I will bear. I will make but one reservation—the preaching of the Gospel; 'For,' says St. Paul, 'the Word of God is not bound.'"

"Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

"Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never;
The love of eternity flows on for ever."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTIVE.

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. ii. 10.

"That 'I am thine, my Lord and God,
Sprinkled and ransomed by thy blood;'
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite,
To shake me ever may have power."

GAMBOLD.

WE remember, that upon entering Worms, Luther exclaimed, "God will be my defence." Now, when about to leave that city, which many feared would prove his burial-place, he bore testimony to the faithfulness of the Lord in whom he had trusted, in his well-known hymn, a paraphrase of the forty-sixth Psalm—

"A sure stronghold our God is He." *

On Friday, April 26th, Luther prepared to leave Worms. Early in the morning, many Ger-

* See Appendix.

man nobles came to see him for the last time. Luther passed an hour in prayer, gave his blessing to those about him, and at ten o'clock left the hotel, accompanied by the friends who had come with him to Worms. As they proceeded, several gentlemen joined them, and rode with them until they were some distance from the city.

Passing through Oppenheim, Luther arrived at Frankfort the next evening, from whence he wrote to a friend, saying, "I expected His Majesty would assemble fifty learned doctors to convict the monk outright. But, not at all. 'Are these books of your writing?' 'Yes.' 'Will you retract them?' 'No!' 'Well, begone.' This is the whole history."

Such was the Reformer's short account of his appearance at the Diet of Worms.

From Frankfort he proceeded to Friedburg. While there, he wrote to Charles, expressing his unwillingness to appear in the light of a rebel, and declaring that his only desire was to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

When near Hirschfeld, he was met by the chancellor to the Prince Abbot of that city, who had come out to welcome him. The abbot himself soon appeared. The prince and the excommunicated monk embraced. The following day Luther preached in the presence of the abbot and his suite.

That same evening he reached Eisenach, the home of his childhood. His friends warmly welcomed him, and entreated him to preach on the following day. Luther consented, and ascending the pulpit, proclaimed the Gospel of the grace of God. It was just twenty-three years since that same voice had been heard in the streets of Eisenach, crying, "Bread for the love of God."

Luther had escaped from Worms, but the spirit of persecution still raged against him. The Elector wrote to his brother John, saying, "The only prospect for Luther is banishment—nothing else can save him." There was, indeed, ground for fear. A paper prepared by Alexander, as an Imperial edict against the Reformer, was read by Charles to the Diet for their approval. In this paper the Emperor said, "We have dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all reasonable men count a madman, or possessed by a devil; and it is our intention that so soon as the term of his safe-conduct is expired, effectual measures be forthwith taken to put a stop to his fury." This edict was signed by Charles in the Cathedral of Worms.

Thus it appeared that the Reformer's enemies had the victory. Excommunicated by the Pope, and placed under ban of the empire by Charles, the danger he was placed in was indeed great.

While his enemies were plotting against his life, Luther was feeling all the pain which a heart

like his suffers, when called upon to part with beloved friends. After preaching at Eisenach, he bade farewell to some who were very dear to him. Having done so, he proceeded to the little village of Mora, in order once more to see his grandmother, his uncle, and some other relations who lived there. The aged woman rejoiced to see her grandson; ardently she pressed him to her heart, and thanked God for his preservation from the hand of his enemies.

The following day saw him again on his journey, accompanied by his brother James, and his faithful Amsdorff.

When approaching the woods of Thuringen, at a short distance from the castle of Altenstein, suddenly the tramping of horses was heard, and in a moment five horsemen armed and masked rushed upon them. One of the men caught Amsdorff, another arrested the driver; the remaining three, seizing Luther, threw a knight's cloak over his shoulders, and set him on a horse which they had with them. This done, the five men mounted their horses, and galloped off into the wood. To avoid being followed, they took first one direction, and then another. The poor monk, little used to riding, was sadly exhausted, and when at a good distance from the highway, entreated to be allowed a few moment's rest. He dismounted, and leaning for support against a beech tree, drank some water from a brook, which still bears his name.

His brother James, who had fled at the first appearance of the horsemen, continued his course to Waltershausen, and, as he went along, spread the news that Luther had been carried off. The driver of the waggon and Amsdorff communicated the same mysterious intelligence, as they returned to Wittemberg. Some rejoiced at the report, but to many it was sad tidings; and the cry, "Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies," soon resounded through Germany.

Let us not wonder at this. "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts."

Late in the evening, Luther and his escort reached the foot of the hill which led to the ancient castle of the Wartburg. Slowly the weary horses ascended to the top, where Luther, yet more weary from fatigue of body, and excitement of mind, gladly dismounted. The gates of the old castle opened to receive him. One of the horsemen, the provost of Wartburg, conducted him to his room; three of the others followed, and removing his monk's dress, clothed him in the knight's garments prepared for him, and desiring him to let his hair and beard grow, so that no one in the castle might discover who he was, left him to meditate on his strange position.

The title of Knight George was given him, by which name he was to be known while he remained in the Wartburg.

Thus, the "triumphing of the wicked" was

short. While the Papal party exulted in the prospect of Luther's death—and, with his removal, the downfal of the Reformation—God placed him, for a season, within the shelter of the Wartburg, "Shut in," as his friend Mathesius said, "like St. Paul in his prison at Rome."

Great was the grief of the Reformer's friends, when the news of his having been carried off reached them.

Only a few knew that the mysterious occurrence was planned and carried out, by order of the Elector, who did not himself know the place in which he was concealed.

Many strange stories were related as to the manner in which Luther had been carried off. Some said he was killed—others that he had been seen with his hands tied behind him, dragged along the ground by a cruel horseman! Others affirmed that his body had been pierced through and through. These fearful details drew tears from the simple villagers, as they exclaimed with horror—"Never more shall we behold him. Never again shall we hear that bold man, whose voice stirred the depths of our hearts."

Some of the more violent, swore to avenge his death. The Romish party became greatly alarmed. Believing him to be dead, they would gladly have restored him to life, if they could. "The best thing we can do," wrote a Roman Catholic to the Archbishop of Mentz, "is to light our

torches, and go search through the earth for Luther, till we can restore him to the nation that *will* have him." Some blamed Charles, some Alexander, for the trouble thus brought upon Germany.

The grief at Wittemberg was very great—the students no longer heard their beloved teacher expounding the Word of God, until they felt it to be indeed "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword." They who have ever known that close and endearing tie which binds together pastor and flock, can, even at this distance of time, sympathize with the students at Wittemberg. Melancthon, parted from his friend, perhaps for ever, mourned for him "as a son mourneth for his mother."

"Trouble may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The happy news—"Luther is alive," soon resounded through Wittemberg. "Our well-beloved father still lives," exclaimed Melancthon; "take courage, stand firm." Living, but a captive—a sad thought. No doubt, as in the case of St. Paul (Acts xii. 5), "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."

The Reformation, being of God, could not be overthrown. Although a prisoner, Luther still preached to the people by his writings, which were read with increasing eagerness. These writings produced such an effect, that the dreaded

edict became powerless. By degrees, men ventured openly to express their sympathy with the Reformer. "Has he not offered to retract," they said, "when he has been shown his errors, and is not that enough?"

To Melancthon the reformer wrote, "If you were to see me, truly you would take me for a knight, even *you* would scarcely know me again."

He was very well treated, being permitted to walk about within the fortress, though forbidden to leave it.

"Strange captivity!" he exclaimed; "a prisoner by consent, and yet against my will." "Pray for me," he wrote to Spalatin, "I want nothing save your prayers; don't disturb me by what is said or thought of me in the world; at last, I am quiet."

In the multitude of his thoughts within him the comforts of God refreshed his soul. For many years he had studied the Scriptures with a special view to expose and oppose the errors in doctrine and practice which reigned around him; now he had more leisure to read and meditate for the strengthening and refreshing of his own soul, fitting him to come forth again to "fight the good fight of faith."

In his solitude he laboured with indefatigable industry. During the summer he not only translated the New Testament, but also took great

pains to improve his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, for the purpose of rendering his intended version of the Scriptures more complete. Writing to a friend, he says, "I find I have undertaken a work which is above my strength; I shall not touch the Old Testament till I can have the assistance of yourself and my other friends at Wittemberg. If it were possible that I could be with you, and remain undisturbed in a snug chamber, I would come, and then, with your help, would translate the whole from the beginning, that at length there might be a version of the Bible fit for Christians to read. This would be a great work of immense consequence to the public, and worthy of all our labours."

"Would that that book alone," he exclaimed, "were in all languages—before the eyes, and in the ears, and in the hearts of all!" "Scripture," he said again, "Scripture without comment is the sun whence all teachers receive their light."

Such, during a captivity of little more than nine months, were the employments of this devoted servant of God, and yet, writing to Melancthon, he thus deplores his "idleness." "Here I do nothing all the day; I am in idleness, I merely eat and drink. The only consolation is my Bible, which I regularly peruse, both in Greek and Hebrew. I intend to write a treatise on "Auricular confession." I am resolved also, to continue my "Annotations on the Book of Psalms;"

among other things I have commenced a short discourse on the "Magnificat."

Luther also wrote many letters to his friends, encouraging the faithful, reproving the timid, and, with deepest tenderness, comforting the desponding.

The solitary life which the Reformer now led did not suit him; he became ill in body, and depressed in mind. While in this state, he wrote the following extraordinary letter to Melancthon—"Since I departed from Worms, and was taken captive near Eisenach, and since I inhabited the Castle of Wartburg, my 'Patmos,' I have seen no one. Only two little boys attend me, who bring me my food twice a day. They purchased a bag of hazelnuts for me, which I placed in a chest. At night when I entered my bed-room, I fell into a kind of sleep; the nuts all appeared to move—to be thrown against my bed. I did not, however, feel disquieted. When I awoke, I heard a loud noise on the staircase, yet I knew that it was closed with chains, and protected by an iron gate, and that it was impossible any person could enter; yet I rose to see what it was. 'Who art thou?' I asked. 'Oh, well, be it so.' I commended myself to Christ, of whom it is written in the 8th Psalm, 'Thou hast subdued all things under His feet,' and I returned to my bed."

Whatever took possession of Luther's mind presented itself with a reality that gave it a

bodily shape; his imagination was indeed "the picture-gallery of the soul."

Luther once said, "The devil plagues and torments us in the place where we are most tender and weak. In Paradise he fell, not upon Adam, but upon Eve. It commonly rains where it was wet enough before." This was his experience now; he was "weak," and the devil "plagued" him.

He, who when advised not to proceed to Worms, exclaimed, "Though there should be as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses, yet I would go forward." This very man is now with broken strength called to pass through fearful struggles with Satan, who he thought appeared to him in a bodily shape, as he had appeared to our Lord. Upon one day in particular, when he was translating the New Testament, he imagined he saw the "adversary" as a "roaring lion," not only in character, but in appearance, threatening to "devour" him. Snatching up the ink-bottle, he threw it at his enemy. The bottle was broken to pieces against the wall, and the apparition disappeared.

"A wounded spirit who can bear." Luther was grieved by the being laid aside, forced to remain quiet, and this, added to the loneliness of his captivity, was probably the immediate cause of the depression of his mind. He longed to return to his friends. "If the evil be not les-

sened," he said, "I must go to Erfurt openly, and obtain advice from physician or surgeon. It is now eight days since I have been able to write, to pray, or study; partly tormented by temptations of the flesh, and partly plagued by other infirmities. It may be, the Lord sends me this visitation in order to draw me forth from the wilderness."

Luther felt it was "not good for man to be alone." "When I am assailed with many tribulations," he said, "I walk out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a mill-stone in a mill: when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds, and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds, and wears away. So the human heart, unless it be occupied with some employment, leaves space for the devil, who wriggles himself in, and brings with him a whole host of evil thoughts, temptations, and tribulations, which grind out the heart."

The thought that God had forsaken him was terrible to his soul—What did he do? "Pray for me," said he to Melancthon, "that Christ may not forsake me." At another time he said, speaking of temptation, "Whenever one is possessed with the doubt, that though he call upon the Lord, he cannot be heard, and that God has turned His heart from him, and is angry; he

must against this arm himself with God's Word, promising to hear him. As to the when and how God will hear him, this is but naught; place, time, and person, are accidental things; the substance and essence is the promise."

To refresh himself, he one day ventured to wander a little in the forest at the back of the castle, hoping, as his hair and beard had been allowed to grow, to escape being recognized. Concealed in his knight's disguise, he set out, enjoying his liberty, as he gathered some wild strawebrries from the way-side. Not being detected, the next day he ventured further, and, attended by a faithful servant as guide, stopped at an inn to rest. Attracted by some books which lay on the table, he laid aside his sword, and began to read. A knight reading! such a sight was rarely seen in those days. His attendant took alarm lest the Doctor should thus betray himself, and hurried him away.

Luther could now no longer forbear to visit his friends, and hear how things were going on; so, towards the end of November, he secretly quitted the Wartburg, and set out for Wittemberg. He reached the city in safety, and stopped at the door of his friend Amsdorff. Melancthon, who had often said, "I would rather die than be separated from Luther," was one of the first to welcome him.

What a happy, joyous meeting. Once more

they felt the delight of Christian communion. Luther learned the spread of the Reformation, the trials, difficulties, hopes, and fears of his brethren, and, we may be sure, they heard from his own lips of his trials. Sorrow shared with another becomes half. Luther was comforted; before parting he kneeled down and prayed, thanking the Lord for his past goodness, and imploring his continued blessing. He then bade farewell to his friends, and returned to his "Patmos."

The friend quoted in a previous chapter thus describes the Wartburg—"Through some dull open country, a sudden turn brought us in the midst of a grand amphitheatre of hills, covered to the top with thick forests. A perfect sea of wood was around us, occasionally relieved by fine masses of sand-stone rock—a most striking prospect. Among these forest-covered hills was one, on the top of which appeared some building, which looked like a castle. 'Was für ein Schloss ist das.' 'Der Wartburg,' was the answer—Luther's Castle! but at this moment came a shower of rain which forced us, in spite of the increasing beauty of the prospect, to raise our umbrellas. However, by the time we reached the 'Halbenmonde,' at Eisenach, it had cleared, and we were soon *en route* for the castle. The ascent takes about half an hour; the carriage road is rather longer than the foot-path. The last part of the ascent must be made on foot, and

as we wound up a narrow road between moss-covered rocks, we thought how Luther had been perhaps dragged up this very path by his friendly jailers, when he was seized on his way from Worms. The Wartburg has just the situation it ought to have; but architectural beauty it has none; indeed, it is more like a collection of very heavy buildings than a castle. The Saxon arches along one wing are its only pretensions to ornament. It must, however, be a very strong fortress, and it is still kept up and inhabited by a garrison. Entering a low gateway, and up a flight of stairs, we came to a room on which we cast more lingering looks than on many a finer apartment. The furniture was a plain old wooden table, near which stood a large stump of a tree; but the table was Luther's own table, and the stump was cut from the beech-tree under which he rested on his way to the castle. On the table was his old clasped Bible, and on the wall were the stains of the ink which he threw, as he thought, at the devil who appeared to him. In this room he translated most part of the Bible, and from the window was a glorious view of the hills of the Thuringenwald and the valley of Eisenach. We were shown an immense old-fashioned Bible, of an early edition, published in his time, and a cup carved from the wood of the beech-tree whose stump was before us. On the walls were the pictures of his father and mother, and Melanc-

thon, by Lucas Cranach; also the portraits of two Electors of Saxony, Frederick and John, two pictures of the Reformer were over the table, one much better than the other; but the worst done and least pleasing is said to be the most genuine."

In December 1521, the Pope Leo X. died suddenly, at the age of forty-six. Disturbances broke out in Spain which obliged Charles to proceed there. War was declared between him and Francis I., King of France. Solyman, the Sultan, invaded Hungary; thus, attacked on all sides, the Emperor had enough to do, and found no leisure to trouble himself about the monk of Worms and the Reformation.

How wonderful are the ways of God! "He removeth kings, and setteth up kings; He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?" At the very moment when Rome thought herself rid of the Reformer, and the new heresy extinguished, when the voice of Luther was no longer heard in the pulpit of Wittemberg, and many thought he was dead, Gabriel—a zealous monk, but not possessed of any peculiar gift or talent—proclaimed to his hearers the necessity of a Reformation. Thus God left not Himself without a witness for the truth. "Christ," said the preacher, "instituted the sacrament of the altar, in remembrance of his death, and not to make it

an object of worship. To bow to it is idolatry. The priest who communicates alone or in private is guilty of a sin. No person has the right to require a monk to say mass alone. Let one, two, or three officiate, and all the rest receive the Lord's sacraments under both kinds."

These words were received with approbation, particularly by those who came from the Low Countries. The monks began to ask themselves, if there be truth in these directions, why should we not conform ourselves to them?

The prior of Wittemberg set himself to resist these changes; the monks yielded to his authority, yet protesting that the mass sinned against the Gospel of God.

When the Elector heard of these differences among the monks, he sent his chancellor to admonish them, and, "if necessary, put them upon bread and water for disobedience."

Several professors, among whom was Melancthon, repaired to the convent, and entreated the monks to refrain from further disputing. Opposition only strengthened their zeal, and all, except the prior, signed a written paper, stating their opinions, and by passages from Scripture proving the truth of the doctrines they had preached. The professors read the paper, and were convinced that the monks, whom they had thought in error, were really in the right. To the great surprise of the Elector, they boldly declared that the

monks had truth on their side, adding, "Let your Electoral Highness put an end to all corruptions, lest, in the day of judgment, Christ should apply to us the rebuke He once pronounced upon Capernaum."

Upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Melancthon observed, "Just as gazing on a cross is no good work, but the bare contemplation of a sign which reminds us of Christ's death, so to partake of the Lord's Supper is not to do any good work, but merely to make use of a sign which recalls to remembrance the grace bestowed upon us through Christ."

"But here is the difference, namely, that the symbols invented by men do only remind us of what they signify, whilst the signs given by God not merely recall the things themselves, but assure our hearts in the will of God."

"As the sight of the cross does not justify, so the mass cannot justify."

"As the gazing on a cross is no sacrifice, for our own or others' sins, just so the mass is no sacrifice."

"There is but one sacrifice, but one satisfaction—Jesus Christ. Beside Him there is none other."

Thus the Reformation was rapidly advancing. The timid Elector, greatly alarmed, wrote to the monks, saying, "Do not be too hasty; you are too few in number to effect such a change. If it

be well founded in Scripture, others will be led to see it, and you will have the whole Church with you in putting an end to these corruptions."

Alas! Frederick forgot that the Lord's people are always a "little flock," that while many are found in the "broad way," "few there be" that find the "narrow way that leadeth unto life."

Having attacked the mass, Gabriel proceeded to declare that the lives of those who lived in convents and monasteries were quite contrary to the law of God. "Let us," he exclaimed, "destroy the monasteries, let no trace of them remain, let not one stone remain upon another of the walls that have sheltered sloth and superstition, and when the monks are met in the streets, let them be pulled by their cloaks, and pointed out to ridicule; and if that does not rout them from their convents, let them be expelled by mainforce."

These rather violent expressions led the monks to look back upon their past lives—to look into their hearts, and ask themselves whether they were, or were not, living according to godliness. Conscience told them they were not—that the life of a monk was not agreeable to God, and on one day thirteen Augustine monks left the convent.

There was great joy in Wittemberg at this event; one of the monks became a carpenter, and afterwards married; some of the others

sought other employments, "working with their own hands" for their support. A few, more learned than the rest, continued to study, in the hope of becoming preachers of the Gospel. Thus, as it has been observed, "If Luther's entrance *into* the convent of the Augustines at Erfurt, laid the seeds of the Reformation, the departure of the thirteen monks *from* the convent of the Augustines of Wittemberg, was the signal of its taking possession of the nations of Christendom."

But some monks still remained in their cells. Yes, and they felt little at ease. The prior, in the hope of quieting the people, gave orders that no more private masses should be celebrated. This was soon known in the town, and caused great excitement. The townspeople said, "If it be wrong to have private masses in the convent, it is equally wrong to allow them in the parish church." So, on the 3rd of December, just as mass was about to be performed, some of the most violent broke into the church, made their way to the altar, and carried off the books. The timid priests fled away to save their lives.

The students who had taken part in these disturbances were from Erfurt; they were immediately arrested.

When Luther heard of these sad events, he was much troubled; but soon the thought that God would bring good out of so much evil, com-

forted him. "Perhaps," he said, "it is to humble his servants that He permits these briars and thorns to grow up among the wheat, and threaten to choke it. But if the work be of God, it will, it must prosper."

While he lamented the mistaken zeal of the students, he wrote to Spalatin, saying, "Let them alone; don't imprison them."

Affairs grew worse and worse in Wittemberg. "The idolatry of the mass must be destroyed," said some, while others exclaimed, "Let us arise and drag the worshippers from their altars." The churches were broken open, the images carried off and burned.

When the passions of men have been once excited, it is very difficult to quiet them. But an effort must be made! Who would undertake to stop these excesses? Would Melancthon? He was too young. The Elector? His disposition was too timid,—a lover of peace, he was not fitted to oppose the violent. There was one man who could arrest the evil, but he was a prisoner in the Wartburg. All looked to him in their distress, and longed for his return. And what were *his* feelings, as day after day he thought of his beloved Wittemberg—the scene of such disgraceful tumult, of the cause he would have died to serve, in danger from the violence of unwise friends. All Luther had suffered from Rome was as nothing compared to the grief which now wrung his heart.

"I prostrate myself in deep abasement before the Eternal," said he, "and I implore of Him that his name may rest upon this work, and that if anything impure has mingled in the doing of it, He will remember that I am a sinful man."

Letter after letter reached Luther, imploring his return; so, at the risk of his life, on the 3rd of March he left the castle, and set out for Wittemberg.-

Did the Elector give him permission? No; on the contrary, he wrote to him and desired him on no account to leave the Wartburg. In reply to his letter Luther said he knew Duke George was his enemy, but that he did not fear him, as he had the "best Protector" on his side.

As he was journeying towards Wittemberg, he was overtaken by a dreadful thunderstorm, which obliged him to take shelter in the city of Jena. While resting in the inn (called the Black Bear) two young Swiss, Kessler and his friend, came in, and seeing a knight seated at a table reading, they sat down at the door, not wishing to disturb him. Hearing the noise of their entrance, the knight raised his head from his book, and invited the strangers to come in, offering them, at the same time, a glass of beer.

"You are Swiss, I presume," he said, "by your manner of speaking. If you are going to Wittemberg, you will there meet one of your own countrymen, Dr. Schurff."

"Could you inform us," said the Swiss, "where Dr. Martin Luther is?"

"He is not at Wittemberg," replied the knight, but he will probably be there shortly. Philip Melancthon is there."

"If our lives are spared," replied one of the Swiss, "we will not return without seeing and hearing Doctor Luther."

The knight advised them to study Greek and Hebrew. "Who can he be?" they said to themselves;—"a knight caring about the study of Greek and Hebrew, and intimate with Luther and Melancthon!" They were the more puzzled, when the knight, turning to one of them, said, "Tell me, my friends, what is said of Luther in Switzerland."

"Sir," replied the Swiss, "some praise him, and others say he is an abominable heretic."

Just then the landlord's voice was heard calling Kessler. "I hear you want to see Luther," said he in a whisper; "well, he is sitting beside you."

Kessler thought the man joking, or that perhaps he said Hütten instead of Luther.

When supper was over, the knight rose from his seat, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and shaking hands with the Swiss, said, "When you reach Wittemberg, salute Dr. Scuhrff from me."

"With pleasure," they replied, "but whose name shall we give?"

"Do you tell him only, that he who is coming sends him greeting."

With these words, the mysterious knight departed.

As he continued his journey, he thought, "Go where I will, every man is at liberty to put me to death, but Christ is Lord of all. If it be his will that my life should be taken, let it be."

He stopped for the night at the little town of Borne, near Leipsic, and wrote to the Elector, telling him why he had disobeyed him, and left the Wartburg. "Are not the Wittembergers my own sheep?" he said; "has not God committed them to my care? and ought I not, if need be, to lay down my life for them?"

Luther was a faithful shepherd, not like the hireling, who "fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep."

Luther reached Wittemberg the evening before Easter Sunday. Melancthon and other friends were conversing with him, when the door suddenly opened, and Kessler and his friend entered the room. Luther rose to receive them, and pointing to one of the company, said, "This is Philip Melancthon, whom I mentioned to you." They passed the evening very happily together.

"Fighting the whole day long,
With a very tired hand,
With only my armour strong—
The shelter in which I stand.

"There is nothing left of *me*—
If all *my* strength were shown,
So small the amount would be,
Its presence could scarce be known.

"Fighting alone to-night,
With not even a stander by,
To cheer me in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.

"Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see
The struggle within how dark and drear,
Though quiet the outside be.

"Fighting alone to-night,
With what a sinking heart;
Lord Jesus, in the fight,
Oh! stand not Thou apart.

"Body and mind have tried
To make the field my own;
But when the Lord is on my side,
He doeth the work alone.

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIBLE IN GERMAN.

"If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian; and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me."—1 Cor. xiv. 11.

"Childhood's instructor, manhood's trust,
Old age's firm ally,
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality.

"Word of the living God!
Will of His glorious Son!
Without Thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?"

From "Hymns for the Church on Earth."

Luther is once more at Wittemberg; his friends rejoice at his return,—they expect that he will quell the disturbances which arose during his imprisonment in the Wartburg. We shall see whether their hopes were realized.

The day after his return was Sunday. Early in the morning, the news, "Luther is come back; he will preach to-day," was repeated from one to another. He did preach, and the church was crowded by an attentive congregation. Probably some persons expected the sermon to be

one of harsh reproof against those who had offended, for the Reformer was often very severe in his language—too much so, and he knew it, and lamented his infirmity of temper. But, on this occasion, there was no bitterness in his discourse. In his letter to the Elector of Saxony, he had said, "Are not the Wittembergers my own sheep?" and now that he is among them, he deals with them as a tender shepherd, who would seek to induce his flock to follow him—not drive them before him. He first commends their faith, and then adds, "But we need something beyond faith, and that is love. Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; whilst love, like warmth, should beam forth on all sides." Luther gave the pre-eminence to love, like St. Paul, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity" (1 Cor. xiii. 12). The people listened with deep attention, as he went on to say, "The mass is a bad thing; it ought to be abolished; but we must not use force; we must preach, and leave the result with God."

The following Tuesday Luther preached again, and upon every day that week. In his sermons, he spoke upon all the subjects which had been matters of dispute, and nobly rebuked what he felt to be wrong—breaking into the churches, carrying off images by force, and other acts of violence. Each day, crowds filled the church;

all were delighted. People began to think that a great deal of what had occurred, with the appearance of desiring to please God, was only the gratifying of evil passions—such a spirit as our Lord detected in his disciples, when He said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

Schurff, delighted, wrote to the Elector, saying, "Oh! what joy has Doctor Martin's reappearance diffused among us. His words, through Divine mercy, every day, bring back into the way of truth our poor, deluded people. It is manifest that the Spirit of God is with him, and that his coming to Wittemberg is by his special providence."

Thus the hopes of his friends were realized. Luther conquered by love. Love made him leave the Wartburg, though, being under sentence of the Pope's excommunication, every step he took, he was in danger of being seized and put to death; love ruled his spirit when he entered the Wittemberg pulpit, so that no harsh words escaped his lips; and love gave him courage at the right moment to rebuke those who deserved censure.

The tumult subsided. The people of Wittemberg returned quietly to their homes, saying one to another, "Don't you think Luther a wonderful teacher?"

After this, Luther had an interview with some men from Zwickau, a town in Saxony. These men professed to be divinely inspired—false pro-

phets, who, like "wolves in sheep's clothing," were threatening to destroy the flock of Christ. The Reformer listened patiently to what they had to say, and then replied, "Of all you have been saying, there is nothing that I see to be based upon Scripture." After a long discussion, the pretended prophets left Wittemberg.

We mentioned in the last chapter, that while a captive in the Wartburg, Luther had translated the New Testament into German. He felt the necessity for this new translation, as, though the Bible in German had appeared in Nuremberg in 1478, 1483 (the year of Luther's birth), and 1490, and at Augsburg in 1518, the translations were very imperfect, having been made, not from the Hebrew and Greek originals, but from the Latin.

Now that peace and order were restored, he asked Melancthon to assist him, while he again examined the work, so as to render it as complete as possible. Melancthon readily consented; and many happy hours the two friends spent together studying the inspired Word. The translation being completed, the printing of it was commenced, and carried on with wonderful rapidity; three printing presses were continually employed, and ten thousand sheets struck off each day. On the 21st of September, three thousand copies of the complete edition, in two volumes, appeared, with the simple title, "The New Testament in German, at Wittemberg."

The price of a copy was only a florin and a half—about half-a-crown, so that almost *any* person who wished might "purchase one, and read in his own tongue the wonderful works of God." These three thousand copies were quickly sold; in the following December a second edition appeared; and by the close of the year 1533, seventeen editions had been printed at Wittemberg, thirteen at Augsburg, twelve at Bâle, one at Erfurt, one at Grimma, one at Leipsic, and thirteen at Strasburg.

The New Testament being finished, Luther commenced and carried on without intermission a translation of the Old Testament.

Those who loved the Lord joyfully accepted the Bible in a language which they could understand. "You have preached Christ to us," they said; "let us now hear Him Himself."

But what did the friends of Rome think of Luther's translation? Very bitter were their thoughts. In many parts of Germany, all who possessed copies of the Scripture were commanded to give them up to the magistrates, and many copies were publicly burned in the streets. Nevertheless the sacred book was bought and sold. "Even after I had prohibited the sale," wrote Duke George, "many thousand copies were sold and read in my States."

In the hope of stopping the sale, some Romish divines prepared a translation themselves; it was

much the same as Luther's, only a little altered here and there, and being bought by those who feared to touch any work proceeding from the Reformer's pen, it was the means of spreading those truths it was intended to injure. "Surely," as it is written, "the wrath of man shall praise Thee" (Psalm lxxvi. 10).

The Word of God is now in the hands of the people; does it produce any effect upon their hearts? Oh yes; a very happy effect. It was impossible for them to read it day by day, without perceiving that it called for a change in their lives —their homes; and in the cottages of the peasants, and the palaces of the nobles, it was evident with many, that "old things were passed away," and all things were becoming "new."

"The adversary" looked on; he saw the change; trembled lest he should lose his prey, and stirred up the heart of Henry VIII. of England, to oppose the Reformation. He found him quite willing to be led "captive at his will," for from the time that the Pope had excommunicated Luther, the King of England had commanded that the sentence should be carried out in his dominions, and he was obeyed. On the 12th of May, 1521, Cardinal Wolsey, Chancellor of England, and Roman legate, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's Church, in London, attended by 800 persons. Clothed in garments shining with gold and silver, he reached the church; then,

walking up to the altar, he laid upon it his cardinal's hat. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, ascended the pulpit, and preached against heresy. The sermon being ended, the attendants drew near, and devoutly consumed the Reformer's writings, in the presence of a vast multitude of people. Henry thought he had done a good work by this act, and the Pope highly applauded him. This so pleased the King's vanity, that he wrote a book against Luther, for which the Pope rewarded him with the title of "Defender of the Faith."

Luther had not much respect for the King of England: he called him a "hog" in his reply to his book. We cannot excuse the spirit of violence which appears in this reply. Still, we must remember, that in those days, language, which we should now think very bitter and insulting, was indulged in without being considered the least wrong. Besides, we know that Luther had naturally a very hot temper, which often broke out when provoked; in fact, let us not forget that he was a man, and therefore often tempted to sin in thought, word, and deed.

On looking at his picture, Melancthon very justly exclaimed—

"Thy single words were piercing thunderbolts."

"Grace maketh not such a change in the faithful, that by and by they become altogether new

creatures, and perfect in all things; but there remain yet certain dregs of their old and natural corruption. As if a man that is naturally inclined to anger be converted to Christ, although he be mollified by grace (the Holy Ghost so framing his heart, that he is now become more meek and gentle), yet this natural vice is not utterly quenched in his flesh. Likewise, such as are by nature severe and sharp, although they be converted to the faith, yet notwithstanding they cannot utterly forsake this vice. Hereof it cometh, that the Holy Scriptures, which do contain all one truth, of diverse spirits, are diversely handled. One, in teaching, is mild and gentle; another, more rough and vigorous. Thus the Spirit of God, being poured into diverse vessels, doth not quench at once the vices of nature; but, by little and little, during this life, he purgeth that sin which is rooted, not only in the Galatians, but also in all men of all nations."*

At Ghent, also, a city of the Low Countries, Luther's writings were burned by the public executioner with the greatest solemnity.

Notwithstanding all these commotions which threatened to destroy the Reformation, it was making progress. Throughout Germany monks might be seen leaving their convents, from the conviction that the life of a monk was not agree-

* From Luther's "Commentary on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians."

able to God. Some of these men, being too ignorant to become preachers of the Gospel themselves, helped forward the work by travelling through Germany visiting the cottages and hamlets of the peasants, and selling Bibles and tracts to the people. Luther's tracts were soon translated into French, English, Spanish, and Italian, so that the doctrines of the Gospel, which they clearly stated, found their way into many and distant parts of Europe.

We remember the wish expressed by Luther, when letters from Venice told him that many in that city valued his writings. "Oh," said he, "that I could send living books to preach the Gospel in distant places." He now determined to go as a "living book," travel through the territories of Duke George, and preach the Gospel in the villages. Dressed in plain clothes, he travelled in a waggon. At Zwickau, the city from whence the false prophets had come, he preached in the market-place to 25,000 persons. Wherever he went crowds flocked to hear. The Word of God found entrance into the hearts of the people as he preached "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." One thing, however, often pained him—it was when persons spoke as if *he* had done a work which he rejoiced to know was none other than the "finger of God." "Some there are," said he, "who believe because I believe. But *they* only truly believe who would continue

faithful, even though they should hear (which God forbid) that I had denied Christ."

We have already said, that in December 1521, Leo X. died. The Cardinal Tortosa, an old man, who had been tutor to Charles V., was elected in his stead, by the name of Adrian VI. He was a native of Utrecht, a city of Holland. When he arrived at Rome, in August 1522, he was shocked by the wickedness and luxury which he saw on all sides, and immediately banished from the city those whose of character he disapproved, hoping to put a stop to the progress of the Reformation by removing all necessity for it.

The Reformer's re-appearance at Wittemberg had roused the angry feelings of his enemies, which, during his captivity in the Wartburg, had appeared to slumber.

"Now that we know where to lay hands on him," said Duke George, "why not carry into effect the sentence of Worms?"

It was believed by many that at the Diet which had assembled at Nuremberg the previous March, Charles V. and Adrian had determined upon his destruction. Luther knew this, and observed, "Satan feels the wound which has been inflicted on him, and thence his rage. But Christ has already put forth his power, and will ere long trample him under foot in spite of all the gates of hell."

Again, in December, the Diet assembled at

Nuremberg. Several princes of the empire spoke strongly against Luther. "Let him be put to death," cried the prelates who were most attached to the Pope.

Very different were the sounds heard in the churches of Nuremberg. In many of them the Gospel was faithfully preached to multitudes. Princes of high rank might be seen mingling with the crowd, and rejoicing in the glad tidings that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Pope's Nuncio insisted that these preachers should be imprisoned; to his astonishment, the Diet objected, saying it was not lawful to arrest them in the free city of Nuremberg. Before the Diet closed, it was very evident that Luther, and not the Pope, had made a favourable impression upon the assembled princes. It was even decided that until a General Council met nothing but the Gospel should be preached.

Luther overjoyed, declared that God Himself must have inspired the princes to put forth this edict.

Great was the indignation of the Pope when he heard of it, and he wrote an insulting letter to the Elector of Saxony. Not knowing how to reply to it, Frederick wrote to Wittemberg for advice. Luther, Melancthon, and some other friends consulted together. And what advice did they give? They earnestly entreated Frederick not to take up arms in defence of the Gospel.

This letter was written 8th February, 1523. The Elector followed the advice.

Many efforts were made by the Romish party to induce him to cast the offending monks into prison. "Whoever commits any crime in my dominions," he replied, "shall not go unpunished, but as to matters of conscience, they must be left to the judgment of God." As we might expect, Duke George openly persecuted all within his reach who were known to favour the Reformation.

In the Low Countries the persecution was fearful. It was at Brussels on the 1st of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the Gospel. Their story is a very sad one. When persecution broke out at Antwerp in the year 1522, three young monks in the convent of the Augustines, contrived to escape detection. Their names were Henry Voes, John Esch, and Lambert Thorn. After some months they were discovered, put in chains, and sent to Brussels. When asked, "Do you retract your opinion that the priest has no power to pardon sins, but that that power belongs to God alone?"

"No, we will retract nothing," exclaimed Esch and Voes firmly, "we will not disown God's Word, we will rather die for the faith."

They were consequently sentenced to be burnt alive. The prospect of death so terrified Lambert, that he remained silent, and was taken back to prison, while Esch and Voes were carried to the

place of execution. When they reached the scaffold their youth (for they were very young), calmness, and courage caused even their persecutors to shed tears. But they remained unmoved. A holy joy even lighted up their pale faces as they exclaimed, "We will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel." While the pile was being lighted, they sang psalms; as the flames rose, one of them was heard to say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses." Death drew near, the two martyrs cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us." The cords which fastened one of them to the stake giving way, he fell on his knees, and with clasped hands exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us." Their bodies were soon wrapped in flames, their voices silenced, and their souls entered "into the joy of their Lord."

"At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs."

But what became of Lambert? Terrified at the prospect of death, as he thought of his unwillingness to confess his Lord, he sought and obtained strength to be "faithful even unto death," and shortly after joined "the noble army of martyrs."

Many, very many, thus "counted not their lives dear unto themselves." The soul of Luther was deeply moved. "I am bound with you in your

bonds," he exclaimed; "your dungeons and your burnings my soul takes part in. All of us are with you in spirit, and the Lord is above all." He composed a hymn in memory of the three youthful martyrs of Brussels,* which was soon sung in the towns and villages in Germany, and the Low Countries.

The cry, "How long, O Lord!" went up from many a mother's heart as she thought that if her children were faithful servants of Christ, the martyr's death might be theirs. God heard the cry, and sent a temporary calm. Adrian VI. expired on the 14th of July, 1523.

"If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
"When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight,
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In heaven above!"

GEORGE HERBERT.

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* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAR OF THE PEASANTS.

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."—1 PET. ii. 13.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—ISA. xxx. 15.

"O God, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

"The cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
Oh, send Thy patience too!"

JULIO DE MEDICIS, cousin of Leo X., succeeded Adrian VI., under the title of Clement VII.

In January the Diet again met at Nuremberg. The firmness of Frederick, in favouring the Re-

formation, so annoyed Charles, that, in order to prevent his further interference, it was decided that all the old members of the Government should be dismissed from office. Frederick, in grief, immediately left Nuremberg. Many attempts were made to induce the Diet to enforce the Edict of Worms, but to no purpose, and, before the assembly closed, it was arranged that a meeting for the special purpose of regulating matters connected with religion should be held at Spires in November.

This was the worst possible news for the Pope and his party. "Rome is ruined—as to the Elector Frederick," exclaimed Alexander, "we must take off his head." "There is no telling," said the Pope's legate, "what may be the result of an assembly in which the voice of the people will be heard." "The Diet of Spires may be the ruin of Rome and the salvation of Wittemberg."

They arranged, therefore, to call another Diet at Ratisbon, which met towards the end of 1524. Bishops and princes then decided that the edicts of Worms and Nuremberg should be enforced.

No sooner had the members who favoured Rome left Ratisbon, than those who befriended the Reformation met at Spire, and passed a law that their preachers should confine themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, as taught by the apostles and prophets.

In this year, 1524, several princes expressed

their attachment to Luther's doctrines. Among these was Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, who was afterwards one of the firmest friends of the Gospel. "Rather," said he, "would I sacrifice my body, my life, my estates, and my subjects, than the Word of God."

Severe persecution now raged in Austria; and in Hungary, at Buda, the chief city, a poor man, a bookseller, who loved the truth, had sold copies of the Bible and Luther's writings. He was bound to a stake, his books were piled round him, and set fire to; the poor man died, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of his Saviour.

Similar sad scenes were witnessed in Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Salzburg, and other districts of Germany.

While the enemies of the Reformation were thus seeking to destroy it, it is sad to find two of its best friends, Luther and Carlstadt, who had stood side by side at the Congress at Leipsic, contending with each other. The subject of dispute was the Lord's Supper. Each thought the other wrong, and probably the truth is, that both were in error. The question was—What did our Lord mean by the words, "this is my body," and "this is my blood." Did He mean to say, that the bread was really his body and the wine his blood—or did He mean merely to command that bread and wine should be partaken of in re-

membrance of his body broken and his blood shed upon the cross? Roman Catholics believed, in Luther's days, and still believe, that the bread and wine are, at the Lord's Supper, changed into the actual flesh and blood of Christ. Did Luther or Carlstadt believe this? No. Luther believed that "Christ is present in the bread and wine, because He is present everywhere, and in an especial manner where He wills to be," that "just as iron and fire, though two different substances, meet and are blended in a red hot bar, so that, in every part of it, there are at once both iron and fire; so the glorified body of Christ exists in every part of the bread." This was the opinion of Luther.

Very different was that of Carlstadt. Remembering that the language of Rome had been "the outward participation in the Supper brings salvation," and feeling that such a statement quite disowned the grand doctrine of the Reformation—justification by faith alone—he taught that the Lord's Supper was simply a pledge to believers of their redemption, that it is partaken of not for the purpose or in the expectation of thereby receiving any fresh grace, but in remembrance of what *has* been received by simple faith in Christ, without any visible sign or ordinance. This was the opinion of Carlstadt, and of Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer.

We think the Lord's Supper is not only to be

received "in remembrance" of Christ—though, as a commemoration of Him, it is most precious to the believer—but that, in the ordinance, the soul, in the exercise of lively faith, feeds upon that truth specially set forth by the bread and wine—"God manifest in the flesh;" and that thus the soul is strengthened and refreshed by the ordinance, but that, apart from faith, the ordinance is powerless as a means of grace.

We grieve to say that much angry feeling was manifested in the discussion by both parties. Surely, "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good, and sinneth not." How precious, then, is it to know, that "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

In the early part of this book we read of the Church of All Saints, at Wittemberg, and of its having been enriched by relics brought by Staupitz, from the Low Countries. In this church Luther often preached, and now that he regarded the mass as idolatry, it grieved him that, in this beloved cathedral, it was still celebrated. The Elector, who was now a very old man, disliked the idea of any change being made in the service; but the entreaties of Luther at length prevailed. On Christmas Day, 1524, the mass was abolished, and a new service substituted in its stead.

In the midst of so much important business did Luther forget the Wittemberg students?

No; he felt the deepest interest in their welfare, frequently exhorting them to the diligent study of languages. "We are asked," he said, "what is the use of learning Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, when we can read the Bible in German? But for these languages," he replied, "we should never have received the Gospel." He was not merely anxious for the education of the clergy, but desired that all should be instructed. He therefore suggested the establishment of libraries, that those who could read might be supplied with books. In music he took the greatest delight. "Next to theology," he said, "it is to music I give the highest place and the highest honour. A schoolmaster," he added, "ought to know how to sing; without this qualification I would have nothing to do with him." He wrote several hymns in the year 1524, which, along with some others of his composition, we shall give at the end of this book. His friends too wrote some hymns, and for the first time church psalmody was joined in by the people. Before Luther's days there was nothing of the kind; the priests chanted the psalms and hymns in Latin, while the people remained silent. Luther's love for music and poetry gave him the name of the "Wittemberg Nightingale."

While the friends of the Reformation were rejoicing in the progress it was making, they were suddenly called to weeping and mourning. "So soon treads sorrow on the heels of joy."

Long before the Reformation commenced, the people, oppressed by both temporal and spiritual rulers, had, from time to time, threatened to resist the authorities placed over them; but since the Reformation no resistance had been made. In Southern Germany rebellion now unexpectedly appeared.

Luther, while a prisoner in the Wartburg, had heard that the people were murmuring and discontented. To quiet them, he wrote a letter strongly condemning all violence on their part. "Rebellion," he said, "never obtains for us the benefit we seek, and God condemns it. What is rebellion? Is it not to revenge oneself? The devil tries hard to stir up to rebellion such as embrace the Gospel, that it may be covered with reproach; but they who have rightly received the truths I have preached, will not be found in rebellion." Thus wrote the Reformer, and yet he was blamed as the author of the insurrection. "We are now gathering the fruits of your teaching," wrote Erasmus.

It was true, indeed, that some of the most violent amongst the rebels called themselves "friends of the Gospel," "the saints of God;" they had cast off the yoke of Rome, but they had not come under the yoke of Christ; they had turned "from idols," but not "to God" (1 Thess. i. 9). Alas! we fear there are many such who have only, as it were, half turned; who do not

ask their way to Zion with their faces thitherward; but with their faces turned towards the world, trying "to serve God and mammon."

These false professors rejected the inspired Word as their teacher, and professed to be guided by an inward revelation from God, sent specially to themselves. "The sacred writings," said Luther, "are treated by them as a dead letter, and their cry is the Spirit! the Spirit!"

The most remarkable of these men was Thomas Munzer, pastor of Mulhausen—a strange pastor. One of his first acts was to destroy a chapel in his neighbourhood, for which act he was obliged to leave the country. He had talent, but not humility; he read the Bible that he might teach others, not to receive divine instruction himself.

The rebellion commenced in the Black Forest, near the source of the Danube. On the 19th of July, 1524, the peasantry rose in that neighbourhood, and before the close of the year the whole district was in open rebellion.

Melancthon, gentle as he was, regarded the rebels as worthy of death. "Nevertheless," he adds, "think of the orphans before you resort to capital punishment."

Luther saw the sin of rebellion as clearly as his friend, yet he felt deeply for the miseries of the people. Knowing they were grievously oppressed by bishops and princes, he first blamed these rulers as the cause of the disturbances.

"It is you," said he, "who have caused the revolt; it is your declamations against the Gospel; it is your guilty oppression of the poor of the flock, which has driven the people to despair. My dear lords, it is not the peasants who have risen against you; it is God Himself who is opposing your madness. The peasants are but instruments He is employing to humble you. My dear lords, for the love of God, calm your irritation; grant reasonable conditions to these poor people, as misled persons; appease their commotions by gentle methods, lest they give birth to a conflagration which shall set all Germany in a flame—some of their demands *are* just and reasonable."

Having thus admitted that the peasants had cause for complaint, he wrote to them declaring "rebellion is the act of heathens; Christians are called to suffer, not to fight." But in vain did Luther speak, the insurrection grew worse and worse; fearful cruelties were committed, young and old, men and women, the strong and the weak, alike found no mercy. The true friends of the Reformation were horror-struck. Luther's feeling heart was wrung with anguish, and he denounced the rebels with all the energy of his character as guilty both towards God and man. But he feared lest the innocent should suffer with the guilty, and implored mercy for those who, against their will, had been compelled to join the rebels.

Day by day the state of things grew more alarming. The church bell, instead of summoning the people to the worship of God, was the signal for calling to arms. "We must," exclaimed the peasantry, "compel the lords of the soil to submit to our conditions;" then they opened the granaries, emptied the cellars, destroyed the castles, and burned the convents, breaking the images of the saints, and destroying crucifixes;—poor deluded people, thus thinking they did God service. Sometimes the princes had the victory, and then again they were beaten by the peasantry. At length, on the 15th of May, 1524, the last conflict took place. The struggle was near the citadel of Wurzburg. From nine in the evening, until two o'clock in the morning, both parties fought desperately. The peasants were at last defeated. The princes put to death hundreds of those who had not been killed in the fight.

The insurrection in Southern Germany is now at an end; heaps of dead bodies, and smoking ruins, are everywhere to be seen; 50,000 have perished; and the little liberty the German peasant had possessed is now lost to him. But Munzer still lives; his restless spirit cannot be quiet. "We must exterminate with the sword, like Joshua," he exclaimed, as he moved towards Saxony.

"Munzer is king and emperor of Mulhausen,

and no longer its pastor," exclaimed Luther. Even at Wittemberg much anxiety was felt; "We are in imminent danger," wrote Melancthon; "if Munzer be successful, all is over with us, unless Christ should appear for our deliverance."

The Elector earnestly desired to deal gently with the rebels. To his brother John he wrote (April 14th): "Possibly more than one cause for insurrection has been given to these poor, wretched people. Oh! in many ways are the poor oppressed by their temporal, as well as their spiritual rulers."

Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, was the first of the reigning princes to take up arms. Joined by Duke John, Duke George, and other princes, he moved towards Saxony. When within sight of Munzer and his rebel hosts, he thus addressed his soldiers: "I well know that we princes are often to blame, for we are but men; but it is God's will that the 'powers that be' should be respected. Let us save our wives and children from these murderers. The Lord will give us the victory, for He hath said, 'He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.'" The signal for attack was then given; Philip's troops moved on, while the peasants sang the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit." Philip's guns soon silenced them, and they dispersed in disorder. Munzer was found concealed on the roof of a cottage, when the battle was over; that same day he was beheaded; and thus ended the Northern insur-

rection, the same day as that in Southern Germany was brought to a close. Those who had been taken prisoners were cruelly put to death; the peasants had shown no mercy, and they received none.

Luther, as we read before, had written from the Wartburg, "Rebellion never obtains for us the benefits we seek, and God condemns it." This truth the German peasant learned by bitter experience. But did the Elector's subjects join in the rebellion? No; the Word of God faithfully preached to them had proved "powerful" in keeping under the passions of men, which might otherwise have led them into fearful excesses.

A melancholy event now took place—the death of the aged and pious Elector, the friend of Luther and the Reformation. He expired on the 5th of May, 1524, just ten days before the final defeat of the peasants.

"How bitter to his survivors," said Luther, "was that death." The day before he died, he called Spalatin, his chaplain, to him, and said, "You do well to visit me, for it is well to visit the sick." He then spoke of his approaching death, and of Luther. In the morning Spalatin returned to him; the aged prince spoke his mind freely, and in the presence of God confessed his sins. The following morning, feeling the near approach of death, his servants were sent for; as they stood around his bed, he looked upon

them, and said, "My little children, if I have offended any one of you, forgive me, for the love of God, for we princes often offend against such little ones, and it ought not so to be."

The faithful Spalatin remained with him until the end, speaking to him of the love of Christ to sinners, the fulness and freeness of salvation through Christ, and other comforting truths. Towards evening, the Elector destroyed a will in which he had commended his soul to the "mother of God," and dictated another, in which he cast himself on the spotless and availing merit of Christ Jesus, for the forgiveness of his sins, and stated his assurance that he was "redeemed by the precious blood of his beloved Saviour."

This done, he added, "I can say no more." At five in the evening he "fell asleep," to awake in the presence of Christ his Saviour.

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

"Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

"I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace."

LOGAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HUSBAND AND FATHER.

"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."—PSALM cxviii. 15.

"O happy home, O home supremely blest,
Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertained,
As the most welcome and beloved guest,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned;
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee,
Where all are ready, at the slightest sign,
To do Thy will, and do it heartily."

From "LYRA DOMESTICA."

WHILE a captive in the Wartburg, Luther wrote a tract, in which he proved from the Bible that the Church of Rome is wrong when she says, "It is unlawful for the clergy to marry." "Marriage is God's appointment," he said, "and therefore no man has a right to forbid it to any one." In consequence of this tract, convents were deserted, and many monks, nuns, and priests married.

Towards the close of 1524, Luther was left alone in the monastery of the Augustines at Wittemberg; he felt very desolate as he walked

along the corridors without meeting one familiar face, or hearing the sound of a voice. So he determined to follow the example of his brethren. The Elector was much surprised one morning by receiving the keys of the convent from Luther, accompanied by a letter, in which he expressed his wish to leave the monastery—lay aside the dress and name of a monk, and be called Doctor Luther. In reply, the Elector sent him a piece of black cloth, told him he might have it made up any way he liked, but that he must not leave the monastery.

Luther had no intention of marrying, though he felt at liberty to do so. "God may change my purpose if such be His will," he said, "but at present I have no thought of taking a wife, not that I am insensible to the charms of married life. I am neither wood nor stone; but I every day expect death, and the punishment of a heretic."

God did "change his purpose."

On the 11th of June, 1524, at the house of his friend Amsdorff, he married a nun, Catherine Bora. Her story is very interesting. She was one of nine nuns who in 1523 escaped from the monastery of Nimptsch, near Grimma, in Saxony. From the study of the Word they had discovered that their lives were not in accordance with its precepts, and that while in the convent it would be impossible for them to "serve God.

acceptably." They therefore determined to leave the nunnery, and wrote to their parents, saying, "Our continuance in the cloister is incompatible with the salvation of our souls." In much anxiety they waited for the reply; it came, and saddened them yet more; their parents refused to receive them. The poor nuns were in deep distress, where to go they knew not, whilst each day increased their desire to depart. So having promised to keep together, whatever happened, they left the convent unobserved. Two friends were waiting with waggons to receive them, and on the 7th of April, knowing they should find a friend in Luther, they stopped at the gate of his monastery in Wittemberg.

"This is not my doing," exclaimed the Reformer, as he received them, and thanked God for their escape, wishing all the monks and nuns in Germany were free likewise. Several friends gladly admitted them to their houses. Catherine Bora found a home in the house of the burgomaster of Wittemberg. All this happened in 1523; and so little did Luther then think of marrying Catherine, that he recommended her as a wife to two of his friends, one of whom, however, did not wish to follow this advice, and Catherine herself refused the other.

Then it was that Luther, strongly urged by his father, thought of marrying her himself. Having written about the lawfulness of the clergy marry-

ing, he thought he ought to prove the sincerity of his opinion by himself setting the example of a monk becoming a married man; in fact, he thought that, "as a Reformer," he ought to marry. The idea of such an event taking place greatly alarmed his friends. "If that monk marries," said Schurff, "he will bring ruin upon all that he has hitherto effected." But Luther cared not for the opinion of man, when his conscience told him God did not condemn him. "I am determined," he said, "to bear witness to the Gospel, not by my words alone, but by my actions. I'll content my father, and marry Catherine."

Some of his friends, however, honoured him for the step he had taken. Melancthon was one of these, he even treated him with more than usual kindness. Melancthon had married three or four years before, but then he was not a monk. Luther was forty-two, and Catherine twenty-six, when they married. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one. Luther used to call his wife "my Ketha," and sometimes "my Lord Catherine." In a letter to a friend, sometime after the marriage, he says—"Kate, my rib, desires her kindest regards to you, and thanks you for your charming letter. She is quite well, by the blessing of God, and in all things submissive and obedient to my will, more than I ever ventured to hope, so that I would not exchange my poverty for all the treasures of Crœsus." It would appear,

from this letter, that the Reformer had not a very exalted opinion of wives as regards their obedience to their husbands. We hope the submissive spirit of Catherine altered his opinion. She was greatly attached to her husband, and love produces obedience, while obedience is an evidence of love. When Luther was distressed in mind (as he often was) her delight was to comfort him by passages of Scripture, which she used to repeat to him. We are told that she worked his portrait in embroidery—a more tedious process than the photographs of our day.

Now that the monks had left the Augustine monastery, John, Elector of Saxony, who had succeeded his brother, Luther's old friend, Frederick, made it a present to the Reformer and his wife for a dwelling-house, and there they lived very happily. They were of one heart and one mind. Their favourite recreation was sacred music, "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

Morning and evening they might be seen seated at the window, which looked into their beautiful garden, while they sang together some sacred song.

Luther was remarkable for his generosity. One day a poor student came into his room, and told him a sad tale of his poverty. The Reformer turned to his wife, and said—"Catherine, give

that man some money." "I have got none," said she, "not a farthing." Luther instantly seized a golden cup, and, handing it to the student, said, "Go, sell that, and supply thy wants therewith."

"The greatest of earthly blessings," said Luther, "is a pious and amiable wife—who fears God, and loves her family, one with whom a man may live in peace, and in whom he may repose perfect confidence."

About a year after their marriage they had a son, whom they named John, and the next year a daughter, named Magdalen—her father called her Madeline. Upon the birth of his son, Luther wrote to Spalatin, saying—"By the wondrous grace of God, I have become a father; pray for me, that Christ may preserve my son from the influence of Satan. When do you again intend to visit us, and enjoy once more a season of social friendship? I have planted a garden and sunk a well, both of them according to my wish. Come, and you shall be crowned with a garland of lilies and roses."

When little John was four years old, his father wrote to him, saying—"Grace and peace to you in Christ Jesus, my dear little child; I perceive, with pleasure, that you are making good progress in your learning, and that you now give attention to your prayers. Continue to do so, my dear child, and when I return home, I will give you

beautiful things. I know a lovely and smiling garden, full of children, dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful; there are also beautiful little ponies, with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. In passing through the garden, I asked a man what it meant, and who were the children. He replied, 'These are the children who love to pray, and to learn, who are pious and good children.' I said to him, 'Dear friend, I have also a child, his name is little John Luther, might he not also come here, and eat these apples and pears, ride on these beautiful ponies, and play with the other children?' The man replied to me, 'If your child, your dear little John Luther, is wise, if he says his prayers, and learns willingly, he may come, and he may bring little Philip and James Melancthon with him.' I then said to the man, 'Dear sir, I intend to write immediately to my dear little John, and I will tell him to be a good boy, to pray and learn well, that he may be permitted to come to this garden. He has a dear little sister, whom he loves very much, her name is Madeline, may he bring her with him?' The man replied, 'Yes, tell him they may both come together.' Be wise then, my dear little boy; tell Philip and James to be wise also, and you will all be allowed to visit and play in this beautiful garden. I commend my dear child

to the protection of God. Salute Madeline, and give her a kiss for me.

"Your father, who loves you,

"19*th June*, 1530. "MARTIN LUTHER."

In the same year Luther wrote a carol for Christmas Eve,* for his son John, or Hans, as the name is in German.

Luther had in all six children; his great desire was to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "I study the Ten Commandments, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer," he said, "daily, praying with my son John, and my daughter Magdalen."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. xxii. 6). The truth of these words Luther experienced. When his daughter Magdalen was fourteen years old, she became very ill, and died. He said, speaking of her, "I love her well; but O my God, if it be thy will to take her home, I must resign myself to Thee." She was lying in bed, and, looking at her, he said, with tears in his eyes, "My dear little daughter, my dear Madeline! you will remain willingly with your father here, or you will go willingly home to please your other Father?"

She replied, "Yes, my dear father, as God pleases."

* See Appendix.

"Dear little child," said Luther, "thy spirit is willing, but thy flesh is weak!"

He walked a long time up and down the room, and at length said, "Yes, I have loved her well."

When little Madeline was in agony, and was nearly breathing her last, her father read to her this passage from Isaiah xxvi.: "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead. Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." Then he fell on his knees at her bedside, wept bitterly, and entreated God to save her. She expired in his arms. Her mother was in the same room. Luther often exclaimed, "God's will be done! My daughter has still a Father in heaven."

When they put her into the coffin, he said, "Poor dear little Madeline! behold thee now!" Again he looked at her, and said, "Oh, dear infant! you will rise again; you will shine as a star; yes, as a sun. I am joyful in spirit, but I am sorrowful in the flesh. It is a marvellous thing to know that she is certainly in peace, and yet for me to be so sad!"

Philip Melancthon was not present at Luther's marriage, but in the chamber of death he stood

by his friend, seeking to comfort him. "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting" (Eccles. vii. 2).

"Now rests her soul in Jesu's arms,
Her body in the grave sleeps well,
His heart her death-chill'd heart re-warms,
And rest, more deep than tongue can tell—
Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd,
She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last;
She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,
God wipes away her tears; she feels
New life that all her languor heals,
The glory of the Lamb she sees.

"The child hath now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what those words may mean,
'Himself, the Father, loveth thee.'
A shoreless ocean, an abyss
Unfathom'd, fill'd with good and bliss,
Now breaks on her enraptur'd sight;
She sees God's face, she learneth then
What this shall be, to be His heir,
Joint-heir with Christ her Lord, in light."

From "LYRA GERMANICA."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROTEST OF SPIRES.

"I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed."—PSALM cxix. 46.

"Think not of rest: though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed;
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"—KEBLE.

FREDERICK THE WISE, the venerated Elector of Saxony, being dead, his brother, Duke John, succeeded him. After the defeat of the peasants, Duke George, the old enemy of the Reformation, endeavoured to prejudice the new Elector and the Landgrave of Hesse against Luther. "See," said he, pointing to the field of carnage—"see what miseries Luther has occasioned."

"Duke George," remarked the Reformer, "flatters himself that he shall succeed, now that Frederick is dead; but Christ still reigns in the midst of his enemies; gnash their teeth as they will, the desire of them shall perish."

Some even said that the duke intended to

arrest Luther in Wittemberg. His enemies plotted against his life, but God protected him; under the shadow of his wings, no evil could come nigh him. In this state of things, Luther, as we have seen, married, June 11th, 1525.

The new Elector, a more open friend of the Reformation than Frederick had been, fearlessly declared "every thing, no matter what, must be conformed to God's Word." To the assembled clergy at Weimar, he said, "I desire that you will in future preach the pure Word of God, apart from those things which man has added."

Philip of Hesse, who had married the daughter of Duke George, earnestly endeavoured to bring over his father-in-law to the Gospel; he did not succeed with him, but the duke's son embraced the truth. Besides the Elector of Saxony, and Philip of Hesse, the Reformation had now a friend in Albert of Prussia.

Prussia had lately declared in favour of the Gospel. This joyful news was communicated to Luther in a very interesting manner. One day, the sound of a voice singing at his gate attracted his attention; he listened, and as he caught the words, they seemed to speak of Christ, and redemption through his blood. Enraptured by the sound, he begged to have the hymn repeated. Who could the singer be? whence did he come, and whose hymn did he sing so sweetly? The singer was a poor beggar

from the shores of the Baltic; the hymn, "At length redemption's come," was written by Poliander, the secretary of Doctor Eck, at the Leipsic discussion. Tears filled Luther's eyes as he heard this, but they were tears of gratitude and joy. Thus the temporal powers were favouring the Reformation; a great blessing, and one which called for praise and gratitude to Him who turneth the hearts of kings whithersoever He will.

But Luther felt uneasy, lest now that man appeared in behalf of the Gospel, the glory of its success should fail to be ascribed to God alone. The blessed Word was making progress by its own power, confirming the promise, "It shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it" (Isa. lv. 11). And the Reformer dreaded lest the interference of man should mar the work. "That the Word of the Lord might have free course and be glorified," was his fervent desire. With this view he entreated the Elector to establish the preaching of the Gospel throughout the empire, instead of the ministrations of the Romish clergy. At this time too ministers of the reformed faith began to be ordained.

"Let not the Pope, the bishops, and the monks, exclaim against us," said Melancthon; "*we* are the church; he who separates himself

from us, separates himself from the church. There is no other church, save the assembly of those who have the Word of God, and who are purified by it."

These efforts could not be made without rousing the indignation of Rome, but she hoped finally to crush the Reformation at the Diet about to be held at Augsburg.

On the 11th of December it assembled. The deputies from Saxony and Hesse spoke fearlessly. "The rising of the peasants," they said, "was the effect of impolitic and harsh usage. God's truth is not to be torn from the heart by fire and sword. If you are bent on resorting to violence against the reformed opinions, you will bring down upon us calamities more terrible than those from which we have just escaped."

The importance of the resolution to be passed at the Diet was so deeply felt by both parties, that after a few days the assembly was dismissed to re-assemble at Spires the following May; thus more than four months were allowed for each party to strengthen itself for the contest. In the meantime the resolution passed at Nuremberg, that "until a General Council should meet, the Gospel alone should be preached"—was to remain in force. "When the Diet meet again," said the deputies, "we will go fully into the questions of the holy faith, public rights, and the general peace."

Convinced that the Emperor was seeking the

aid of other princes to contend against "Christ and his Word," the Landgrave wrote to the Elector, earnestly entreating him to unite with other states for the defence of the Gospel. "For myself," said he, "I would rather die than deny the Word of God, and allow myself to be driven from my throne." This proposal greatly distressed Luther; he insisted that the defence of the doctrines of the Gospel should be left to God alone—that the less man interfered with it the better. Melancthon felt with his friend, and dreaded lest an alliance between the princes favourable to the Reformation should bring about that very struggle it was intended to avert. But their united entreaties could not prevail with Philip; he however failed to procure the aid for which he sought. The Elector of Saxony, contrary to the advice of the Reformer, made similar efforts, and with more success. On the 12th of June, he, his son, and several princes of the empire, entered into an alliance at Magdeburg in defence of the Reformation, similar to that recently formed by Duke George at Torgau, for the interests of Rome.

"Almighty God," said the princes, "having in his unspeakable mercy again brought forward among men his holy and eternal Word, the food of our souls, and our richest treasure on this earth, and great efforts being made by the clergy and their adherents to suppress and extirpate it,

we being well assured that He who has sent it forth to glorify his name upon earth, will know how to maintain it, mutually engage to preserve the blessed Word to our people, and to employ to this end our goods and our lives, the resources of our States, and the arms of our subjects, and all that we have, putting our trust not in our armies, but in the Almighty power of the Lord, of whom we desire to be but the instruments." Thus spoke the princes, with the Elector of Saxony at their head.

Every day the alliance gained strength. The Romish party, alarmed, lest at the approaching Diet they should be outnumbered, met to consider what was best to be done. "The Emperor and the Pope," they said, "must be entreated to interfere for the deliverance of the Church." Accordingly, a memorial was addressed to Charles. "The detestable doctrines of Luther," it stated, "are making extensive progress. Every day attempts are made to seduce ourselves, and failing to persuade us, they seek to compel us, by exciting our subjects to revolt. We implore the Emperor's intervention."

The Duke of Brunswick was sent with this memorial to Charles. He reached Seville, the chief city of Andalusia, amid rejoicings upon the marriage of the Emperor with a princess of Portugal. The duke was graciously received; Charles promised to act with vigour for the salvation of the Church. He immediately wrote letters to

several princes and cities friendly to Rome, promising soon to leave Spain, repair to Rome, and thence pass into Germany, to oppose "that abominable Wittemberg pest."

The Romish party felt the victory theirs, when they received the Emperor's letter. "How could the conqueror of Francis I. be himself conquered? Impossible!" they exclaimed; but "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

And what were Luther's thoughts at this time? did he think lightly of the danger which threatened the cause dearer to him than his life? No; he expected that thousands of swords would ere long be unsheathed against the Gospel;" he felt the weakness of man, his own weakness, to oppose them; but he remembered that there is a "strength" which "in weakness" is "made perfect;" that strength he sought. Writing to Frederick Myconius, he said, "Satan is raging; ungodly priests take counsel together, and we are threatened with war. Exhort the people to contend earnestly before the throne of the Lord, by faith and prayer, that our adversaries, being overcome by the Spirit of God, may be constrained to peace. The most urgent of our wants, the very first thing we have to do, is to *pray;* let the people know that they are at this hour exposed to the evil of the sword, and the rage of the devil: let them *pray*.

On June 25th the Diet opened at Spires; Ferdinand, King of Spain, was present. Never before had the Romish party felt such bitter enmity against the Gospel. "The Pharisees," said Spalatin, pursue Jesus Christ with violent hatred;"—and never had the hopes of the Reformers been so bright. Their first request was for a place of worship—a reasonable demand, we should say, but it was denied.

The evangelical princes, therefore, opened the halls of their palaces for the daily preaching of the Gospel; crowds attended, while the splendid cathedral in which the mass was celebrated was left almost empty. "So mightily grew the Word of God, and prevailed."

But it was not enough to have the pure Gospel preached; those whose lives were at variance with its holy precepts must be rebuked. The Landgrave, therefore, entreated the Elector to "abolish certain court customs, which dishonoured the Gospel." Drunkenness being one of those "court customs!" "Every usage contrary to the faith of Jesus Christ was to be abolished." "Not so," said the bishops; "instead of abolishing such things, it is better to burn the heretical books which have caused all this division in the Catholic Church." To this remark, the reply, "You desire, then, to burn all wisdom and knowledge," was given. "So the books were not burnt, and the necessity for a reform in the Church was to be inquired into."

Great was the indignation of the Pope's party. "How can the Church, whose head is infallible, need to be reformed?" they said; "why does not Ferdinand awake, and publish to the world the decree with which Charles entrusted him four months ago at Seville?" And what was that decree? It was dated from Seville, March 23rd. In it the Emperor ordered that the "Church customs should be everywhere observed," and called upon the Diet to impose the Edict of Worms. Thus the decree was a call for persecution to recommence its deadly work. But God had determined otherwise.

The princes of the Reformation consulted together. "When the Emperor signed this decree," said they, "on the 23rd of March, he was on good terms with the Pope, but now everything is changed. It is even said that he told Margaret, his deputy in the Low Countries, to 'deal gently with respect to the Gospel:' let us send him a deputation."

It was quite true; the Emperor and the Pope were now at enmity with each other. "Let us," Charles wrote to his brother Ferdinand, "suspend the Edict of Worms."

Wonderful change! The Reformer could scarcely believe it. "It is God, God Himself," he said, "who will save his churches."

Instead of tumult and war, a season of rest now seemed to be given to the Reformation, and

it was much needed. A kind of religious liberty was granted, allowing each State to act as it thought right, and give account for itself to God and the Emperor. This was a great and unexpected blessing. Charles now asked the aid of the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave, and their allies, in his march against Rome. "Announce," said he to his brother, "that the army is to march against the Turks; every one will know what Turks are meant." And now began the terrible war against Rome—the holy city—the mistress of the world; that storm which had been intended to fall upon Germany and the Reformation. The troops march onward in November over the Alps, which they cross in three days, through storm, drifting snow, and over frightful precipices—nothing can stop them; they are marching for plunder.

"The Emperor's forces are triumphing in Italy," wrote Luther; "the Pope is visited from every quarter; his destruction draweth nigh; his hour and his end are come."

On the evening of the 5th of May the army reached Rome; the next day the city fell. The Pope fled to his castle of Saint Angelo. Then began the sack of Rome; dreadful was the slaughter, horrible were the tortures which, we are grieved to say, the Lutherans inflicted upon their prisoners, reminding us of those words—"Great Babylon came in remembrance before

God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath" (Rev. xvi. 19).

"Such," said the evangelical Christians, "is the empire of Jesus Christ, that the Emperor, pursuing Luther on account of the Pope, is constrained to ruin the Pope instead of Luther. All things minister unto the Lord, and turn against his adversaries."

The two great enemies of the Reformation, Charles V. and Clement VII., being at war with each other, the church of Christ in Germany had a season of rest. The Reformers took advantage of it to arrange many matters which required to be put in order. Hitherto their work had been to "pull down," now they set themselves to "build up." A new ministry had to be formed—men to be selected who had not only separated themselves from the errors of Rome, but who knew and loved the truth, having experienced its sanctifying power. To undertake this was a very difficult task, but Luther did not shrink from it. In October of this year, 1526, he wrote to the Elector, saying, "Your Highness, in your quality of guardian of youth, and of all who know not how to take care of themselves, should compel the inhabitants who desire neither pastors nor schools, to receive these means of grace as they are compelled to work on the roads, or bridges, and such like services; the papal order being abolished, it is your duty to regulate these things;

no other person cares about them, no other can, and no other ought to do so. Commission, therefore, four persons to visit all the country; let two of them inquire into the titles of church property, and let two take charge of the doctrine, schools, churches, and pastors."

This advice the Elector followed, and nominated Luther, Melancthon, Spalatin, and Thuring,—of whom we have not heard before—for the work. They set out in November 1528, just twelve years from the time that Frederick the Wise sent Luther to visit the monasteries in his dominions. We may remember that visitation in 1516, and that from the blessing which attended it, that year was called "the Morning Star of the Reformation." In six weeks Luther then visited forty-six monasteries, in which he proclaimed the Gospel—justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—to many who had never before heard the joyful sound, in the hope that to some, at least, it might prove the "savour of life unto life." Now, the work was somewhat different, the Gospel had been blessed to many congregations, but much error remained which needed to be put away. The Latin Liturgy was for the present retained, with some German hymns introduced into it. Wherever these visitors of the churches went, they taught, they admonished, they established new schools and appointed teachers, to whom they gave instruction themselves.

In the following year, 1529, Luther wrote his Catechism, which, next to his translation of the Bible, is perhaps his most useful work. Abundant blessing was granted; so that in 1530 the Reformer wrote to the Elector, saying, "Our youth now grow up so well instructed in the Scriptures and Catechism, it does my heart good to see and hear them. Young boys and little maidens learn to believe and understand more of God and Christ, than was formerly known in our cloisters and schools."

The whole German empire was affected by the happy result of this visitation; many of the most important imperial cities, as Nuremburg, Augsburg, Ulm, Strasburg, Lubeck, Berlin, Bremen, Brandenburg, and Hamburg, declared themselves on the side of Christ and his Gospel. At the same time, Holstein, Sleswick, and Silesia, decided in favour of the Reformation, and the number of its friends in Bohemia and Moravia greatly increased. The sincerity of those who professed the Gospel was sorely tried. At Landsburg nine persons were burnt, at Munich twenty-nine were drowned; Ferdinand declaring that "any one who said Mary was a woman, like other women, should be put to death."

The sack of Rome had so exasperated the enemies of Charles V., that he felt it expedient to be reconciled to his "Holiness." Accordingly, on June 29th, 1528, peace was concluded at Bar-

celona, between the Pope and the Emperor, for the destruction of the Reformation. Let not this surprise us. "Herod and Pilate were made friends together," and they crucified the "Lord of glory."

The Diet reassembled at Spires in March. Ferdinand and his allies arrived, attended by a numerous escort. The Elector followed with Melancthon and one other friend—then came the warlike Philip of Hesse, with two hundred horsemen. The Papal party insulted the Elector and his friends openly in the streets. "We are the execration and the sweepings of the world," said Melancthon. Nevertheless, "about eight thousand persons were present to-day in my chapel, at morning and evening service," wrote the Elector to his son, on Palm Monday. The Romish party knew this, and resolved to hasten their work. "Let us," they said, "crush heresy at once; let us abolish the decree of 1526, which granted religious liberty, and revive that of 1521, which denied it." When the evangelical princes heard this proposal, they were filled with alarm. "Christ," said Sturm, "has again fallen into the hands of Caiaphas and Pilate." "We must," said the priests, "have the execution of the Edict of Worms, of 1521." "And we," said the Elector, "demand the maintenance of that of Spires, of 1526." Both requests were denied. What was to be done? It was at length decided that,

in the places in which the Edict of Worms had been enforced, it should still be carried out, and that, in those districts in which it had not been observed, no further reform should be attempted. Thus the Reformation was not to be extended to those districts which had not yet felt its power, and those which had embraced it were denied further instruction in its doctrines. Could the Reformed party agree to this decision? No—they must obey the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "*Warning* every man, and *teaching* every man in all wisdom." "The States are obstinate," said Ferdinand, "we must subdue them." Accordingly, on the 12th of April, their deputies, being summoned before the Diet, were asked, would they, or would they not, accept the decree. Twenty-one replied "Yes," fourteen "No." "This is the first trial," said the deputy of Strasburg, "now will come the second. We must either deny the Word of God, or—be burnt." The princes stood firm. When pressed to accept the decree, they replied, "We will obey the Emperor in everything that may contibute to maintain peace and the Word of God."

Ferdinand, tired of delay, determined to put an end to the struggle. On April 19th he appeared at the Diet, thanked the Roman Catholics for their zeal and fidelity—and declared that the resolution he had proposed having been agreed

to, it was now to become an Imperial Edict. Then, turning to the Elector and his friends—"Submission," he said, "is your part." The princes amazed, withdrew to an adjoining room to consult together. Ferdinand did not wait for their return—"I have received an order from his Imperial Majesty," he said—"I have executed it—all is over."

As the king did not choose to return, the princes must act without him; they felt that the honour of God's Word was entrusted to them, and determined, God being their helper, to be faithful to that trust. They, therefore, drew up the famous protest, or declaration of their opinions, which has since given the name "Protestant" to the Reformed Church. Returning to the Diet, they read their protest to the assembled States. The principles it sets forth are most important. It states that the power of conscience is above that of the magistrate, and therefore the civil power is not to be obeyed in divine things when its demands are contrary to the voice of conscience. It upholds the authority of God's Word above the visible church, and distinctly States that all human teaching should be subordinate to that Word. It puts Christ in his place as "Head over all things to his church," and exalts the Word of God as alone "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus."

Having read the protest, the princes stated their intention to leave Spires the following day.

Before their departure, they sent a deputation to Ferdinand, with a copy of their protest. He refused to accept it—the deputation to take it back. At length they received it from the hands of Ferdinand, and, calmly laying it on a table, withdrew. Enraged at so bold an act, Ferdinand commanded his counsellors instantly to take the protest back to its authors. They did so; but the writing could not thus be obliterated. The protest remained, the firm, noble expression of the sentiments of the Reformed Church, which determined to "obey God rather than man."

Throughout Germany the Protestants "thanked God and took courage." John Frederick, the Elector's son, wrote, saying, "May the Almighty, who has given you grace to confess energetically, freely, and fearlessly, preserve you in that Christian firmness until the day of eternity."

In a lane, near St. John's Church, in Spires, lived an humble pastor, Peter Muterstatt. On Sunday, April 25th, two notaries and the chancellors of the evangelical princes and cities met in his house. An appeal being drawn up, one of the notaries began to read it. "Since there is a natural connection between all men," said the Protestants, "and since even persons condemned to death are permitted to write and appeal against their condemnation, how much more are we, who

are members of the same spiritual body, the church of the Son of God, children of the same Heavenly Father, and consequently brothers in the Spirit, authorized to unite when our salvation and eternal condemnation are concerned." They then stated what had occurred at the Diet, and ended by saying, "We, therefore, appeal for ourselves, for our subjects, and for all who receive, or who shall hereafter receive, the Word of God for all past, present, and future vexatious measures, to his Imperial Majesty, and to a free and universal assembly of holy Christendom."

The appeal filled twelve sheets of parchment, to which the signatures and seals of those who adopted it were affixed. It was published by the Landgrave on the 5th, and by the Elector on the 13th of May.

Luther did not then see the great importance of the protest. But there are few greater events recorded in history. The Spirit of God had inspired the Elector and his friends with noble courage, fitting them for the glorious work given them to do.

We trust the Church of Christ will ever gratefully remember Luther and the evangelical princes of Spires.

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

"Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last."

C. WESLEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FEARS WITHIN, FIGHTINGS WITHOUT.

"Let brotherly love continue."—HEB. xiii. 1.

"Arise, and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou knowest we all are frail;
Grant neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

"Cause all disharmony and strife,
In Christendom to cease;
And give to all the flocks of Christ,
Love, union, truth, and peace."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

THE Romish party were greatly provoked by the protest of Spires. In accordance with the oath he had taken at Barcelona, Charles V. set about preparing "a suitable antidote for the pestilential disease with which the Germans were attacked, and to avenge in a striking manner the insult offered to Jesus Christ." The Protestant States were in great alarm. "It is by keeping yourselves tranquil and in quietness that you shall be saved," wrote Luther; "Christ the Lord will know how to deliver us."

We remember the discussion at Magdeburg

upon the Lord's Supper, between Luther and Carlstadt. A similar dispute now took place at Marburg, between Luther and Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer, who held the same views as Carlstadt. This conference was brought about by Philip of Hesse, who deeply lamented the want of love manifested by both parties, which gave occasion to the enemy to say, "You boast of your attachment to the pure Word of God, and yet you are disunited. Philip longed for the time when their adversaries might again be constrained to say, "See how these Christians love one another." He hoped the conference might have the effect of uniting them in opinion, and that if not, they might agree to differ, regarding each other as members of Christ, and therefore brothers in the Lord.

On the 29th of September Œcolampadius and Zwingle arrived at Marburg; Luther and Melancthon followed the day after. Carlstadt asked permission to be present, but it was denied. The subject of dispute was our Lord's words, "This is my body." Luther and Melancthon contended that Christ's body is in heaven, and also in the sacrament; while Zwingle and Œcolampadius maintained that "according to his human nature, Christ was absent from heaven, while He was upon earth; and He quitted the earth, when He ascended into heaven; but according to his divine nature, He remained in heaven when He came

down thence, and He did not abandon the earth when He returned thither."

Luther, who was naturally "of an intractable and imperious disposition," called out, "Let our adversaries believe as we do."

"We cannot," replied the Swiss.

"Well, then," replied Luther, "I abandon you to God's judgment, and pray that He may enlighten you."

"We will do the same," replied Œcolampadius.

Zwingle, deeply grieved, burst into tears.

The conference ended, but the Landgrave would not let them thus depart. "You cannot thus separate," he said; "think of the salvation of the Christian republic, and remove all discord from your hearts."

Zwingle too longed for union. "Let us," he said, "confess our mind in all things in which we agree, and as for the rest, let us remember that we are brothers. There will never be peace in the Church, if, while we maintain the grand doctrine of salvation by faith, we cannot differ upon secondary points."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Philip, "acknowledge that you are brothers."

Zwingle, in tears, held out his hand to Luther; it was rejected. "You have a different spirit from ours," said he; which words he twice repeated, to the great distress of Zwingle, and the indignation of the Landgrave. Luther continued, "We ac-

knowledge you as friends, but not as brothers and members of Christ's Church."

This was a most severe blow to the Swiss, but they refrained from harsh and violent words.

Luther, relenting a little, then said, "I offer you the hand of love and charity."

The Swiss joyfully accepted it, and all shook hands. The Landgrave in delight, said, "We must let the Christian world know, that except upon the manner of the appearance of the body and blood in the Lord's Supper, you all agree in all the articles of faith."

To this they assented. A paper was then drawn up by Luther, in which the various articles of the Christian faith, the Unity of the Godhead—the Trinity—the Divinity and Humanity of our Lord — Justification by Faith — were distinctly stated, to all of which the Swiss assented. Then came the point upon which they were not agreed.

"We believe," said Luther, "that the very body and blood of Jesus Christ are in the Sacrament; and though at present we are not agreed on the question whether the real body and blood of Christ are corporeally present in the bread and wine, yet both parties shall cherish more and more of a truly Christian charity for one another, so far as conscience permits; and we will all earnestly implore the Lord to condescend by his Spirit to confirm us in the sound doctrine."

The Swiss were overjoyed; the paper was

again read over, and a copy made of it. Zwingle Œcolampadius, and their friends, signed one; Luther, Melancthon, and their friends, the other, and then each party signed the paper of his opponent. Thus ended the Marburg conference; after which the spirit of the disputants became much more moderate.

We are told that a little before his death, Luther confessed to Melancthon that he had "gone too far in asserting Christ's corporeal presence in the Lord's Supper." Melancthon tried to induce him to state the change in his sentiments in a public manner; but to this he objected, lest "by so doing he should make all his doctrine appear doubtful."

While the friends of the Gospel were thus engaged, their bitter enemy Charles V. landed at Genoa, on his way to visit the Pope, Clement VII., before crossing the Alps to accomplish the destruction of the Reformation.

"The Emperor," said Luther, "was determined to show himself more cruel against us than the devil himself. Behold the hour of Christ's agony and weakness; let us pray for all those who will now have to endure captivity and death."

All Germany was in agitation. The question arose whether the protest of Spires (19th of April) could be maintained against the united power of the Emperor and the Pope. In the beginning of September 1529, Charles V.—the

conqueror of Francis I. at Pavia, and of the Pope, by the "sack of Rome" and subsequent treaty, when from his prison, the Castle of St. Angelo, his Holiness renounced every alliance against the Emperor—landed at Genoa. The Italians met him with pale faces and dejected countenances, expecting harsh treatment at his hands; but they were mistaken. He spoke of peace and a general pardon, only requiring pecuniary compensation from them. It was not usual for the Emperor to treat his enemies with forbearance; quite the contrary. Whence, then, arose this clemency? Various causes combined to produce it. The near approach of the Sultan, who, after having overrun Hungary, entered Austria, and besieged Vienna with an army of an hundred and fifty thousand men, made it expedient for the Emperor to collect his forces to oppose that mighty torrent. Besides, the progress of the reformed opinions in Germany made his presence there highly desirable, if indeed he hoped to stay the advance of truth. Added to these reasons, preparations for his journey had involved him in considerable expense, greater than his revenues could conveniently meet; therefore, though when he set out for Italy, he intended to avail himself to the utmost of the position he had obtained, he now felt it necessary to content himself by a display of the pomp—not the power—of a conqueror.

While at Piacenza, on his way from Genoa to Bologna, Charles was overtaken by three very unwelcome messengers, deputies from the evangelical princes of Germany. Their names were John Ehinger, Michael Caden, and Alexis Frauentraut. They came intrusted with an important mission—to present the celebrated protest of Spires to the Emperor. Cardinal Gattinara, the Emperor's chancellor, who, though a sincere Roman Catholic, earnestly desired a reform of the Church, procured them an audience, but advised them not to say much, as there was "nothing the Emperor disliked so much as a Protestant sermon." Having handed the protest to Charles, Frauentraut, nothing daunted by the chancellor's hint, added, "It is to the Supreme Judge that every one of us must render an account, and not to creatures who turn at every wind. It is better to fall into the most cruel necessity than incur the anger of God. Our nation will obey no decrees that are based on any other foundation than the Holy Scriptures." Charles remained silent, thinking the deputy not worthy of a reply, but desired one of his secretaries to convey an answer at some future time. The deputies thus detained were not idle. When about to start on their mission, the Landgrave had intrusted to Caden a French book bound in velvet, and richly ornamented. "Take this book," he said, "and deliver it to the Emperor." It contained the articles of the

Christian faith drawn up by Francis Lambert, a learned French doctor, who had adopted the doctrines and principles of the Reformation. Caden found an opportunity of fulfilling the Landgrave's desire, and handed the book to Charles one day on his way to mass.

On the 12th of October, Schweiss, the Imperial secretary, communicated the Emperor's reply to the deputies. "The minority ought to submit to the Diet." Ehinger and Caden then read aloud the appeal to the Emperor drawn up at Spires, and having done so, handed it to Schweiss, who, rejected it; it was then laid upon the table, and finally presented to the Emperor. The deputies then returned to their hotel. After dinner Caden went out, and during his absence Schweiss returned, bearing the unpleasant tidings, "The Emperor is exceedingly irritated against you on account of this appeal, and he forbids you, under pain of confiscation and death, to leave your hotel, write to Germany, or send any message whatsoever thither." Caden, who had gone out, heard of the arrest from his servant; hastily writing an account of it to Nuremberg, he sent it off by express, and returned to his friends.

On the 23rd Charles left Piacenza, carrying his three prisoners with him; in a few days he released all but Caden. "As for you," said Granvelle, "you will stay under pain of death. The Emperor expects that the book you presented

to him will be given up to the Pope." But Caden did *not* stay, he fled by Venice to Nuremberg: thus the three deputies escaped. The Emperor pursued his way, and on the 5th of November entered Bologna, attended by a splendid retinue. The Pope left his palace to meet his "beloved child!" The Emperor, in deep humility, fell on his knees, and kissed the feet of his "most holy Father!" The "head of the Church" and the "head of the Empire" resided in two palaces only separated from each other by a wall, through which a door had been opened, of which each had a key. No doubt many friendly (!) visits were exchanged between the aged Pontiff and the youthful Emperor. Many subjects connected with the affairs of the empire were then discussed. At length the most important—the Reformation—came under consideration. Some advised the Emperor to "constrain the Protestants to submit by force of arms." But wiser advice was given by Gattinara. "The Church is torn in pieces," he said; "you (Charles) are the head of the empire; you (the Pope) are the head of the Church. It is your duty to provide by common accord against unprecedented events. Assemble the pious men of all nations, and let a free council deduce from the Word of God a scheme of doctrine such as may be received by the people."

Of all proposals, that of the Cardinal was most objectionable in the eyes of the Pope.

"Large congregations," he replied, "serve only to introduce popular opinions. It is not with the decrees of councils, but with the edge of the sword that we should decide controversies."

Gattinara repeated his opinion.

"What!" exclaimed the Pope, "you dare to interrupt me, and excite your master against me."

Charles was indignant; he saw the justice of the Cardinal's words, and seconded his request.

The Pope then consented to "think upon it," but in private he did his utmost to induce Charles to "constrain the heretics by violence."

"To overcome Germany by force, and then erase it from the surface of the earth, is the sole object of the Italians," thus wrote a friend in Venice to the Elector.

While these conferences were being held at Bologna, the express sent from Caden to Nuremberg arrived. "The prince's deputies have been arrested," exclaimed all Germany: "it is a declaration of war." The Elector consulted his friends at Wittemberg.

"We cannot on our conscience," replied Luther, "approve of the proposed alliance. We would rather die ten times than see the Gospel cause one drop of blood to be shed. Our part is to be like lambs of the slaughter. The cross of Christ must be borne. Let your Highness be without fear. We shall do more by our prayers than

our enemies by all their teachings. Only let not your hands be stained with the blood of brethren. If the Emperor require us to be given up to his tribunal, we are ready to appear. You cannot defend our faith; each one should believe at his own peril and risk."

In a few days, to the great surprise and joy of the evangelical congress assembled at Smalkeld, Ehinger, Caden and Frauentraut stood before them. Surely now, thought the Landgrave, an alliance of the temporal powers for the protection of the Reformation will be formed. He was again mistaken. Luther triumphed. That no union between politics and religion could be of God was his opinion, and it prevailed.

"The Saviour, the Pope is coming!" wrote the Papists from Germany. "Alas," said Luther, "what a pitiless Saviour!" Every day more alarming news was circulated. "All is accomplished," said Luther. He thought the last days were at hand, fearing lest they should arrive before he had quite completed the translation of the entire Bible, he published the prophecies of Daniel alone, "a word," he said, "for these latter times." "Historians relate," he added, "that Alexander the Great always placed Homer under his pillow. The prophet Daniel is worthy not only that kings and princes should keep him under their heads, but in their hearts, for he will teach them that the government of nations pro-

ceeds from the power of God. We are balanced in the hand of the Lord, as a ship upon the sea, or a cloud in the sky."

On the 21st of January, Charles appointed a Diet of the Empire to meet the following March, at Augsburg. In his journey towards that city he had many opportunities of observing the disposition of the Germans with regard to the religious matters of controversy, and found their minds everywhere so much excited and irritated, that he was convinced no severe or rigorous measures ought to be attempted, at least until those of a different character had been tried, and found to be ineffectual. "Let us put an end to all discord," he said; "let us renounce our antipathies; let us offer to our Saviour the sacrifice of all our envies; let us make it our business to comprehend and weigh with meekness the opinions of others. Let us annihilate all that has been said or done on both sides contrary to right, and let us seek after Christian truth. Let us all fight under one and the same leader, Jesus Christ, and let us strive thus to meet in one communion, one church, and one unity." What a wonderful change in the Emperor's language! What could have produced it? Was it the fear of a Turkish invasion? Or had Gattinara's words made an impression favourable to the Reformed party in the State, or did Charles desire to terrify the Pope, and lead him to imagine that he would again become

his enemy. Perhaps all these reasons lent their aid to produce this change—we cannot tell. But whatever mildness might characterize the language of the Emperor, no such ingredient was to be found in that of his brother Ferdinand. "Do not fear," he wrote to Charles; "pretexts will not be wanting to chastise these rebels, and you will find men enough who will be happy to aid you in your revenge."

Like Charlemagne in old times, and Napoleon more recently, Charles V. wished to be crowned by the Pope. The splendid ceremony took place at Bologna on February 22nd; the iron crown of Lombardy was on that day placed on his head, and on the 24th he assumed the golden crown of Rome. He chose that day, being his birthday, and also the anniversary of the battle of Pavia, memorable as that upon which he defeated Francis I. During the ceremony, when the Pope presented the Emperor with a sword, he said—"Make use of it against the enemies of the faith"—then, taking the golden orb, studded with jewels, he said—"Govern the world with piety and firmness." And, when placing the golden crown, enriched with diamonds, on his head, he said—"Charles, Emperor Invincible, receive this crown, which we place on your head, as a sign to all the earth of the authority that is conferred upon you." The Emperor then devoutly kissed the white cross embroidered on the Pope's red slip-

per, exclaiming, in fervent accents, "I swear ever to employ all my strength to defend the pontificial dignity and the Church of Rome." After his coronation, Charles turned his steps towards Germany. True to the Pope's directions, he declared himself friendly to "*rigorous* measures." In triumph, the Papal party exclaimed, "Now we shall see the Protestants flying on every side, like timid doves upon whom the Alpine eagle pounces." Great, indeed, was the alarm amongst the Protestants. Some even said Luther and Melancthon were dead. "Alas," said Melancthon, when he heard these reports, "the rumour is but too true, I die daily." Luther, in the confidence of faith, exclaimed, "Our enemies triumph, but only to perish." The Elector's spirit rose as the danger became more imminent. "Let us collect our troops," said his counsellors; "let us march on the Tyrol, and close the passages against the Emperor." Philip of Hesse at length had the joy of seeing his "indolent allies" roused to take vigorous measures. And they intended to act thus, but before the sword was allowed to dart from its scabbard in defence of the Gospel, the Elector once more consulted Luther. His reply was very remarkable. "Our Princes' subjects," he said, "are also the Emperor's subjects, and even more so than princes are. To protect by arms the Emperor's subjects against the Emperor, would be as if the Burgomaster of

Torgau wished to protect by force his citizens against the Elector." "Attend," he again wrote; "if the Emperor desires to march against us, let no prince undertake our defence. God is faithful —He will not abandon us." Noble words! Preparations for war immediately ceased. Will the Elector attend the Diet? was the next question discussed. Most of his counsellors doubted. "Is it not," they said, "risking everything to go and shut ourselves up within the walls of a city with a powerful enemy?" But there were a few who, undaunted, replied, "What! would the Emperor insist so much on the presence of the princes at Augsburg to draw them into a snare? We cannot impute such perfidy to him." The Landgrave significantly replied, "Remember Piacenza," and he might have added—John Huss, at Constance. But the more courageous replied, "Let the princes only comport themselves with courage, and God's cause is saved."

Their decision prevailed. The Protestants felt that, at the Diet, they should have either boldly to defend and maintain their faith, or abandon it; no middle course could be adopted. And it was well it should be so. The Elector, therefore, wrote to Wittemberg, to secure the assistance of Luther, Melancthon, Jonas, and Pomeranus, directing them to settle upon the articles of the Christian faith, which must be steadily maintained, and to leave less important points out of the business.

Having completed their task, Luther, Melancthon, and Jonas arrived at Torgau in Easter week, and requested permission to present their articles to Charles. "God forbid!" replied the Elector; "I also desire to confess my Lord."

On the 3rd of April he set out for Augsburg, accompanied by one hundred and sixty horsemen, in rich scarlet cloaks, embroidered in gold.

When oppressed by anxious care, as many were, Luther cheered them by singing with his fine voice his noble hymn, "Ein feste burg ist unser Gott." Weak in himself, he was "strong in the Lord." During the Diet, this hymn was often sung in the churches in Saxony, as well as at Augsburg, and no doubt often revived the hearts of the faithful. Luther accompanied the Elector and his friends as far as Coburg, but there he received an order to proceed no further. "Some one," wrote he to one of his friends, "has said you have a harsh voice: hold your tongue." Bitter was the disappointment, but he murmured not, and contentedly obeyed his prince. The Elector feared that perhaps Luther's presence at the Diet might irritate Charles, and thereby injure the cause he desired to serve. However, knowing that his advice would be of the highest value, he left him at Coburg, from whence he could hear from him with but little delay. Luther therefore remained in the castle overlooking the town and River Itz,

from the upper story of which he wrote the following very humorous letter, dated from the region of birds :—

"Grace and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends. I have received your letters, and understand from them how it has fared with you all. That you may know how it fares with me, I hereby give you to know that we, namely, I, Master Peit, and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet of Augsburg; we are, however, here attending another Diet.

"You know that just beneath our windows is a *rookery* in a small wood, and there the rooks and jackdaws hold their Diet. There is such a *journeying* to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night, without any ceasing, and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold out; and I would fain know whether in your parts you have any such nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered here from all the ends of the earth. Their emperor I have not seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in any costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour; they are all dressed in black; all are grey eyed, and sing the same way, except with some petty differences of old and young, great and small. They reck not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is arched with the fair, wide,

heavens. Their floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green things, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they require steed or harness; they have feathered wheels, wherewith they escape from the fear of their enemies, and above their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve, I know not. This much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter, that they have a mighty expedition in hand, and wage war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here in diet, and hear and see with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the states of the empire, so joyously sing, and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how haughty an air they steal, draw bills, and attack the defences; and how they gain conquests and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all well spitted on a hedge stake together. I hope, however, that they are most like the Papists, with their preaching and writing; for I would fain have them all in a heap before me, that I might hear their sweet voices and preachings, and see how right useful a folk they are, to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chatting. To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time,

for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise. Enough of jesting, jesting, which is, however, sometimes necessary, to dispel the gloomy thoughts that prey on me. Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well.

"From the Diet of the Conturks.*

"*April 28th*, 1530."

In the castle of Itz he was called to "wrestle," as in the Wartburg, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places;" but out of all the Lord delivered him.

We shall close this chapter with a letter which Luther wrote some time in the year 1530 to his aged father, who was suffering from severe illness. It is very interesting to contemplate the great Reformer in his character as a "man of like passions with ourselves," subject to afflictions like our own.

"It would afford me," he writes, "great joy if you and my mother could possibly be removed together to our house. We are anxious for it, especially my dear Catherine, and earnestly beg it may be done, as we shall then be able to nurse

* "Conturks," a name which Luther gives to the crows, whose Diet, as he calls it, he describes in the above letter.

you with the tenderest care. I have therefore despatched a confidential person to ascertain whether your infirmities will admit of your taking the journey; for whether your illness issue in a prolongation of this present life, or in your translation to a better world, I shall consider it both a duty and privilege to render you, in obedience to the express commandment of God, every filial attention and cheerful service in my power. In the mean time, I earnestly implore our heavenly Father, who hath given you to me for an earthly parent, that in his infinite goodness and mercy He may be pleased to preserve, strengthen, and illumine you by his Spirit, that you may duly know and appreciate with joy and thanksgiving the blessed doctrines of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom you have been called, and led by his grace out of that awful gloom of error in which we were formerly immersed. I trust that the same grace which favours you with that knowledge, and has "begun a good work in you," may confirm you unto the end, that you may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, He hath already sealed and confirmed his doctrine and faith in you by this token, that together with us, you have endured for his name's sake, slander, reproach, ridicule, hatred, and danger. For these are the very marks and proofs by which we must be rendered comformable to our Lord Jesus Christ, as St. Paul testifies—'And if children, then

heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together" (Rom. viii. 17). Amidst all your bodily weakness, let not your heart be troubled; but be of good cheer, for we have a faithful Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ, the righteous—who for us and for our salvation destroyed sin and abolished death; who is even at the right hand of God, making intercession for us; and who with his holy angels looks down upon, and waits for us at the very moment of our departure; so that we need entertain no anxious fears of our being forsaken, or left to perish. his power over sin and death is such that they cannot hurt us; and so great is his faithfulness and compassion, that he neither can nor will leave or forsake us, provided only that we ask in faith, nothing wavering. For whatsoever He has spoken, promised, and engaged, He is able also to perform. He is invariably faithful to his word and promise. 'Ask,' He says, 'and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Again it is written, Acts ii. 21, 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' The whole book of Psalms abounds in cheering promises, especially the ninety-first, which is so eminently adapted for the support of the sick.

"I write this under deep concern (for we never know when our last hour may come), in

order that I may participate both in the spiritual conflict of your faith, and in your consolation, joy, and thanksgiving to God, for having so bountifully bestowed upon you in these times his holy Word. Should it be his divine will still to delay your translation into a better state, and to leave you a little longer in this vale of tears, that you may be an eye and ear witness of our sufferings, and of the calamities which are the common lot of all Christians here below, as well as of the support and victory vouchsafed to them in their conflicts; He will enable you by his grace and strength meekly to take it as from his hand. The present life is indeed a scene of woe; the longer we tarry in it, the more we see sin, malice, calamity, and distress, abounding. But we must learn to bear and to submit; nor is there any cessation, or even relaxation, till we are consigned to our mother earth; then only shall the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest; then shall we sweetly repose in Christ, till He come and grant us a joyful resurrection from the dead.

"Meanwhile, to Him do I commend you, who loves you more than you do yourself. May He, our ever blessed Lord and Saviour, be with you and with us, in order that we may joyfully meet again, whether in this world or in the world to come. For we are fully assured, and doubt not, that we shall shortly see each other again in

Christ's glorious kingdom. To depart from this world is, in God's view, much less than if I should remove from your residence in Mansfeld to this place, or you were to quit mine in Wittemberg for Mansfeld. An hour's sleep, and all will be changed. Though I am confident that your resident ministers will render you every possible aid and faithful advice, so as to supersede all I might be enabled to say, yet I could not but express my sincere regret at my bodily absence. My Catherine, little John, little Jane, aunt Lehne, and all the family, join in cordial salutations. May the grace and power of God in Christ Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, be and remain with you for ever and ever. Amen."

"Christ, Thou the champion of that war-worn host
Who bear Thy cross, haste, help, or we are lost;
The schemes of those who long our blood have sought
Bring Thou to nought.

"Do Thou Thyself, for us, Thy children, fight,
Withstand the devil, quell his rage and might,
Whate'er assails Thy members left below,
Do Thou o'erthrow.

"And give us peace; peace in the church and school;
Peace to the powers who o'er our country rule,
Peace to the conscience, peace within the heart,
Do Thou impart.

"So shall Thy goodness here be still adored,
Thou guardian of Thy little flock, dear Lord,
And heaven and earth through all eternity
Shall worship Thee."

From "LYRA GERMANICA."

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPECTATION.

"Be careful for nothing: but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. iv. 6.

"Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.

"Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last."

From "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."

THE Elector reached Augsburg on the 2nd of May. The Landgrave followed on the 12th, escorted by by one hundred and ninety horsemen. At the same time the Emperor arrived at Inspruck, in the Tyrol, accompanied by Ferdinand, the Queens of Hungary and Bohemia, and the ambassadors from France, England and Portugal. Campeggio, the Papal Legate, and many cardinals, princes and nobles from Germany, Italy and Spain also attended. To bring back the heretics to the Church of Rome without resorting to violent measures was the Emperor's desire. It was evident that the Re-

formation had gained strength since the protest of Spires, the cause of the Gospel could no longer be despised. Charles consulted his counsellors. Confiscate their property, establish the Inquisition, and punish these obstinate heretics with fire and sword, urged the Legate and his party. Gattinara, who, though sick, had accompanied his master, expressed very different sentiments. "There is nothing that I desire so much," he said, "as to see the Elector of Saxony and his allies persevere courageously in the defence of the Gospel, and call for a free religious council. If they allow themselves to be checked by promises or threats, I hesitate myself—I stagger; and I doubt of the means of salvation." The variety of opinions perplexed the Emperor—he could not come to a decision; "like a wave of the sea" he was "driven with the wind, and tossed." Not so the Elector; his confidence was in God, and calm in the midst of the storm, he waited to see what God would have him to do. Some said he intended to arrest the Emperor; but this seems to have been an idle rumour. The Protestants were in great alarm, expecting death.

In the midst of these deliberations a new idea was suggested to Charles. "The King of Denmark," said his counsellors, "has been converted, why should not the Elector follow his example? Let us draw him into the Imperial atmosphere." Willing to "compass sea and land to make one

proselyte," they invited the Elector to Inspruck. His son strongly seconded the invitation, not seeing the snare thus laid for his father. "The Papal princes," he said, "exert every means for blackening our characters. Go to Inspruck in order to put a stop to their underhand practices; or, if you are unwilling, send me in your place." Thus spoke the Prince John Frederick, in all the ardour of youth, but his father's prudence prevailed. He replied to the Emperor's ministers, that as Charles had himself named Augsburg for the Diet, he would await his arrival there.

Meanwhile princes, deputies, bishops and crowds of all ranks of people filled Augsburg; some came to display their splendid retinue, some from the interest they took in the subjects to be discussed. The Elector and Landgrave came to confess their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and to endeavour to spread the knowledge of the Gospel by means of their ministers whom they commissioned to preach daily in the churches of Augsburg, even with open doors, like Daniel, who "three times a day prayed" with his window "open towards Jerusalem."

Such boldness alarmed the Popish party, and they too appointed preachers, who did not however find favour with the people. "They shout, they bawl," said some; "They are stupid fellows," said others. So the priests were left to preach to empty benches, while the ministers of

the Gospel were listened to by thousands of people anxious for the Word of God. Ashamed of their priests, the Romanists complained of the Elector's ministers to Charles, who expressed much displeasure at their boldness.

"The conqueror of the King of France will soon appear in Germany to crush all the gospellers," said the Papists.

In great anxiety of mind the Elector asked advice from Luther and Melancthon, but before their reply came two of the Emperor's most influential ministers—Counts Nassau and Nuenar—arrived with letters for the Elector; these ministers were favourably disposed towards the Reformation. The Elector, therefore, thankfully listened to their advice. Their letters stated that the Emperor was "exceedingly grieved that religious controversies should disturb the good understanding which had for several years subsisted between the houses of Saxony and Austria;" that he was "surprised the Elector had not enforced the Edict of Worms, which had been passed by all the States of the Empire," and that he "now required preaching of the evangelical ministers should be stopped." Having stated their master's message, the counts added their apprehensions that, if the Elector refused to obey, deplorable consequences would ensue.

"This," they said, "is only the expression of our own personal sentiments."

The Elector, greatly distressed, replied,

"If his Majesty forbids the preaching of the Gospel, I shall immediately return home."

Luther's reply soon arrived. "The Emperor is our master," he said; "the town and all that is in it belong to him. I should prefer endeavouring to change his Majesty's decision by humble and respectful solicitations, but if he persist, might makes right, we have but done our duty."

Melancthon agreed with his friend, but added: "The Emperor should be informed that the preachers did not speak of controversy in their sermons, but were content simply to teach the doctrines of Christ the Saviour. Let us beware, above all, of abandoning the place. Let your Highness, with an intrepid heart, confess in presence of his Majesty, by what wonderful ways you have attained to a right understanding of the truth, and do not allow yourself to be alarmed by these thunderclaps that fall from the lips of our enemies."

The Elector did not much like this advice; his character preferred a bolder course.

"Alas!" said Melancthon, "how intractable is our old man!"

There was one at court, however, Chancellor Bruck, who spoke words more congenial to the Elector's mind. "The Emperor's demand," he said, "is but a worthy beginning to bring about the definitive abolition of the Gospel. If we yield at

present, they will crush us by and by. Let us, therefore, humbly beg his Majesty to permit the continuance of the sermons."

On May 31st the Elector forwarded his reply to Charles's ministers. "It is not true," he stated, "that the Edict of Worms was approved of by the six Electors; how could the Elector my brother, and myself, by approving it, have opposed the everlasting Word of Almighty God? Accordingly, succeeding Diets have declared this edict impossible to be executed.—Finally, as to the demand to suspend our preachers, nothing is proclaimed by them but the glorious truth of God, and never was it so necessary to us. We cannot, therefore, do without it."

In these words, "We cannot, therefore, do without it," we discern the source of the Elector's firmness. The Word of God was precious—indispensable—to his soul; and sooner would he have parted with the life of his body than that which was emphatically the "life" of his soul (Deut. xxxii. 47).

The Emperor could no longer remain at Inspruck; no time, therefore, should be lost by the Protestants in drawing up a Confession of their faith, to be presented to him upon his arrival at Augsburg. The preparing of this Confession was entrusted to Melancthon. Night and day saw him at his difficult and important task. His strength was giving way under the pressure, as he sought, while faithful to his God, to avoid every expres-

sion which might unnecessarily irritate his adversaries; to "follow peace with all men, and holiness," was his aim. Luther, in great alarm, wrote to him: "Take measures for the preservation of your little body, and do not commit suicide for the love of God. God is," he added, "as usefully served by repose; and indeed, man never serves Him better than by keeping himself tranquil. It is for this reason God willed that the Sabbath should be so strictly observed."

This advice of Luther's reminds us of the words of our own poet:—

> "God doth not need
> Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
> Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state
> Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

On the 11th of May the Apology, as the Confession was then called, was completed, and sent by the Elector to Luther, to learn his opinion of it. Melancthon, fearing his friend might think it wanting in boldness, wrote, saying, "I have said what I thought most needful; for Eck ceases not to circulate the most diabolical calumnies against us, and I have endeavoured to oppose an antidote to his poison."

"I have read the Apology," wrote Luther to the Elector; "I like it well enough; I have no corrections to make; besides, that would hardly

suit me, for I cannot walk so meekly or so silently. May Christ our Lord grant that this work may produce much and great fruit."

While Melancthon was preparing the Apology at Augsburg, Luther, at Coburg, on his "Sinai," as he called the castle of Itz, in which he lodged, earnestly besought strength from on high for those engaged in the struggle. "I shall make a Zion of this Sinai," he wrote. "I shall weep, I shall pray, I shall never be silent, until I know that my cry has been heard in heaven."

It was from his "Sinai" that he wrote the delightful letter to his son John which we have quoted in a previous chapter. In it too he was again fiercely assailed by his "adversary the devil," who, as at the Wartburg, took advantage of his solitude to disturb his peace. The distress of his mind, as before, acted upon his bodily health, and again he was troubled by imaginary apparitions. Thus, one night he thought three torches passed before his eyes, accompanied by a clap of thunder; he fainted; his servant with difficulty restored him to consciousness; then he read to him the Epistle to the Galatians, and Luther fell asleep. Suddenly awaking, he said, "Come, and despite the devil, let us sing the Psalm, 'Out of the depths I cry to Thee.'"*

* See Appendix. This hymn was sung beside the body of Luther, as it lay in the quiet church at Halle, on its way to Wittemberg, its last resting place.

During this season of solitude and temptation, he translated the prophet Jeremiah.

We lately read Luther's letter to his father, a letter full of love for his aged and suffering parent. News now reached him of his death. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "it was by the sweat of his brow that he made me what I am." His mother too became ill shortly afterwards, and to her he wrote thus:—

"Grace and peace to you from Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour! Amen.

"My dearest Mother,—Having received a letter from my brother James, apprising me of your illness, I write to say how deeply I feel grieved on your account; and the more so, as I find myself reluctantly compelled to be absent from you in the body, though in spirit I draw nigh to you with my whole family; in token of which, I present you with this letter. Although I am fully persuaded that you are possessed of, and intimately acquainted with the Word of God, and enjoy its rich consolatory promises, and that you are well provided with human instructors and spiritual comforters, yet I feel bound to perform also my part as a dutiful child to an affectionate mother; remembering that the same Almighty Lord has created us both, and that we are under mutual obligation to each other by the most sacred and endearing ties. On this account, I wish to add

my mite of service for your encouragement and comfort.

"And first, my dear mother, you have been taught by the grace of God to know that your illness is his parental rod, yet ministered in great tenderness and mercy, when compared with those severe chastisements with which He not unfrequently visits the ungodly; yea, sometimes even his own beloved children, some of whom have been beheaded, and some burned alive, while others have been drowned or otherwise put to death; so that they cannot but apply to their own case the apostolic declaration, 'For Thy sake we are killed all day; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.' Let not, therefore, this illness affect you too grievously, but receive it thankfully, as a gracious visitation from God; and remember how light your afflictions are (should they even terminate in death) compared with the sufferings of his own dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who, unlike ourselves, did not suffer for any transgression of his own, but for us and for our sins.

"Secondly, you know, my dear mother, who is the grand Object of our faith, and the sole Author of our salvation; on whom alone you depend for comfort in this and in every other affliction, even Jesus Christ, the chief cornerstone, who is immovable, and can never fail us. Firmly fixed on Him, we cannot sink or perish;

for what His name implies He actually is, a Saviour of all poor sinners who in trouble and death rely upon Him, and call upon his blessed name. He says, 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' Now the very same Saviour, who overcame the world, has also overcome the prince of the world, with all his might and power. Christ died, that 'through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' We are expressly commanded in his Word joyfully and with thanksgiving to appropriate to ourselves such comfort; and every Christian who refuses to receive these cheering assurances, dishonours the heavenly Comforter, and disgracefully doubts his ever-faithful promises. Away with such unworthy fears and doubts! Should they obtrude themselves upon us, we are bound to fortify our minds against them, and thus encourage ourselves individually.

"O my soul! how canst thou act so mean a part? Knowest thou not, O sin! O death! that thou art a conquered enemy? Is that mighty Conqueror unknown to thee, who said, 'I have overcome the world?' I will not therefore regard thy frightful appearance, nor listen to thy terrific voice, but rather attend to the cheering words of my Saviour, 'I have overcome the world.' He is the conquering Hero in whose victory I parti-

cipate; in Him I abide; his consolatory sayings I appropriate to myself; in full reliance upon them I depart. He never can or will deceive me. With such holy boasting St. Paul opposes himself to the terrors of death: 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?' Frighten thou canst, like a spectre; but the power of slaying me is taken away. Thou mayest show thy teeth, but thou canst not devour. 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Cheered by considerations like these, you cannot but acknowledge, with unfeigned gratitude to God, his mercy in enlightening your mind with the knowledge of the truth, and rescuing you from the delusions of Popery, by which we were taught to found our hope of salvation upon our own good works, and the merits of monastic holiness; to the neglect and depreciation of our only Saviour, who was represented to us rather as a cruel judge and tyrant—to escape whose frowns it was needful to flee for refuge to Mary and to the saints, than as a most compassionate and merciful Redeemer. But now, by the infinite goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father, we know and rest assured that Christ is our Mediator and our Propitiation, our Advocate with the Father, who is daily making intercession for all who believe in Him, and call upon his name; and who will prove

Himself a severe Judge to those only who refuse his grace and consolation, and reject Him by unbelief. So far from accusing and threatening us, He has made an atonement for our sins, and pleads our cause by the merits of his death, and of his precious blood shed for us; so that we need not fear Him with a slavish fear, but can draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, and address Him with such endearing names as these: 'My beloved Saviour, my blessed Comforter, Thou faithful Shepherd and Bishop of my soul.'

"May the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, grant you, by his holy Word and Spirit, such a firm, confident, and cheerful faith, that you may be enabled triumphantly to overcome this and every other affliction and trouble, and to evince in your own happy experience the truth of your Saviour's declaration, 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'

"To His mercy I commend you both in body and soul. My Catherine, and all *our* children, which are *yours*, remember you in their prayers."

In the midst of domestic trial, the Reformer's spirit was cheered by the good news which reached him of the fruit which the Reformation was bearing to the praise and glory of God. "Is there in the whole world," he wrote to the Elector, "a country to be compared to your Highness's States, which possesses preachers of so pure a

doctrine, or pastors so fitted to bring about the reign of peace. Where do we see, as in Saxony, boys and girls well instructed in the Scriptures and the Catechism, increasing in wisdom and in stature, praying, believing, talking of God and of Christ better than has been done hitherto by all the universities, convents, and chapters of Christendom."

To the bishops assembled at Augsburg he wrote in a tone of sharp rebuke. "In short," he said to them, in conclusion, "we know, and you know, that we have the Word of God, and you have it not. O Pope! if I live, I shall be a pestilence to thee, and if I die, I shall be thy death!" Thus, though not present at Augsburg, his influence was there felt by friends and foes.

The hopes of the Protestant party (so far as human help was looked to) centered in Gattinara. "It is God," Luther had said, "who has raised up for us a Naaman in the court of the King of Syria." This friend of the oppressed died on the 4th of June. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" (Isa. ii. 22).

It was necessary that the Saxon Confession of faith should be approved by the other Protestant States; it was, therefore, sent to them for signature on the 31st of May. "In this Confession," said Melancthon, "we profess our obedience to the Emperor in all civil matters; but for the Word of God, it is liberty that we demand." To this

all agreed. But will the Lutherans and Zwinglians cordially unite in points upon which they are at variance in opinion? It was feared they would not. The Landgrave, in deep affliction of spirit, and burning with love for all who "named the name of Christ in sincerity," exclaimed—"We are one, we all confess the same Christ, we all profess that we must eat Jesus Christ, by faith, in the Eucharist. Let us unite."

Union is strength. "A threefold cord is not quickly broken." Satan knew this, and therefore sowed seeds of division among those who were really united in love for the Lord Jesus Christ and his Gospel. The Landgrave failed to convince them of their error.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." About the middle of May above eight hundred foot and horse soldiers were seen in the streets of the Imperial city of Augsburg. At the same time barriers and chains were affixed to the walls, apparently with the design of blocking up the streets. To the inquiry, "What are all these preparations for?" It was replied, "We desire to receive the Emperor with magnificence and every token of respect." He was indeed coming. A number of Spaniards, with haughty mien, preceded him. Entering the houses of the frightened Germans, they "added injury to insult," tearing down the arms of some of the princes, and, in other ways, acting with violence. "Alas!" said the citizens,

"if the servants be so, what will their master be?" In truth, the soldiers and barriers seen in the streets were not simply for the object stated—to pay respect to Charles. The citizens of Augsburg, fearing violence on the part of the Romish party, looked to them as a means of safety. "A great destruction threatens us." was the general expression of feeling. We cannot wonder, for Charles had been heard to say, "What do these Electors want with me? I will do as I please." He gave immediate orders to remove the barriers and dismiss the troops, all but one thousand men, to be paid by the city of Augsburg, who were retained for the service of the Emperor.

Two days after Gattinara's death, Charles left Inspruck, and reached Munich on the 10th of June, in which city splendid fireworks aided to give him a brilliant reception. On the 15th news of his near approach to Augsburg reached the Town-hall, in which the Electors, princes and their counsellors were assemhled. At three o'clock in the afternoon they left the city to await the Emperor's arrival at a little bridge over the river Lech; there they remained two hours. At length the shout of a multitude, mingling with the sound of distant music, announced Charles's approach. Two thousand of the Imperial Guard came first. The electors and princes then alighted from their horses, and advanced to meet the Emperor. He too dismounted, and, with apparent cor-

diality greeted the princes. A spendid retinue attended him. Princes, nobles, dukes, cardinals, bishops from Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany, mingled in his train. The procession slowly moved on, attracting the admiration of thousands who had never before witnessed so magnificent a spectacle. The Emperor's appearance dazzled all beholders. About thirty years of age, clothed in garments glittering in gold and precious stones, mounted on a charger of brilliant whiteness, he was declared by thousands of devoted subjects the handsomest, as well as the most mighty sovereign in the world. King Ferdinand and the Legate followed, attended by cardinals, ambassadors, and prelates, among whom was the Emperor's confessor.

Between eight and nine in the evening, the procession entered the gates of Augsburg. The Archbishop and his clergy, in white robes, came out to meet it, amid the chiming of the cathedral bells, the noise of trumpets and drums, and the joyful acclamations of the people, welcoming their youthful sovereign. Charles at once proceeded to the Cathedral, and, approaching the altar, fell on his knees in the attitude of prayer, while the Te Deum was chanted, the assembly kneeling with him, excepting the Elector, the Landgrave, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. Noble boldness on their part, which was not unnoticed by Duke George.

The Archbishop of Salzberg then proceeded

to pronounce the blessing, when Campeggio, the Legate, exclaimed, in an angry tone, "This office belongs to me, and not to you." The Archbishop gave way, and the Legate pronounced the benediction. While the bells again pealed forth, the procession moved on, and conducted Charles to the Palatinate (the name given to the bishop's palace, which had been prepared for him). At ten o'clock at night the crowd dispersed.

"The nocturns of treason are about to begin," said Spalatin, as the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and their allies, were summoned to the Emperor's private chamber, in which he and his brother Ferdinand waited to receive them. Ferdinand immediately commenced business, by observing, "His Majesty requests you to discontinue the preaching." At these words the Elector and Margrave looked one at another, each knew the thoughts of his friend, but they spoke not. The Landgrave then said, "We entreat your Majesty to withdraw your request, for our ministers preach only the pure Word of God, as did the ancient doctors of the Church, St. Augustine, St. Hilary, and so many others. We cannot deprive ourselves of the food of the Word of God and deny his Gospel." Having communicated the Landgrave's reply to his brother in French, Ferdinand, in a decided tone, continued, "His Majesty cannot desist from his demand." "Your conscience," replied the Land-

grave, "has no right to command us." Then the aged Margrave, who had hitherto remained silent, uttered these memorable words—"Rather than allow the Word of the Lord to be taken from me, rather than deny my God, I would kneel before your Majesty, and have my head cut off." We are told that, "as he uttered these words, the prince accompanied them with a significant gesture, and let his hands fall on his neck, like the axe of the executioner." Charles was for the moment softened, and, in his bad German, uttered the only words he spoke before the princes during the Diet, "Dear prince, not the head, not the head." It was a great trouble to Charles his not being able to converse fluently in German. "To be able to speak German," he said, "I would willingly sacrifice any other language, even were it Spanish or French, and, more than that, one of my States." As he spoke so little, the people said, "He speaks more to God than to man;" but his silence did not please them.

As it was evident that the Protestant princes would not discontinue the preaching of the Gospel, Ferdinand had recourse to another expedient, by which to force them to submission, or prove them guilty of disobedience.

The festival of Corpus Christi was about to be held, at which all the princes and deputies at the Diet were expected to attend. Will the Protestants refuse to do so? How can they? What

objection can they urge against the ceremony? Have not the Lutherans professed their belief that the body and blood of Christ are in the bread and wine at the Sacrament. If so, why not join in the crowd that surrounds "the Lord's body." Thus reasoned the Papal party; but they knew full well that if the Protestants did attend at the festival, when the host—the God of man's creation—was carried about as an object of worship, they would act contrary to the faith they professed. Ferdinand entreated. "Since the Emperor," he said, "cannot obtain from you the suspension of your assemblies, he begs at least that you will accompany him to-morrow, according to custom, in the procession of the Holy Sacrament. Do so, if not from regard to him, at least for the honour of Almighty God." The snare was laid, but it failed to catch those for whom it was so craftily prepared. "Christ," said they, "did not institute his Sacrament to be worshipped."

Charles would not accept their excuse, and gave them until the following morning to reconsider the matter. The princes, in great agitation, withdrew: their friends were waiting to hear the result of the interview; but no words were needed, their excited countenances told the sad truth.

The Elector's son, seizing his father by the hand, exclaimed, "Come, come quickly." He feared for his father's safety. The Legate, seeing

that Charles was greatly irritated, endeavoured to increase his anger, and he but too well succeeded. The Emperor passed the night walking up and down from one room to another in his palace, and being unable to control his impatience, sent in the middle of the night for the Elector's final answer.

"At present we require sleep," replied the latter, "to-morrow we will let you know our determination." But little sleep visited the weary that night. Spalatin employed the midnight hours in drawing up a reply to the Emperor's demand; it was ready by the morning. "The Sacrament," it stated, "was not instituted to be worshipped, as the Jews worshipped the brazen image. We are here to confess the truth, and not for the confirmation of abuses. Let us, therefore, stay away."

The morning found the Elector too unwell to repair to the Emperor's palace; his son was sent to represent him. At seven o'clock the evangelical princes and counsellors set out for the Emperor's palace. The aged Margrave of Brandenburg stated the sentiments of all. "You know," he said to Charles, "how at the risk of our lives my ancestors and myself have supported your august house. But in the things of God, the commands of God Himself oblige me to put aside all commandments of man. We are told that death awaits those who shall persevere in

the sacred doctrine I am ready to support." He then presented the declaration of the evangelical princes to the Emperor.

"We will not," said the princes, "countenance by our presence those impious human traditions which are opposed to the Word of God. We declare, on the contrary, without hesitation, and with one accord, that we must expel them from the Church, lest those of its members who are still sound should be infected by this deadly poison."

"If you will not accompany his Majesty for the love of God," said Ferdinand, "do so, at least, for love of the Emperor; and, as vassals of the empire, his Majesty commands you."

"An act of worship is in question," replied the princes; "our conscience forbids it."

The Emperor and Ferdinand then spoke together in a low tone; after a few moments Ferdinand said, "His Majesty desires to see whether you will obey him or not."

The two brothers then left the room, thinking the princes would follow them; but no, they returned to their palaces, "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

At twelve o'clock the procession began. The Elector of Mentz carried the host; immediately after followed the Emperor, who, with shorn and uncovered head, carried a taper in his hand.

Scarcely a hundred citizens of Augsburg joined the procession, "the form of godliness," without "the power thereof," had now little charm for those who had learned that "it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." The procession lasted about an hour. Charles then returned to his palace full of wrath against the Protestants, and declaring that he would send them a safe-conduct, and require them to leave Augsburg without delay. He was, however, dissuaded from his purpose by some of the Romish princes, who perceived the evil consequences which would follow so extreme a measure.

The "Protestant preachings" caused the greatest annoyance to the Emperor. He again commanded that they should be discontinued.

"To forbid our ministers to preach freely the holy Gospel would be rebellion against God, who rules that his Word be not bound," replied the princes. "Poor sinners that we are, we have need of this Divine Word to surmount our troubles."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Romish party, "let us renounce *our* preachers; the Protestants will not then persist in keeping *theirs*." Thus both Papists and Lutherans were forbidden to do anything but "read the text of the gospels, epistles, and a general confession of sins."

"We must accept this proposal," said Melancthon; "for if our obstinacy should lead the

Emperor to refuse to hear our confession, the evil would be greater still."

"Well, then," said the Protestant princes, "we agree to silence our preachers in the hope that we shall hear nothing offensive to our consciences. If it occur otherwise, we shall feel ourselves constrained to repel so serious an insult."

"Besides," added the Elector, "we hope that if at any time we desire to hear one of our chaplains in our own palace, we shall be free to do so."

Charles was rejoiced when he heard that his proposal had been accepted. The following day, Saturday, a herald proclaimed in the streets of Augsburg—"O yes, O yes! Thus ordains his Imperial Majesty: no preacher whatever shall preach in Augsburg, except such as his Majesty shall have nominated, and that under penalty of incurring the displeasure and punishment of his Majesty."

Sunday came; the greatest excitement prevailed amongst all parties; all were anxious to hear what kind of sermons the Emperor's ministers would preach, in which neither Popish nor Lutheran doctrines should be inculcated. Almost all the preachers obeyed the direction; only to read the common prayer, the gospel of the day, and the general confession of sin. A few added some words of their own, which expressed no particular doctrine, and into which the Scriptures

were not introduced. One priest alone, in the church of the Holy Cross, ventured to extol the mass. Justice required that he should be imprisoned; he was therefore taken to the Grey Friars prison; but the "Friendly Brothers" contrived his escape. The pious Elector felt deeply the silencing of his preachers. "Our Lord God," said he, "has received an order to be silent at the Diet of Augsburg.

Melancthon saw nothing but danger before them. "All except the Emperor," he said, "hate us with the most violent hatred; the danger is very great, very great. Pray to Christ that He may save us." From the "hill of Zion," Luther wrote to encourage his brethren fighting in the plains below. "Be assured, and doubt not," he said, "that you are the confessors of Jesus Christ, and the ambassadors of the great King." Indeed, but for this assurance, their position would have been a most perplexing one. Every possible attempt was made to induce the evangelical princes to be present at a Romish ceremony.

"The Elector of Saxony," said the Legate to Charles, "ought, in virtue of his office as Grand Marshal of the Empire, to carry the sword before you in all the ceremonies of the Diet. Order him, therefore, to perform his duty at the mass of the Holy Ghost, which is to open the sittings." The Emperor did so; the Elector, hesitating, asked advice.

"It is for a ceremony of the empire," said the Lutheran divines, "as grand marshal, and not as a Christian, that you are summoned; the Word of God itself, in the history of Naaman, authorizes you to comply with this invitation."

The Zwinglians did not thus think. "The martyrs allowed themselves," said they, "to be put to death rather than burn one grain of incense before the idols."

The Elector yielded to the Lutheran advice, and carried the sword, but remained standing during the elevation of the host. The Archbishop of Salerno preached the sermon; a strange discourse, in which he exclaimed, "O St. Peter and St. Paul! I call upon you; upon you, St. Peter, in order that you may open the stony hearts of these princes with your keys; and upon you, St. Paul, that if they should show themselves too rebellious, you may come with your sword, and cut in pieces their unexampled hardness."

The mass of the Holy Ghost being finished, the Emperor retired to the Town Hall. Taking his seat on the throne, while Ferdinand sat below him, the Count Palatine read the Imperial proposition, in which the Emperor said, "I have quitted my hereditary kingdom to pass, not without great danger, into Italy, and from thence to Germany. I have heard with sorrow of the divisions that have broken out here, and which

striking not only at the Imperial Majesty, but still more at the commandments of Almighty God, must engender pillage, war, and death." Charles then returned to his palace.

"Speak the word, and it shall not stand; for God is with us," quoted the Elector to his allies, as he observed their excitement at the Emperor's speech. John's position was peculiarly trying. As first prince of the empire, he was naturally looked to as the leader of the party whose cause he espoused. Besides, the natural boldness of his character led him to take a prominent position. The timidity of Melancthon often pained him. Perhaps it was well he should be thus left without human support in moments of greatest difficulty; as, instead of being tempted to lean upon a "reed," he was driven to the Lord as his "rock," his "fortress," and his "deliverer." In Him he placed his trust, whether for guidance to discover the path in which he ought to walk, or for strength to pursue it without stumbling. Having received the Emperor's proclamation, like Hezekiah, he "spread it before the Lord;" then he called his son, the Chancellor Bruck, and Melancthon, to consult together what was best to be done.

The Elector and Bruck insisted that the Apology drawn up by Melancthon should be publicly read before the assembled Diet. Charles, advised by the Legate, desired to read it in private. Melancthon

hoped that a private conference might promote peace, and promised to "reflect upon it." However, the Elector and Chancellor prevailed. Charles had to consent to the public hearing of the Confession. The 24th of June was named for its being read. It was not fully copied out—the 23rd was spent in finishing it. When the Elector was about to sign it, Melancthon objected.

"It is for the theologians," he said, "and not for ministers of State to propose these things."

"God forbid that you should exclude me," replied the Elector. "I desire to confess the Lord. My electoral hat and my ermine are not so precious to me as the cross of Jesus Christ. I shall leave on earth these marks of my greatness, but my Master's cross will accompany me to heaven."

Thus speaking, he took the pen and signed the Confession. The Landgrave, after a moment's hesitation, also signed it, but objected to the doctrine of the Eucharist as stated therein. The Margrave of Brandenburg and the Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg then signed their names; then the youthful Prince of Anhalt approached, and taking up the pen, said,

"I have tilted more than once to please others; now, if the honour of my Lord Jesus Christ require it, I am ready to saddle my horse, to leave my goods and my life behind, and to rush into eternity towards an everlasting crown."

The noble courage of these princes surprised every one.

"When I consider their firmness in the confession of the Gospel," said Brenz, one of the evangelical ministers, "the colour mounts to my cheeks. What a disgrace that we, who are only beggars beside them, are so afraid of confessing Christ."

It was indeed a new thing to see laymen taking a real interest in the concerns of religion, a subject in the Romish Church hitherto left to the ecclesiastical portion of the people. Melancthon, as we before stated, was constantly oppressed by fears. Wanting in courage himself, he could not understand how others could be so nobly bold. His depression at this time was so great that even his friends reproached him. "All my time here is spent in tears and mourning," he wrote to Luther's secretary. The next day, to Luther himself, he wrote, "My dwelling is in perpetual tears, my consternation is indescribable. O my father, I do not wish by words to exaggerate my sorrows, but without your consolation it is impossible for me to enjoy the least peace."

The 24th of June came; time was lost discussing other subjects, and then Charles said it was "too late" to hear the Confession.

Bruck rose up and said, "We beg his Majesty will have the goodness to hear what are the doctrines we profess."

The Emperor refused.

The Elector, in extreme alarm, exclaimed, "For the love of God let us read our Confession."

Charles, by his ministers, again replied, "It is too late. His Majesty begs you to transmit to him your written Confession, and to-morrow at two o'clock the Diet will be prepared to hear it in the Palatine Palace."

The princes refused to give up their Confession, and replied, "Pray leave it with us to-night that we may revise it." It had been hastily copied, and in truth needed some corrections.

Charles was obliged to yield.

"The Lord reigneth!" exclaimed the princes, as they returned to their palaces.

The anxiety of Luther to receive intelligence from Augsburg was extreme. He expected "forests of letters" by a messenger from Wittemberg. The man arrived, but no letters. Soon a courier was seen hastening from the Elector to Torgau.

"Do you bring me any letters?" asked Luther.

"No."

"How are those gentlemen?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply.

Luther was grieved; he went to his room, opened his Bible, and comforted himself by reading and prayer. He then wrote some passages of Scripture over the windows and doors, and on

the walls of his castle. Among these were, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." And again, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, O Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

After many disappointments letters did come. The calmness of the Elector delighted Luther. "As for Melancthon," he said, "it is his philosophy that tortures him, and nothing else. I would not have our cause in our hands," he added. "I have had many things in my hands, and I have lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's hands, I still possess." He wrote to Melancthon, "Grace and peace in Christ! —in Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen. I hate with exceeding hatred, those extreme cares which consume you. If the cause be just, why should we belie the promises of Him who commands us to sleep without fear? Can the devil do more than kill us? Christ will not be wanting to the cause of justice and of truth. He lives; he reigns; what fear then can we have? God is powerful to upraise his cause if it be overthrown, to make it proceed if it remain motionless, and if *we* are not worthy of it, he will do so by others. Only we must have faith, lest the cause of faith should be found to be without faith. If we fall Christ falls with us; that is to say, the Master of the world. I would rather fall with Christ than remain standing with Cæsar."

Whence did Luther receive this glowing faith? We are told it was his constant habit to spend three hours a day in prayer, besides those hours he devoted to the study of Scripture. Thus frequent speaking with God, and hearing God speak to him, enabled him to "walk by faith, not by sight." That faith which is "the substance (or confidence) of things hoped for" burned brightly within him, and cast its holy light upon the most dark and dreary passages of his life.

"Wherefore, if *Thou* canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I. But, while rocks stand,
And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail.
Yea, when both rocks, and all things, shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my Rock and Tower,
And make their ruin praise Thy power."

GEORGE HERBERT.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong."—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us."—2 Tim. ii. 12.

"Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

"Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be;
Thy help at need, oh let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee."

From "Lyra Germanica."

At length the 25th of June, 1530—the most glorious day in the history of the Reformation—arrived. The Emperor took his seat on the throne in the chapel of the Palatine Palace; only two hundred persons could gain admittance, but crowds assembled outside, anxious, if possible, to hear even a few words of what was going on within. Then, John Elector of Saxony, his son, John Frederick, Philip Landgrave of Hesse, the

Margrave of Brandenburg, the Prince of Anhalt, Ernest Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, and his brother Francis, and the Deputies of Nuremburg and Reutlin, rose from their seats to confess Christ, in the presence of the mightiest sovereign of Europe. Just nine years before, a poor monk, the son of the miner of Mansfeld, had, for the same holy cause, stood before the Emperor at Worms. The contrast was striking.

The Emperor desired the Protestant princes to sit down; then the two Chancellors of the Elector, Bruck and Bayer, approached the throne, holding in their hands a Latin and a German copy of the Confession. The Emperor requested the Latin copy to be read.

"We are Germans," said the Elector, "and on German soil; we hope, therefore, your Majesty will allow us to speak German."

The Emperor consented. Bayer then read the Confession. It was divided into two parts; the first contained twenty-one articles upon the principal points of doctrine; the second concerned the ceremonies of the Church. Slowly and clearly he read; every word was distinctly heard, even by those most distant from the speaker.

"Most serene, most mighty and invincible Emperor, and most gracious Lord," he said, "we who appear in your presence desire to confer amicably with you, on the fittest means of restoring our sole, true, and same faith, since it is for

one sole and same Christ that we fight. And in case that these religious differences cannot be settled amicably, we then offer to your Majesty to explain our cause in a general, free, and Christian council."

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit, according to the Nicene Council, original and hereditary sin, which "bringeth death to all that are not regenerated," and the incarnation of the Son, "very God and very man," were then confessed.

"We teach, moreover," continued Bayer, "that we cannot be justified by our own strength, our merits, and our works, but that we are justified by Christ through grace, through the means of faith, when we believe that our sins are forgiven in virtue of Christ, who, by his death was made satisfaction for our sins: this faith is the righteousness that God imputes to a sinner. But we teach, at the same time, that this faith ought to bear good fruits, and that we must do all the good works commanded by God, for the love of God, and not by their means to gain the grace of God."

The Protestants also declared their faith in the Christian Church, "the assembly of all true believers, and all the saints." They also proclaimed the benefits of baptism, and declared that the body and blood of Christ are "really present and administered in the Lord's Supper to those who rightly partake of it."

The subject of Free Will was then introduced.

"Man's will," the Chancellor stated, "has a certain liberty of accomplishing civil justice, and of loving the things that reason comprehends. But we maintain that, without the Holy Ghost, man cannot do what is righteous in the sight of God;" then, remembering that the Romish teachers "have never ceased impelling the faithful to useless works—as the invocation of saints, monastic vows, processions, fasts, feast days, brotherhoods—the Protestants, while urging the necessity for good works, added that 'man is justified by faith alone; not by that faith which is a simple knowledge of the history, but by a faith which believes not only the history, but also the effects of the history; which believes that through Christ we obtain grace; which sees that in Christ we have a merciful Father; which knows this God, which calls upon Him; in a word, which is not without God, as the heathen are.' Such," said Bayer, "is a summary of the doctrine professed in our churches, by which it may be seen that this doctrine is by no means opposed to Scripture; therefore, to reject us as heretics is an offence against unity and charity."

Thus ended the first part of the Confession, which was to explain evangelical doctrine. Many were deeply impressed by it.

"The adversaries imagine they have done a wonderful thing by forbidding the preaching of

the Gospel," wrote Luther to the Elector, "and they do not see, poor creatures! that by the reading of this Confession in the presence of the Diet, there has been more preaching than in ten sermons of the preachers. Yes; Christ is in this Diet, and He does not keep silence; they forbid it in the pulpit, and are forced to hear it in the palace; poor ministers cannot announce it, and great princes proclaim it; the servants are forbidden to listen to it, and their masters are compelled to hear it. They will have nothing to do with it during the whole course of the Diet, and they are forced to submit to hear more in one day than is heard ordinarily in a whole year. When all else is silent, the very stones cry out, as says our Lord Jesus Christ."

Errors in practice were pointed out in the second part of the Confession—the celibacy of the clergy, refusing the cup to the laity in the Sacrament, auricular confession, and other evils. The authority of the bishops was also treated of. The "power of the Church," said the Reformers, "ought never to invade an office that is foreign to it; the duty of the bishops is therefore to preach the Gospel, to forgive sins, to exclude from the Christian Church those who rebel against the Lord, but without human power, and solely by the Word of God."

Bayer then ceased speaking. For two hours he had been listened to with deep attention, not,

indeed, by all, for we are told that the Emperor fell asleep, or, some say, seemed puzzled by the "foreign language." However, if Charles slept during the reading of the Confession, he awoke when Bayer finished it. Receiving the two copies of the Confession, he kept the Latin copy for himself, and handed the other to the Elector of Mentz; he then told the Elector of Saxony and his allies that, having heard the Confession, he would "consider it."

There was great joy in the city of Augsburg that night.

From his solitude Luther sympathized with his brethren.

"I think with joy," he wrote, "that my life has been cast in an epoch in which Christ is publicly exalted by our illustrious confessors, and in so glorious an assembly."

"Since the apostolic age," said others, "there has never been a greater work, or a more magnificent Confession."

As Charles descended from his throne, he begged the Protestant princes "not to publish the Confession." They acquiesced.

As the people returned to their homes, they said one to another: "We would not for a great deal have missed being present at this reading."

"All that the Lutherans have said is true," said the Bishop of Augsburg; "we cannot deny it."

Several princes were gained over to the truth; instead of controversy, they had heard a noble confession of Christ, which came with power to their hearts, as the voice of God speaking to themselves. In other countries too, the impression made by the Confession was very great.

Luther had said, "Our Confession will penetrate into court, and the sound thereof will go through the whole earth;" and the event proved that he was right. He expected persecution to follow, and was prepared to welcome it.

Rome felt the blow which had been struck. "We must yield something," said the Count Palatine to Charles, as he entered his room the morning after the Confession had been read. In truth, even the most attached friends of Rome felt the need of reform, but they could not bear that it should be "a monk, a poor monk," who presumed to dictate to them.

In the Emperor's room, on Sunday, June 26th, the deputation from the Imperial cities attended, to consider the best way by which to bring back the rebellious to the Church. The Protestant cities were then summoned to renounce the famous protest of Spires; they replied, that they could not, "without disobeying God, and compromising the salvation of their souls." The minds of all were deeply interested. George Duke of Saxony, and Joachim of Brandenburg, were the most violent; the Elector of Mentz, the Bishop of Augsburg,

and the Duke of Brunswick the least so. "The Lutherans attack no one article of faith," said the Bishop of Augsburg; "let us come to an arrangement with them; let us concede to them the sacrament in both kinds, and the marriage of priests." The Archbishop of Salzburg, in great indignation, replied: "The Lutherans have laid before us a Confession, written with black ink, on white paper. Well, if I were Emperor, I would reply with red ink." "Sir," quickly replied the Bishop of Augsburg, "take care, then, that the red letters do not fly in your face." Most of those present advised that a Refutation of the Confession should be drawn up; twenty men were therefore desired to prepare such a document. Every effort was now made by Charles to induce the Elector and the Landgrave to renounce the Confession, but without effect.

In the vain hope of purchasing peace by concession, Melancthon, in an evil hour, asked an interview with the Legate: it was granted. Fear took possession of the Reformer's mind, and he uttered sentiments which surprise and grieve us. "There is no doctrine in which we differ from the Roman Church," he said; "we venerate the universal authority of the Roman Pontiff, and are ready to obey him." When we read these words, we can scarcely believe that the writer was Melancthon, and are reminded of his own reflection, "Old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon."

In great alarm Luther wrote to him. "There can be no concord between Christ and Belial. As far as regards me, I will not yield a hair's breadth. Sooner than yield, I would suffer everything, even the most terrible evils. Concede so much the less as your adversaries require the more. God will not aid us, until we are abandoned by all."

The Legate named the 8th of July for his interview. "The Cardinal offers me," wrote Melancthon, "that he will accede the usage of both kinds, and the marriage of priests. I am eager to meet him." They met—but no terms were agreed on, and in shame Melancthon withdrew.

On July 13th the Refutation of the Confession was ready; it contained two hundred and eighty pages, and was full of violent abuse. Charles was enraged when it was handed to him; he crushed it in his hand, so that, "when he returned it two days after," said Spalatin, "there were not more than twelve pages entire." The Refutation being a failure, "Let us," said Charles, "take each of the Protestant princes separately, and induce him to abandon this new faith." With this object in view, the Margrave of Brandenburg was visited by his two brothers and his cousins. "If you abandon your new faith," they said to him, "there are no favours which the Emperor will not bestow upon you; if not, dread his anger." The Elector of Saxony was also en-

treated to renounce the heresy of Luther, "rather than incur the certain displeasure of his sovereign."

The Duke of Bavaria, reproaching the Elector, insisted that he had made an alliance with the Swiss, adding, "The Emperor cannot believe it; and he orders you to let him know the truth."

While Melancthon's Apology was causing so much excitement at Augsburg, two other Confessions were presented to Charles. One, drawn up by Bucer, was called the "Confession of the Four Cities—Strasburg, Constance, Meiningen, and Linden," which declared that "their only desire was to confess the truth freely and boldly." The other Confession was from the Zwinglians, who objected to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, as stated by Melancthon. Thus three Confessions were presented to Charles, testifying to the divisions which had already crept in among the Protestants.

The Elector was greatly grieved at this want of union; besides, Charles had not spoken to him since the Diet, and many said he intended to make Duke George Elector in his stead, and even that he would "expel him from his country for his obstinacy." Very painful was his position, but he had counted the cost, and stood firm to his God and to his conscience. "I must either renounce God or the world," he said. "Well, my choice is not doubtful. It is God who made me

Elector—me, though unworthy of it. I fling myself into his arms, and let Him do with me what shall seem good unto Him." The faithful everywhere sympathized with "John the Persevering." "Fear not," said the Christians of Madgeburg, "Your Highness is under Christ's banner." "Italy is in expectation," they wrote from Venice; "if, for Christ's glory, you must die, fear nothing." These letters greatly cheered the Elector; but his strength was derived from God Himself, whose help he earnestly sought in prayer.

In his reply to the Emperor, he said that he did "not blindly follow the teaching of the Protestants; but that, perceiving that their doctrines were in accordance with the Word of God, he again confessed all the articles of the Apology;" adding, "I therefore entreat your Majesty to permit me and mine to render an account to God alone of what concerns the salvation of our souls." The Margrave of Brandenburg uttered the same sentiments.

On the 3rd of August, the Emperor ascended his throne in the Palatinate Palace, surrounded by Electors, Princes, and Deputies. He then expressed his desire that the Refutation of the Confession should be submitted to "by all the members and subjects of the empire." Some of the evangelical doctrines were put forth in the Refutation as worthy to be maintained; such as the doctrine of the Trinity, that concerning Christ

being God and man, and a few others; but it also declared that men have the fear of God by nature, and that they may be justified by good works without faith. The Protestant Confession proved what it stated from Scripture—the Refutation from the authority of the Church. Though Charles professed his satisfaction with the Refutation, he appeared ill at ease upon the subject. The Protestants, on the contrary, were full of joy and peace; the public confession of their sentiments served to strengthen them in the belief of the soundness of the truth as stated by Melancthon.

Discussion having failed to subdue the Protestants; force must now be tried. A copy of the Refutation to which they were called upon to submit was then offered to them—they refused to accept it. The Diet, in great commotion, separated; all hope of agreement vanished. The Elector and his allies daily received letters from their friends, telling them, "we beg for you strength, grace, and victory, full of joy."

Luther, who was emphatically a man of faith and prayer, ceased not to supplicate for strength in the hour of need; he also wrote constantly to those engaged in the conflict. To Bruck, he wrote, August 5th—"I have recently witnessed two miracles. This is the first. As I was at my window, I saw the stars and the sky, and that magnificent firmament in which the Lord has

placed them. I could nowhere discern the columns on which the Master has supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. And here is the second: I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive ground on which they reposed, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly, and fled away. God," he continued, "will choose the manner, the time, and the place suitable for deliverance, and He will not linger. What the men of blood have begun they have not finished. Our rainbow is faint; their clouds are threatening; the enemy comes against us with frightful machines. But at last it will be seen from what hands the javelins are launched. It is no matter if Luther perish; if Christ be conqueror, Luther is conqueror also."

Luther's favourite attitude, we are told, was sitting at his window, gazing out upon the beauties of nature, whether of the sky above, or of the earth beneath. While thus gazing and meditating, "the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead, were clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Thus his letters are full of poetical feeling, animated by Christian faith.

The Protestants having refused to accept the Refutation, the Elector and his allies strengthened themselves for the conflict. "Thoughts that

breathe and words that burn" were exchanged from one to the other, serving to animate and cheer the hearts of the faithful.

"If Christ be Christ," said the aged Margrave of Brandenburg, "the doctrine that I have confessed is truth."

"But do you know what is your stake?" said his cousin Joachim.

"Certainly," replied the Margrave; "it is that I shall be expelled from my country. Well, may God protect me."

All saw the danger approaching.

"The Diet will not terminate," said Brenz, "without the destruction of all Germany."

"There will be a slaughter of the saints," wrote Bucer, "which will be such that the massacres of Diocletian will scarcely come up to it."

"War and blood!" was the general cry.

"Let no one pass the city gates," was the Emperor's order; while in the barracks soldiers were hurrying to and fro, preparing their arms. A strict watch, at the same time, was set on the Elector and his friends.

The warlike and indomitable Philip of Hesse exclaimed one day in a public assembly, "My lords, give place to the empire; we beg it of you. If you will not do so, if I must fall, be sure that I will drag one or two of you along with me." His father-in-law, Duke George, promised to make him his heir if he would submit to the

Pope. As a chronicler observes, "they led him to an exceeding high mountain, whence they showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof." But Christ had resisted that temptation fifteen hundred years before, and the Landgrave conquered in Him and by Him.

Charles desired an interview with Philip. He immediately attended. Having reproached him with having violated the Edict of Worms, the Emperor said, "What would you say if I elevated you to the regal dignity? But if you show yourself rebellious to my orders, then I shall behave towards you as becomes a Roman prince."

"I am in the flower of my age," replied Philip, "and I do not pretend to despise the joys of life and the favour of the great; but to the deceitful goods of this world I shall always prefer the ineffable grace of my God." Philip had not now to learn that to "gain the whole world and lose his soul" would not "profit" him.

The divisions between the Lutherans and Zwinglians, added to the Emperor's treatment of him, so troubled the Landgrave, that he determined to leave Augsburg. He requested an audience of Charles, which was delayed; he then sent a messenger stating that his wife was ill, and needed his return. The Emperor refused his request. Philip was determined to go, but how could he escape? The city gates were closed, and guarded by soldiers in the Emperor's ser-

vice. He must be prudent, and watch his opportunity.

The Landgrave's request greatly annoyed Charles; perhaps several other Protestant princes wished to leave Augsburg too he thought; he must prevent their doing so. Accordingly, very early, the morning after having refused Philip's request, he sent an order to the princes to repair to the Hall of the Chapter. At eight o'clock they arrived, and found the principal princes and bishops of the Romish party assembled. Turning to the Protestants as they entered, Joachim of Brandenburg said: "You know with what mildness the Emperor has endeavoured to re-establish unity, and how contrary to the Gospel are the sentiments you have adopted. Abandon, then, your errors, and sign the Refutation without delay." Then, turning to the Elector, he added: "Your Electorate, your life, all will be torn from you, and certain ruin will fall upon your subjects, and even upon their wives and children, if you continue to disobey." At any time such language would have been considered alarming, but in the excited state of the public mind, it was now doubly so. "We now understand," said the Protestants, "why the Imperial guards occupy the city gates." They requested time to consider, and withdrew.

Philip was still at Augsburg, but determined to escape. On the 6th of August, about eight

o'clock in the evening, dressed like a foreigner, he passed through the gates of the city without attracting observation; six horsemen followed him. When outside the city walls, they galloped rapidly towards Hesse. That night the gates were closed as usual, but they shut out—not in—the man whose departure the Emperor so much dreaded. His friends knew nothing of his flight, but he left a note behind him for the Elector which explained the mystery. It stated that he had given directions to his ministers to aid the Protestants to the utmost. "As for me," he said, "I shall fight for the Word of God, at the risk of my goods, my States, my subjects and my life."

The warlike character of Philip was well known; it was therefore supposed by many that he would soon appear at the head of his troops to fight for the cause of the Gospel. "If you were in our place, you would fear as we do;" said the Romish princes to those who blamed their fears.

The effect his departure produced on the Emperor was instantaneous. Instead of violence and wrath gentleness and conciliation were recommended by him and his councillors. Charles "entreated" the Protestants "not to be led astray by the Landgrave, who, in defiance of his express command, had left the city. The Protestants replied that they were ignorant of Philip's departure, but doubted not that he had solid

reasons for such a step. Then they added, "It is pretended that the gates were closed on our account; we beg your Majesty to revoke this order." The Emperor in reply promised "in future such things shall not be done without the knowledge of the Elector of Saxony, in his quality of Marshal of the Empire."

Every effort was made to persuade the Protestants that the Roman party cherished amicable feelings towards them. Thus in one short night the aspect of things in Augsburg was totally changed. Several of the Lutherans were deceived by these fair appearances and expected reconciliation. Romish and Protestant divines met to arrange matters, but the attempt failed. The Protestant theologians even went too far in their willingness to make "concessions for peace' sake." "We will concede anything that does not wound our conscience," said Melancthon.

The Elector saw the danger they were in, and sounded the alarm; his Chancellor, Bruck, stood by him, and from distant parts of Germany he received earnest appeals. "If it be true," they said, "that you are making such concessions, Christian liberty is lost." "Better die with Jesus Christ," said the Christians of Augsburg, "than gain the favour of the whole world without Him." Luther was deeply troubled when he received the news of the concessions Melancthon was ready to make. "I learn," said he, "that you have

begun a marvellous work, namely, to put Luther and the Pope in harmony, but the Pope is unwilling, and Luther begs to be excused. Act with courage, and do not yield to the adversaries except what can be proved with evidence from the very Word of God. But if, which Christ forbid! you do not put forth all the Gospel; if, on the contrary, you shut up that glorious eagle in a sack, Luther, doubt it not! Luther will come and gloriously deliver the eagle. As certainly as Christ lives that shall be done." But Melancthon was not to be convinced. "It does not become us," he said, "to listen to the clamours of the vulgar, we must think of peace and posterity." And there were many who heard him with satisfaction.

They are preparing to go over to the Papists," said Zwingle. The Roman party was sure of its prey. "But Christ lives," said Luther; "He by whom the violence of our enemies has been conquered will give us strength to surmount their wiles." God revived the courage of the Protestants just when they were upon the brink of ruin.

From Freidwald, whither Philip of Hesse had gone from Augsburg, he wrote in burning indignation. "Melancthon," said he, "walks backwards like a crab. When we begin to yield, we always yield more. Let us fear nothing. God is with us."

Charles had now been two or three months at Augsburg, and peace had not been effected between the contending parties. Melancthon had failed. Rome would not accept his concessions, large as they were. The Elector of Saxony and Margrave of Brandenburg now begged permission to depart. Charles refused until "arrangements he was engaged about were concluded." What were these arrangements? To endeavour to intimidate the Protestant party by violence and force. At a meeting in the Emperor's chamber, on September 8th, they were informed that Charles "required them immediately to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and restore everything to its ancient order." The Protestants refused, saying their doctrines were based upon the Word of God, and could not therefore be abandoned. They were therefore desired to bring their final decision the following day at one o'clock. They did so, stating that they appealed to a General Council.

"Enough," replied the Emperor, "I will reflect upon it; but in the meantime let no one leave Augsburg."

Charles was greatly embarrased; he did not desire war; yet how could he now avoid it? He had threatened the Protestants with "certain ruin" if they did not sign the Refutation; they had *not* signed it, and declared they *would* not sign it; should he not appear contemptible in the eyes of

Europe if he failed to put his threat into execution ?" Just at this moment, the Elector requested permission to leave Augsburg. "Let him await my answer ?" replied the Emperor. The Elector then stated that his ministers would explain his reasons for making this request. "Not so many speeches," cried Charles; "say whether you will stay or not."

It was evening when this conversation took place. The news of it soon spread through the city, and increased the agitation and alarm of the Protestants. "His Imperial Majesty," they said, "is about to have recourse to the most vigorous measures." In the midst of the tumult the Elector's son, John Frederick, quitted the city. Thus the Protestants were escaping from the danger which threatened their destruction, and Charles was afraid to employ force. To seize and imprison the favourites of the nation would have excited a revolt in Germany which he might find it difficult to quell. "Lutheranism is extending already from the Baltic to the Alps," wrote Erasmus to the Legate; "you have but one thing to do—tolerate it."

Against his will Charles was obliged to "tolerate it." The demands of the Romish party grew less and less, until they stated that they would be satisfied "by the mass being celebrated according to ancient manner, and defer other arrangements until the next council, and that meanwhile the

Protestants should conduct themselves so as to render account to God, to the Council, and to his Majesty."

In proportion as the Romish party withdrew their demands, the Protestants became more determined to concede nothing. Even Melancthon said, "We have hitherto obeyed the commandment of St. Paul, 'Be at peace with all men.' Let us now obey this commandment of Christ, 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.'"

From his retreat Luther earnestly entreated his friends to leave Augsburg. "Return, return," said he; "you have confessed Jesus Christ, offered peace, obeyed Charles, supported insults. You have done enough, and more than enough. Now it is for the Lord to act, and He *will* act! They have our Confession—they have the Gospel; let them receive it if they will, and if they will not ———. If a war should come, let it come! We have prayed enough, we have discussed enough. Yes, He will preserve us from Babylon and her burning walls." Luther wrote not in vain. At ten o'clock on Saturday night, September 17th, the Duke of Luneburg had a private interview with the deputies of Nuremberg and the ministers of the Landgrave. He then informed them that the Elector would leave the city the following morning. "Keep the secret," he added, "and know that if peace cannot be preserved, it will be

a trifling matter to me to lose—combating with you—all that God has given me."

The Elector's preparations for departure were discovered. In the middle of the night Henry Duke of Brunswick arrived and entreated him to wait, saying that permission to depart should be given him the next day. Early in the morning John breakfasted, sent off his servants and baggage, determined to leave Augsburg as soon as he had seen the Emperor. But Charles requested him to wait "a few days longer." This duplicity so exasperated the Elector, that he exclaimed, "This new delay will end in nothing; come what may, I will depart at once." The Margrave of Brandenburg urged him to be calm. "I shall go," he said. But upon reflection he yielded, saying, "I will wait until Friday next."

During these four days, the anxiety of the Protestants was extreme. "The Emperor," says Brenz, "is deliberating whether he ought to hang us or let us live."

On Thursday, the day previous to that which the Elector had named for his departure, the Protestants were assembled in the Emperor's palace; they were then informed that they were granted a delay of six months, until April 15th, "to come to an arrangement with the Church, the Pope, the Emperor, and all the princes and monarchs of Christendom." They were then forbidden to make any innovations, to print or sell anything on the

subject of faith, or to draw any one whatever to their *sect*, since the Confession had been soundly refuted by the Scriptures."

The displeasure and surprise of the Protestants was extreme; to calm them, a piece of paper was slipped into the Chancellor's hand, stating that when the six months were expired, the time for deliberation would no doubt be lengthened if they wished.

"A subtle ambuscade," exclaimed Bruck. "God will save his own from the snare."

"We will not accept this proposal," said the Protestants firmly.

"Then," replied the Elector of Brandenburg, "if you do not, the Emperor will concert measures with the Pope on the best means of extirpating this sect and its new errors."

The Protestants then prepared to take leave of the Emperor. According to custom, they shook hands upon parting. When Charles approached the Elector, he said, in a low voice, "Uncle, uncle, I should never have expected this of you." The Elector, though deeply agitated, replied not, but withdrew. Scarcely had he reached his hotel, when Luther's brother-in-law, Doctor Ruhel, councillor of the Elector of Mentz, waited on him with a message from the Elector, stating that although his brother Joachim of Brandenburg had declared that "all the States of the Empire would support the Emperor against

John," yet that both himself and the ministers of the Elector Palatine and of the Elector of Treves had immediately declared to Charles that they were favourable to the Elector of Saxony. All the Romish party were alarmed, fearing an outbreak, and were desirous if possible to avoid it by expressing good will towards the Protestants. It was thus evident they felt their cause to be a falling one.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Elector of Saxony, the Duke of Luneburg, and the Prince of Anhalt, left Augsburg. "God be praised," said Luther, "that our dear princes are out of hell."

The Emperor could not control his anger when he heard that the princes had actually gone. "They want to teach me a new faith," he exclaimed; "but it is not with the doctrine that we shall finish this matter. We must draw the sword, and we shall then see who is the strongest." Thus spoke Charles; but greater was He who was for the Protestants than he who was against them.

The missionary spirit which characterized Protestantism in those days was peculiarly obnoxious to the Papists. The Chancellor of Luneburg, who, they said, "had sent more than a hundred ministers into different places to preach the new doctrines, and who had even boasted of it," was specially singled out for reproach and calumny.

When these complaints reached the deputies still remaining in Augsburg, they were filled with alarm.

On the 4th of October Charles wrote to the Pope, saying, "The negotiations are broken off; our adversaries are more obstinate than ever, and I am resolved to employ all my strength and my power in combating them. For this reason, I beg your Holiness will demand the support of the Christian princes."

The same day that Charles wrote this letter, a monk declared from the pulpit, "All those who preach that Jesus Christ alone has made satisfaction for our sins, and that God saves us without regard to our works, are thorough scoundrels; there are, on the contrary, two roads to salvation; the common road, namely the observance of the commandments; and the perfect road, namely, the Ecclesiastical state."

This sermon being ended, the monks began to break the benches which had been placed for the evangelical preaching. Two brothers in particular distinguished themselves by their shouts, as they "tossed their arms like men possessed;" then they sang a mass, after which, in the excitement of joy at thus restoring the church to its former condition, the monks began to throw chairs against one another. The uproar was so great, that the police, who were called in, with difficulty restored order.

The increased hostility of the Romish party had the happy effect of drawing the Protestants more closely together. At length the Landgrave's ardent desire for union between all those who named "the name of Christ in sincerity," was gratified.

"We are one in the fundamental articles of faith," said the deputation from the Zwinglian cities, and in particular (notwithstanding some disputes about words), we are one in the doctrine of the communion of the body and blood of our Lord. Receive us." The Saxon deputies joyfully gave their hands.

"Let us unite," said both Lutherans and Zwinglians, "for the consolation of our brethren and the terror of our enemies."

The evangelical Christians were now one, "endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," recognizing "one body and one spirit,—one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, and Father of all, who is above all, in all, and through all." At peace among themselves, they longed for public peace.

"Well, then," said the Roman party, "let us draw up articles of peace." In these "articles" the Emperor bound others to keep peace, but left himself free. The Protestants refused to accept them.

Charles haughtily replied, "An emperor has the right to command peace to his subjects; but

[illegible] hard that he commands it to

[illegible] favourable. Charles wrote to [illegible] "The season is now too far gone [illegible] immediately; but pre- [illegible] enterprize."

[illegible] was now about to [illegible] the 11th of November [illegible] success," was read to [illegible] intended to accept it. The [illegible] urged "his Majesty not [illegible] shares one sole and [illegible] used in all the empire." [illegible] would not go farther [illegible] The assembly then [illegible] withdrew to their homes [illegible] Thus closed the Diet in- [illegible] Reformation, but des- [illegible] strengthen, settle it."

[illegible] with thankfulness [illegible] victory at Augsburg. [illegible] had foreseen the [illegible] and wrote, saying, "Though [illegible] around them, beside [illegible] that powerful Roman [illegible] the Emperor of [illegible] and his hammer, they could not in- [illegible] would not frighten me. It is I, [illegible] the strength of God, am resolved to fight [illegible] overthrow them. They shall yield to me.

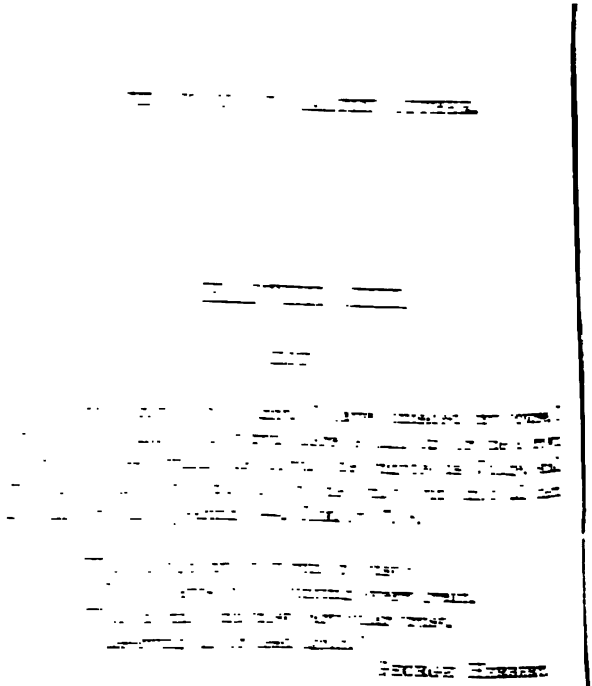
They shall fall! And I shall remain upright and firm. God blinds them and hardens their hearts; He is driving them towards the Red Sea; all the horses of Pharaoh, his chariots, and his horsemen, cannot escape their inevitable destiny. Let them go then; let them perish, since they will it so. As for us, the Lord is with us."

The Church, as planted by Christ and his apostles has now re-appeared in Germany; and though hostilities from without, and divisions from within, may threaten to overthrow it, they shall not prevail against it, for it is "founded upon a Rock," and "that Rock is Christ."

"Thus far the Lord hath led us; the promise has not failed,
The enemy encounter'd oft has never quite prevailed;
The shield of faith has turn'd aside, or quenched each fiery dart,
The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has forced him to depart.

"Thus far the Lord hath led us; the waters have been high,
But yet in passing thro' them, we felt that He was nigh.
A very present helper in troubles we have found,
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did abound."

"*From* HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH."



citement, Luther requested permission to retire into the country, but when told that the Elector preferred his remaining at Wittemberg, he yielded to his desire.

In the year 1533, Duke George, who still continued a bitter enemy of the Protestants, obliged his subjects to take an oath that they would never embrace the Reformed faith. However, about seventy citizens of Leipsic were found to have departed a little from Romish doctrine, and were suspected of holding secret communication with Luther. This so enraged the Duke that he wrote to the Elector, complaining that Luther was endeavouring to stir up his subjects to rebellion. The Elector lost no time in informing Luther of the charge brought against him, adding, that unless he at once cleared himself, he could not escape punishment. This was no difficulty to Luther, who, in reply, declared that, so far from stirring up the people to rebellion, he had exhorted them rather to undergo the greatest hardships, and even suffer themselves to be banished from their homes. To some who were thus suffering for conscience' sake, he wrote a letter, full of consolation, in which he said, "The devil is the host in this world, and the world is his inn. Go where you will in the world, you will be sure to find this ugly host walking up and down in it."

The following year Luther commenced a course of sermons upon Genesis, and completed it shortly

before his death. He preached his last sermon at Wittemberg, on the 17th of January, 1546.

The thought of death was familiar to the mind of Luther. In 1527 he was so ill that he took leave of his friends, not expecting to recover. But death had for him no terrors; far from dreading its approach, he thought of the grave as the quiet place

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

"I am weary of the world," he once said, "and the world is weary of me; it is therefore easy to part, as the traveller leaves the inn for his much-loved home." Again, when writing upon the subject of the union between the Saxon and Swiss brethren, he said: "If this reconciliation be confirmed, then with tears of joy I shall sing, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart, for I have seen the Church at peace. May the Lord conduct and conclude this great work, that my joy may be complete, and that, after so many troubles and trials, I may happily depart!" At another time he wrote: "I witness this re-union, after so long an estrangement, with heartfelt delight before my death, which I hope and believe is not far distant."

Yet, when ill, he prayed for recovery, if it were the will of his heavenly Father, as we find from the following prayer:—"O my blessed Saviour

Jesus Christ! Thou hast said, ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. In full reliance upon this Thy own declaration, I entreat Thee to give me what I ask for, namely, not gold or silver, but a firm assured faith and confidence. Let me find what I seek, not the pleasures of this transitory world, but the streams of consolation and refreshment, which flow from Thy blessed Word. Open to me when I knock, for I desire none of those things which are highly esteemed by the generality of mankind; but grant me, I humbly beseech Thee, Thy Holy Spirit, that He may illumine my mind, fortify my spirit against all the anxieties and distresses of this mortal life, comfort my heart, and preserve me in the right faith and unshaken confidence even unto the end of life." Then he adds, "O my most gracious God and Father, Thou hast blessed me with Thy free gifts and graces above thousands of my fellow-creatures. If it be consistent with Thy holy will, leave me a little longer here below, that I may use my every gift and talent for the glory of Thy most holy name, and for the edification and comfort of Thy little flock. But not my own will be done, but Thy divine and paternal will; only let Thy name be glorified, be it by my life or death."

He then asked to have his infant son brought to him, and committed both the child and his mother to the "Father of the fatherless and the

God of the widow," saying, "My gracious God, I thank Thee with all my heart for so ordering it in Thy name and good providence, that I should be poor in this world, and that it should be out of my power to leave houses and fields, money and property, to my wife and child. As Thou hast given them to me, so I return them to Thee, Thou faithful God, who art rich unto all, preserve, guide, support, provide for them, as Thou hast invariably done for me."

In this prayer Luther thanks God for his poverty. Did those who knew him observe a contented spirit in him, making him lightly esteem earthly good things? Yes—even his enemies were constrained to acknowledge this. We are told that a cardinal being once asked, "Why did you not stop the mouth of Luther with silver and gold?" replied, "Ah! that German beast careth not for gold." And when the Elector Frederick offered him the produce of a mine, he refused, saying, "I will not tempt the devil, who is the lord of those subterraneous treasures, to tempt me."

The sense of his own nothingness never forsook him. Two years before his death, he said to some whom he thought disposed to exalt him, because of the great work in which he had been permitted to take so prominent a part, "Beware for the future, of bestowing upon me such commendation. I know that I am nothing. Farewell in the Lord: pray for me, that I may happily

cast off the body of this death, the sins of the flesh, and enter into the joy of the Lord."

Though anticipating death, he did not at that time feel unusually ill. In answer to the Elector's inquiries about his health, he said, "I am well, and better than I deserve to be; that my head is sometimes weak is no wonder. Old age is with me, and he is always infirm and decrepit, weak, and sickly. "The pitcher," after long use, must at last "be broken at the fountain." I have lived long enough, and only wait till God shall grant me that blessed home, where my worthless body shall be gathered to my people. I have, I am convinced, lived in the best times; all things now appear to be taking a retrograde movement."

On his birthday, the year previous to his death, he invited his intimate friends to dine with him. Before parting, he said, in a tone of deep earnestness, "As long as I live, there will, please God, be no cause for fear; when I am dead then pray, for you will have great need for all your supplications: our children will have to grasp the spear, and then their country will use them despitefully; therefore I say to you, after my death pray without ceasing." Some time after, he wrote to a friend, saying, "I pray only for a peaceful departure, and no longer desire a continuance in this dreary vale. And ye, our children, pray in spirit, and search the Scriptures. Preserve the candlestick of the Lord, and watch for your enemy, ready

girded for the fight; for he may come in an hour when ye think not, and seek an entrance into your habitation to extinguish your light."

About this time he complained much of the cares of business. To a friend at a distance he wrote thus:—"I, a decrepit, weary, idle, and half blind old man"—he had been for some time afflicted by a disease in one eye—"write to you; I had hoped that, oppressed by the infirmities of age, I should have been left to repose, which were but reasonable, instead of which I am overburdened with writing, speaking, business, and excitement, as if I had never written, preached, or been excited before." When told that the Papists (to whom "the wish was father of the thought") had spread a report that he was dead, and, moreover, that the devil had carried off his body—he was much amused, and added, "I should by no means dislike their wishes being fulfilled."

Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, Luther readily undertook a journey from Wittemburg to Eisleben in the winter of 1546, in the hope of settling a dispute, which had arisen about some mines and turf lands, between the Dukes of Mansfeldt and their subjects. As Luther was intimate with the Dukes, and personally related to some of the proprietors of the disputed lands, he was considered well suited to act as peacemaker.

On the 23rd of January he set out, accompanied by his three sons. Upon reaching Halle

he felt so weak that his friend Doctor Jonas determined to accompany him the rest of the journey. He was detained three days at Halle. When crossing the Saale, the water was so high that the boat was nearly swamped. Turning to Doctor Jonas, he said, "Would it not be a great triumph to Satan, were you and I, with my children, to perish in the flood?"

From Halle he wrote to his wife, January 23rd: "Grace and peace in the Lord, dearest Kate. We arrived here at eight o'clock this morning, but have not been able to pursue our journey; for we met with a powerful Anabaptist, who covered the land with water and pieces of ice, so that we were threatened with immersion. We could not return on account of the overflowing of the Mulda, and were obliged to remain at Halle, between the two rivers, and wait until the Saale had spent its displeasure;—had you been here, I believe you would have advised the same; and we should, at least, have followed your good advice once in our lives."

As Luther drew near the territories of the Dukes of Mansfeldt, the Dukes met him with above one hundred attendants on horseback, and showed him the greatest respect.

When he reached Eisleben he was much worse; yet, during the twenty-one days that he was there, he preached four times in its well known and much-loved pulpit. He also ordained two pastors

and twice administered the Lord's Supper. Up to the 16th of September, he was present at all the meetings which were held for the arranging of the dispute between the Dukes and their subjects. On the evening of the 16th he said, in a feeble tone of voice, "If I can but succeed in restoring harmony amongst my dear princes and their subjects, I will cheerfully return home, and lay me down in the grave."

On February 6th he wrote to his wife. The letter was addressed: "To the deeply learned Catherine Luther, my gracious wife, at Wittemberg.

"Dearest Kate.—We are here sitting like martyrs, and wish again to be with you, but it cannot be arranged in eight days, as I thought.

"Tell Magister Philippus that I wish him to correct his sermon, for he has not rightly understood why the Lord, in his parable, has compared riches to thorns. Here is the school in which we can thoroughly learn what that means, and it grieves me that in every part of the Scriptures they are threatened to be burned; and for this reason I have great patience that, if possible, I may work some good in this place.

"Your sons are still in Mansfeldt, and we are most hospitably entertained, and could be very comfortable were it not for the vexatious contention."

On the evening of the 17th Luther's illness greatly increased, yet he was able to walk up and down the room, conversing with his sons John and Paul, and Doctor Jonas. He spoke much of death and eternity, and of the joy of meeting those we love in heaven. From time to time he stopped, and looking out of the window (as was his constant habit), appeared to be engaged in fervent prayer. Then he said, "I was born and baptized at Eisleben; what if I should remain and even die here?"

Though during the day he remained in his study, he removed for supper to the usual dining-room, observing, "To be solitary does not help the spirits."

At supper he conversed cheerfully, and made many interesting observations upon passages of Scripture. Some one, expressing a doubt as to whether believers would recognize each other in heaven, he distinctly said he felt certain that joy would be theirs. Towards evening he complained of great oppression on his chest. Count Albert brought him some calcined hartshorn, but it failed to relieve him.

"The time drew nigh that he must die." His friends, in deep anxiety, stood around him; he gave his hand to each, wished them good-night, and retired to rest, saying, "Pray to our Lord God for his Gospel, that it may prosper, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are striving hard against it."

About midnight he arose and walked about his room; the feeling of oppression increasing, he prayed earnestly for relief. His friends heard him, and hastened to him; as they entered, he said, "I shall yield up my spirit;" then he prayed, "O eternal and merciful God, my heavenly Father, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and God of all consolation! I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to me Thy Son Jesus Christ; in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom I love and worship, as my dear Saviour and Redeemer, whom the Pope and the multitude of the ungodly do persecute, revile, and blaspheme. I beseech Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul! O heavenly Father! though I be snatched out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet know I assuredly that I shall dwell with Thee for ever, and that none can pluck me out of Thy hands." Then, in a loud voice, he three times exclaimed, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Also those words, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and the verse of the 68th Psalm, "Our God is the Lord by whom cometh salvation; God is the Lord by whom we escape death."

Then, closing his eyes, he remained silent. His friends drew near, and said, "Venerable and

much-loved father, you die in the belief of the doctrines of Christ, as you have preached them?"

He distinctly answered, "Yes."

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, between two and three o'clock in the morning of February 18th, 1546, he ceased to breathe. His friends stood weeping around his bed, but, as they gazed on his calm and happy countenance, he seemed to say to them, "Weep not; if ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go unto my Father."

The Dukes of Mansfeldt wished his body to be interred within their territories, but, by the special command of the Elector of Saxony, it was brought to Wittemberg, and buried in the church of All Saints. Many dukes and nobles joined the vast procession which attended him to the grave; women too and children mingled with the crowd, weeping, as they remembered that "they should see his face no more."

Upon Luther's tomb the University of Wittemberg caused a Latin inscription to be placed, of which we give a translation:—

"In this place lies buried the body of Martin Luther, Doctor of Divinity, who died at Eisleben, his birthplace, on the 12th of the calends of March, in the year 1546; when he had lived sixty-three years, three months, and ten days."

When his beloved Melancthon heard of his death, he exclaimed, "My Father! my Father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

He preached the funeral sermon—a painfully trying service of love. "My voice," he said, "is so obstructed by deep affliction and tears, I can scarcely speak; yet, something I would attempt to say, not to eulogize the dead, as the heathen do, but to admonish the living in this vast assembly. In this place, and on these occasions, many things are usually said in panegyrical strain, respecting the personal endowments of the deceased; I purpose, however, to omit these. Intellectual and pious persons will admit, that if he were the means of promoting useful and necessary truth in the Church, we ought to be grateful to the providence of God for raising up such a light, while his labours, faith, perseverance, and other virtues, ought to be deeply acknowledged, and his memory tenderly cherished by all worthy men.

"The Apostle St. Paul represents Christ as having ascended on high to give gifts unto men; that is, the preaching of the Gospel and the Holy Spirit; for the purpose of communicating which, 'He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, selecting them from amongst those who read, study, and delight in the sacred writings.' The apostles were succeeded by a troop, so to speak, of inferior warriors, but nevertheless distinguished of heaven—Polycarp, Irenæus, and many others; and although the latter ages present a more

barren prospect, God has always preserved a proportion of his servants upon earth, and now, through Martin Luther, a more splendid period of light and truth has appeared. Some, by no means evil-minded persons, however, express a suspicion that Luther manifested too much asperity; I will not affirm the reverse, but only quote the language of Erasmus: 'God has sent in this latter age a violent physician, on account of the magnitude of the existing disorders,' fulfilling by such a dispensation the divine message to Jeremiah, 'Behold! I have put my words in thy mouth; see, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.'

"What shall I say of his other virtues? Often have I myself gone to him unawares, and found him dissolved in tears and prayers for the Church of Christ. He devoted a certain portion of almost every day to the solemn reading of the Psalms of David, with which he mingled his own supplications amidst sighs and tears; and he has often declared how indignant he felt against those who hastened over devotional exercises through sloth, or the pretence of other occupations.

"The removal of such a character from amongst us, of one endowed with virtues of the most heroic cast—chosen by divine providence to reform the Church of God, cherishing for all of us

a truly paternal affection,—the removal, I say, of such a man demands and justifies our tears. We resemble orphans bereft of an excellent and faithful father. But while it is necessary to submit to the will of heaven, let us not permit the memory of his virtues and his good offices to perish; let us diligently study the truths he taught, imitating in our humble situations, his fear of God, his faith, the intensity of his devotions, the integrity of his ministerial character, his purity, his careful avoidance of seditious counsel, his ardent thirst for knowledge.

"Let the present vast assembly now unite with me in grateful thanks and fervent supplications, saying, We give thanks to Thee, Almighty God, the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Author and Founder of the Church, together with his co-eternal Son and the Holy Spirit, because Thou dost gather for Thy Son a heritage from amongst the human race, and dost maintain the ministry of the Gospel, and hast reformed Thy Church by means of Luther; we present our ardent supplications that Thou wouldst henceforth fix and impress upon our hearts the doctrines of truth, as our Saviour prayed for his disciples; and that by Thy Holy Spirit Thou wouldst inflame our minds with a pure devotion, and direct our feet into the paths of holy obedience."

Besides his widow Catherine, Luther left three sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. Catherine survived her husband a few years, the

first of which she passed at Wittemberg; but when that city surrendered to Charles V. in 1547, she left it, and sought refuge until it was restored to the Elector, when she gladly returned to her much-loved home.

In 1552, the plague broke out at Wittemberg. Catherine left the city, and bent her way to Torgau; the horses of her carriage took fright, and attempted to run away; Catherine leaped out of the carriage, and was so injured by the fall that she died (three months after she reached Torgau) upon December 20th, 1552.

In the year 1821, William III., the late King of Prussia, ordered a suitable monument to Luther to be erected in the market-place in Wittemberg, the expense of which was defrayed by a subscription gratefully contributed by the evangelical churches in Germany.

In one of the Lutheran churches in Dresden there are portraits of Luther and John Huss—one on each side of the pulpit. Under Luther's portrait is inscribed in German, "Thou hast made a good confession before many witnesses," 1 Tim. vi. 12. And under that of Huss, "Thou wast ready not only to be bound, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus," Acts xxi. 13—very interesting memorials of the great Reformer and the Martyr of theEvangelical Church in Germany.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

"Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

"His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command
Through rock and steel to smite.

"It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

"'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourn for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

"Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.

"Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

"At midnight came the cry,
'To meet the foe prepare!'
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

"His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

"The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

MONTGOMERY.



APPENDIX.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.

That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

HYMN

Written by LUTHER *immediately after his appearing before the Diet at Worms.*

A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Arm'd with the strength of hell
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored:
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils fill'd,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore,
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doom'd is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

Still shall they leave that Word His might,
And yet no thanks shall merit;
Still is He with us in the fight.
By His good gifts and Spirit.
E'en though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife—
Though all of these be gone,
Yet nothing have they won,
God's kingdom ours abideth!

From "LYRA GERMANICA."

HYMN

Written by LUTHER *in memory of the Youthful Martyrs of Brussels.*

BY help of God I fain would tell
A new and wondrous story;
And sing a marvel that befel
To His great praise and glory.
At Brussels, in the Netherlands,
He hath His banner lifted,
To show His wonders by the hands
Of two youths highly gifted
With rich and heavenly graces.

One of these youths was called John,
And Henry was the other;
Rich in the grace of God was one,
A Christian true his brother.
For God's dear Word they shed their blood,
And from the world departed,
Like bold and pious sons of God;
Faithful and lion-hearted,
They won the crown of martyrs.

The old Arch fiend did them immure,
To mercy them mocking;
They bade them God's dear Word abjure,
And Sam would stop their speaking.
From Louvain many Sophists came,
Versed deeply in the schools,
And met together at the game:
The Spirit made them fools,
They could not but be losers.

Now sweet, now harsher tones they tried,
In artifice abounding;
The youths did firm as rocks abide,
The Sophists all confounding.
The enemy waxed fierce in hate,
And for their life blood thirsted;
He fumed and fisted that one so great,
Should by two babes be worsted,
And straightway sought to burn them.

Their monkish garb they take,
And gown of profession;
The youths a cheerful Amen spake,
And showed no hesitation.
They thanked their God that by His aid
They now had been denuded
Of Satan's mock and masquerade,
Whereby he had deluded
The world with false pretences.

Thus by the power of grace they were
True priests of God's own making,
Who offered up themselves e'en there,
Christ's holy orders taking;
Dead to the world they cast aside
Hypocrisy's sour leaven,
That, penitent and justified,
They might go clean to heaven,
And leave all monkish follies.

They then were told that they must read
A note which was dictated;
They straightway wrote their faith and creed,
And not one jot abated.
Now mark their heresy! "We must
In God be firm believers,
In mortal men not put our trust,
For they are all deceivers;"
For this they must be burned.

Two fires were lit, the youths were brought,
But all were seized with wonder,
To see them set the flames at naught,
And stood as struck with thunder.
With joy they came in sight of all,
And sang aloud God's praises;
The Sophists' courage waxed small
Before such wondrous traces
Of God's Almighty finger.

The scandal they repent, and would
Right gladly gloss it over;
They dare not boast their deed of blood,
But seek the stain to cover.
They feel the shame within their breast,
And charge therewith each other;
But now the Spirit cannot rest,
For Abel 'gainst his brother
Doth cry aloud for vengeance.

Their ashes never cease to cry,
The fires are ever flaming,
Their dust throughout the world doth fly,
Their murderers' shame proclaiming:
The voices, which with cruel hands
They put to silence living,
Are heard, though dead, throughout all lands
Their testimony giving,
And loud Hosannahs singing.

From "MARTIN LUTHER'S SPIRITUAL SONGS." 1524.

"Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord; hear my voice. Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, may abide it."—Ps. cxxx. 1, 3.

Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God; oh hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.
If Thou remember'st each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before Thee?

'Tis, through Thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win.
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on His Word
And in His goodness trust.
Up to His care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for His help I tarry.

And though it linger till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty, loving Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

LUTHER, 1524.

From "LYRA GERMANICA."

"Hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."—1 JOHN iv. 2.

COME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
Be all Thy graces now outpour'd
On the believer's mind and soul,
And touch our hearts with living coal.
Thy Light this day shone forth so clear,
All tongues and nations gather'd near
To learn that faith for which we bring
Glad praise to Thee, and loudly sing,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart;
The Word of life and truth impart,
That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Thou Sacred Ardour, Comfort Sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet,
And willing hearts at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

'Twas a wondrous war I trow,
When Life and Death together fought;
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mock'd and set at nought.
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquer'd Death,
Hallelujah!

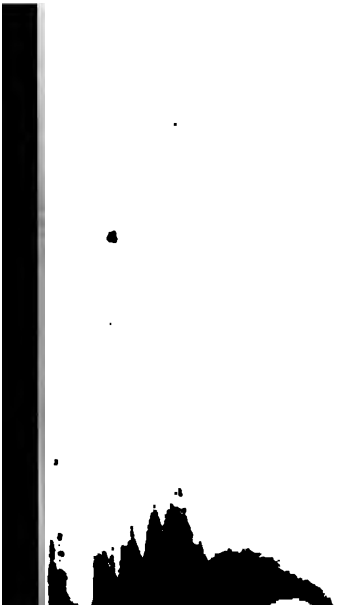
Now our Paschal Lamb is He,
And by Him alone we live,
Who to death upon the tree,
For our sakes Himself did give.
Faith, His blood strikes on our door,
Death dares never harm us more.
Hallelujah!

On this day, most blest of days,
Let us keep high festival,
For our God hath show'd His grace,
And our Sun hath risen on all,
And our hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before him flee.
Hallelujah!

To the supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day.
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away.
Christ will be our food alone,
Faith no life but His doth own.
Hallelujah!

LUTHER, 1524.

From "LYRA GERMANICA."



Let us by Thee the Father know,
His Son, Christ Jesus, also know,
That full of truth, we may know The
Derived from both eternally.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father dear, which art in Heaven,
And had to us commandment given,
That we should pray and call on Thee
As members of one family,
Grant that our prayers be not mere sound,
But breathings from the heart's deep ground.

Thy Name be hallowed! help us, Lord
To keep in purity thy Word,
That we may live as Christians ought,
Holy in word, and deed, and thought;
Keep us, O Lord, from all false lore,
The poor deceived folk restore.

Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, in power,
Both at this time and evermore;
And let the Holy Ghost be nigh,
His gifts and graces to supply;
Break Satan's power, defeat his rage,
Preserve the Church, Thine Heritage.

Thy will be done, Lord God, in love,
On earth, as 'tis in Heaven above;
Patience in time of grief bestow,
Obedience in weal and woe;
Curb flesh and blood, or any ill,
That sets itself against Thy will.

Give us our daily bread this day,
For needful things alone we pray;
From war and strife be our defence,
From famine and from pestilence;
That we may live in godly peace,
Free from all care and avarice.

Forgive our sins, the sinners sore
Remove, that it afflict no more,
As we forgive both great and small
Their debts and their offences all;
Take us beneath in serving Thee
In perfect love and unity.

Lead us not into temptation,
When satan doth oppose us right;
From the left hand and the right,
That he be utterly to fight.
From all the earth, all armed foes,
Maintain the cause of the Holy Ghost.

Deliver us, Lord, deliver us:
The times and days are perilous;
We see us from eternal death,
And comfort us in our last breath;
Grant us a blessed end, and take
Our souls to Thee for Jesus' sake.

Amen, Amen, so let it be!
Strengthen our faith continually,
That so we firmly may believe,
What we here ask we shall receive,
Since in Thy Name, and as Thy Word,
We pray to thee, amen, O Lord.

From "Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs," 1538.

"*A Christmas Carol* concerning the child Jesus,*" *written by* LUTHER *for his little boy* JOHN, *when the latter was five years old.*

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people."
—LUKE ii. 10.

From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you this night is born a child,
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ our God, who far on high,
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands,
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark—
The swaddling clothes, and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all, with gladsome cheer,
Follow the Shepherd, and draw near,
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

* This hymn is still sung from the dome of the Kreuskirche, in Dresden, before daybreak, on the morning of Christmas-day.

Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvet soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honour, wealth and might
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with joyful mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

From "LYRA GERMANICA," 1540.

THE TRINITY.

THOU who art Three in Unity,
True God from all eternity,
The sun is fading from our sight,
Be Thou our Sun both day and night.

We praise Thee with the dawning day,
To Thee at even also pray;
With our poor song we worship Thee,
Now, ever, and eternally.

Let God the Father be adored,
And God the Son, the only Lord,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee. Amen.

From "MARTIN LUTHER'S SPIRITUAL SONGS," 1543.

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5. A CAT IN PATTENS CATCHES NO MICE.
6. WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.
7. ILL WEEDS GROW APACE.
8. BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.
9. WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT.
10. LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO.
11. GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES.
12. RIGHT WRONGS NO MAN.
13. MORE ARE DROWNED IN BEER THAN IN WATER.
14. STORE IS NO SORE.
15. WHEN POVERTY COMES IN AT THE DOOR, LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.
16. MARRY IN HASTE, AND REPENT AT LEISURE.
17. IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.
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19. CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.
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